

## Lure Wisely

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## Lure Wisely

by [CrescentMoonDemon](#)

### Summary

I bought the lure to make combat in the mines exciting again. I got what I paid for.

### Notes

\*SHRUGS LOUDLY\* I kinked??

Much thanks to pornfoli0 on tumblr whose art helped inspire this piece! If you're into this story, you'll be hell into their art! Check them out!

# S'warm Down Here

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: dub-con, feral-on-human, orgy, copious amounts of cum, oviposition, and forced impregnation.

A lure, the Adventurer's Guild called it. "For the most experienced of adventurers only," the old man behind the counter told me, gray bangs hanging over the edge of a fraying black eyepatch, his grizzled face dour, devoid of mirth like decades exploring the town mines had taken more than just its toll.

But I was an experienced adventurer. I owned the greatest tools, had explored to the very bottom of the mines, conquered the mutant bog, and delved deep into the desert caves. Young I may be, but I was no fool. I knew what I was getting myself into, I told him. Told myself. He nodded wordlessly, accepted the wad of money I offered, and handed over the innocuous bottle of brown liquid. It had a repurposed spray nozzle from a perfume canister and a handwritten label that read, "Warning: Monster Lure, Highly Dangerous!" and several other warnings I would commit to reading later.

I waited until the next day to give it its trial run in the mines; I couldn't wait. My cat had responded curiously, raising its hackles and spitting when afforded with a cursory sniff of the bottle before bolting outside despite the weather. The void hens, on the other hand, couldn't get enough when I collected their eggs that morning. A tiny smear had gotten on my hand from the poorly secured lid, and the hens followed me with interest about the coop; so enamored were they I had to shoo them back in with a gentle boot to keep them from coming outside in the rain.

My horse nickered in agitation but settled with time and gentle words, and when I was confident I had enough provisions to sustain me we road to the mines.

I restate that I am no fool. I took the ancient, creaking elevator down to the tenth floor, and as the machine rattled its way down into the monster laden dark I read the directions for the sixth time that morning. It was meant to be applied to the user's body but warned not to be over-used. Not sure how much was over-using it, I applied it sparingly to my chest, arms, and legs and frowned when it left amber stains in the fabric; hopefully they would come out with bleach. The scent was not unpleasant. Almost spicy. Like cinnamon and hot peppers, but I thought I detected a hint of apricot. It was quite pleasant. If not for the ludicrous expensiveness of the bottle, I might use it as an actual perfume.

My heart thudded anxiously as the counter ticked closer to the tenth floor, lights flashing ominously as the ancient car descended into the earth.

The monsters here were no hassle for me. At first, they were daunting. But now I was a seasoned veteran of combat. My sword could fell the meager flies, grubs, green slimes, and duggies with a single swing, and my enchanted ring healed me of any injury each time I slew one of the creatures. I was not worried.

Maybe I should have been.

The affects were not immediately noticeable. The usual rabble of flies and sparse grubs were easily batted off, and soon my sword was slick with bug guts and slime juices. But eventually their numbers did increase, and I theorized it was because the smell of the lure needed time to suffuse through the cave. I soon found the hidden ladder and descended a few more levels deeper into the mine, determined to put my investment to the test.

It was no until I reached the labyrinth that the first inkling of trouble hit me, but by then my cockiness had dug me in too deep. I was deep in the labyrinth, the emergency ladder far behind me and the entrance to the lower level too far ahead when the swarm appeared. I was not worried at first; I'd faced fly swarms before and was not afraid. I swung my sword and winced when a splatter of guts splashed across my face, forcing me to shut my eyes or else be blinded. It was then a pair of flying creatures hit my legs about the spots where the lure was sprayed; I stumbled on the slimy carcass of a slain grub and went down.

I expected an attack, and when they all swarmed me at once—a dozen flies in a cacophony of buzzing—I thought that was exactly what I would receive. They did attack me, I thought. Countless needle-like legs latched onto my arms, legs, and chest, but when I expected bites they instead nosed about, burying their faces into the places I had sprayed the lure. My bewilderment was short-lived, for as I tried to shove off the nosy swarm I found my right hand and sword bound by the gooey form of a green slime, its thick, sticky body ensnaring my hand to the wrist. The same happened with my other arm, and soon both my legs until I was hopelessly trapped.

True fear came over me then, and I knew this was how I would be killed. I really could have listened to the old man.

I heard tearing and knew with dismay the insects were ripping at my clothes, tearing at the fabric drenched in lure scent. They gnawed until they reached skin, and I yelped when their mandibles struck my flesh; the healing effects of my ring could only be activated if a creature was slain, and I was in no position to do anything but struggle.

My pants and top were torn to ribbons, and I noticed with horror how the flies mouthed and nibbled at the spicy scent on my skin. It was a small relief that their bites were not immensely painful, nor did they even seem to break the skin, but fear came back three-fold when a particularly aggressive fly tore its way through the front of my jeans, and the icy cold, damp air of the mine invaded the seldom-exposed flesh of my pussy.

The flies were less violent by then, but their pushing, crawling, and buzzing were all doubled as they nosed into my exposed skin; I dreaded the idea of being found in this state should I lose consciousness, but I didn't understand why the insects were no longer being truly violent.

Until their attention all at once seemed to zero in between my legs.

Realization struck me like a fallen tree, and I attempted to crush my thighs together, but the slimes that bound my ankles made it all but impossible. Rather, they shifted further away from one another as if working in tandem to force my legs apart, and I cried out when the first fly descended to its mark.

Covered in the gore of the hive mates I had slain, the fly lighted atop my pubic mound and curled its body as if cradling my sex, and I felt with dismay (and a morbid kind of fascinated, fear-induced arousal) as a long, thin shape emerged from the end of its thorax.

Let me say that I am no prude. A few of the local townspeople and I have shared drinks and gone back to one another's homes to enjoy each other's company like consenting adults, and I'd be lying if I said I had no bizarre fetishes I wished to keep hidden with every ounce of my being. So when

that long, thin proboscis emerged from that fly's abdomen and probed searchingly about my sex in a manner that made its intentions clear beyond any hint of doubt, I felt my insides quiver. Not purely in fear, although there was some, but with anticipation. My pussy throbbed.

Good god, the spray didn't merely attract the monsters with an alluring scent, it was a pheromone beacon! The insects came not to investigate a threat or dine on some delicious smell, but to mate with its source! I was not just the bait, I was also the reward!

I was anxious, afraid of what could happen. If differences in anatomy could hurt me badly in some way. If what I felt was not a sex organ but some form of twisted, nightmarish stinger I had no idea.

But I had my answer when the fly arched its abdomen and curled its body suddenly downward, plunging its proboscis suddenly into me. Impaled on its thin, long length I winced but withheld a scream; it might attract with sound what creatures did not catch the smell. Its entrance into me was not smooth; I wasn't exactly wet, but the fly's organ was small and blessedly *not* a stinger. It was certainly a sexual organ of some kind, and god now it was inside me!

I was being fucked by a fly, and if the earnest nuzzling, buzzing, and nibbling of the dozen more flies crawling across my body were anything to go by the others had the same idea.

It wasn't gentle; it was an animal, after all, and I was grateful it wasn't bigger. It pumped its abdomen up and down, the smooth, cool carapace of its belly rutting against my pubic mound as it fucked me. I wriggled in protest, trying to jostle the creature off, but failed at every turn. God, this was so wrong, but the creature was seemingly enthralled. It buzzed and fluttered in a frenzy as it pistoned its organ inside me, and I bit my lip as blood rushed to my face in a mad, humiliated blush. Humiliated not at what was happening, but that I was *enjoying* it.

The fly's proboscis was narrow, smooth, but strangely fleshy. Like the bug meat I would use for fishing bait. It was thin, but it was long, and after its first few thrusts I could feel the tip of it striking the very end of my passage. I winced and hiccupped, a reflexive buck serving to startle the insects crawling on me. The slimes holding my legs moved even further apart, and the ones holding my arms seemed to somehow tighten my grip. I didn't understand how one race of monsters could be helping another; did this mean they were sentient? Or was there a symbiotic relationship here I wasn't aware of yet?

But my scientific wondering was gone in a flash, for with another reflexive buck of my hips my chance lover tightened its hold until tiny, claw-like graspers dug firmly into my skin creating painful red welts. It let out a cacophonous, buzzing cry, curled its abdomen sharply down again, and buried its organ into me to the root. I cried out at a discomfort inside me, a soft *pop* followed by a quick singing sensation, and I knew instinctively the narrow head of the insect's cock had penetrated the small opening of my cervix. My eyes flew wide and my head fell back, mouth agape in a mute cry of shock as I felt the utterly alien sensation of a hot, viscous substance pouring into me in what felt like gallons.

The fly's cock pulsated as it came inside me, thick bulges undulating down its length and into me, into my *womb*.

It was trying to impregnate me!

Can I actually get pregnant from this?

Oh god, what if it's not just cum? What if it's eggs, too? Will they grow in me? Hatch in me and eat their way out of me? I'm going to die, eaten alive from the inside by parasitic grubs, and holy shit I've never been so fucking turned on and grossed out at the same time, how can it still be

cumming *so much*?

I must have blacked out at some point because when I came to it was to the distinct feeling of something leaking out of me, and I saw the fly buzzing sluggishly away, the lower part of its abdomen drenched in a thick white substance. For just an instant, I thought the act was done. I was free. Delivered. Safe to retreat to some corner somewhere to clean myself off and push out whatever the fuck that thing had pumped me full of.

But then another fly swiftly took up the newly emptied place between my legs, and I counted that the swarm had doubled since I was first taken down. God, there must be more than twenty by then, and there looked to be even more coming this way. I moaned heavily, struggled meekly, and cringed when the slimes held fast. The second fly wasted no time. It plunged into me, and my head fell back in resignation and a dull, sweaty moan as I thought: hey, this isn't so bad. There are worse ways to die than fucked to utter oblivion by a horny swarm of monster insects, full to busting with buckets of cum and who the fuck knows what else.

So I accepted my fate, lay back, and let out my first truly pleasurable moan as my new lover's cock pistoned feverishly within me, stirring up the sea of fluid left behind by my previous user. Blackouts occurred in greater frequency after that, but they just kept mating with me. One after the other. One would fuck me until I could barely breathe, dump a veritable mountain of cum and small, soft shapes through the narrow gate of my womb, and flutter off in time for the next to take its place. I lost count somewhere after fourteen, and by then I was exhausted. The swarm just kept growing. They crawled all over me, nibbling the tender flesh were the spicy scent lured them in.

The weight in my stomach was palpable by then, and it grew with each use. Dozens of tiny mouths nibbled at my skin. My thighs twitched apart, knees curled just enough that I could occasionally rock weakly into some insect's earnest rutting. I was moaning freely by then, my are neck and chest being explored by countless little mouths. I cried so sweetly when they found my nipples and nibbled on them almost curiously. I came so hard the fly fucking me in that moment was thrown off, but it mounted me again with a fury that seemed almost annoyed to have been dislodged in the first place. So, when it came, it impaled my womb like it owned me, and I sang as it dumped a geyser of its seed into me.

If there was such thing as a breeding haze, I was lost to it. Racing through my head were thoughts of how fertile I might be, and whether or not all these broods would take. If in a few days or weeks I might be birthing a whole new swarm. That the grubs would just hatch inside my womb and crawl out of my pussy when they were ready I was almost positive. God, I wanted that so badly. To fuck and be bred and birth whole swarms of these fucking monsters sound like the perfect way to go.

I felt dopey. Heavy. Horny. Hungry. I wanted them to never stop. Wanted them to keep fucking me. Keep using me. I passed out several times while getting fucked, came to still being fucked, knew I was being pumped up with cum and fly cock even while I was dropping unconscious over and over. They were using me, *breeding* me, and I fucking loved it.

At some point it must have become clear I could hold no more, because I was slowly becoming aware of a thick, sticky wetness growing under my ass and legs with each consecutive mating. They would mount me, fuck me, cum their blessed little hearts out until they had nothing left to give, but now it was all spilling out in excess. I tried to look down, but found I could not see beyond the great mound of my belly.

God, I really was pregnant. I had to be. How long had I been down here? Hours? Days? Weeks? The faint flash of worry petered away as the next fly's cock sank easily into me with an obscenely

wet sound, and I let my head fall back to the cave floor with a breathy, needy moan.

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Awareness trickled back to me. I felt sore, sticky, and really fucking thirsty. I tried to move but gasped, and my eyes flew open as my jaw dropped. A small flex of muscle in my abdomen was all it took and a torrent of cool, sticky fluid poured out of me.

Remembering, I looked around, but the cave was barren. I was alone, naked, and left to lie in a filthy concoction of dirt and cum that mixed into the foulest mud imaginable, worse than the witch's swamp by an incredible margin. I had no idea how long I'd been here; I needed to get back to my farm before I was found like this. How long had I even been gone?

And I needed all of this *out*.

I must have laid there delicately flexing the muscles of my tummy for a solid twenty minutes, just trying to push enough of this monstrous brew out of my pussy to be able to sit up. With each flex a torrent came spilling out, and by time I was able to finally sit up I felt the first of many small shapes slip free. I pulled my legs up with some difficulty and pushed harder, letting out a startled gasp of pain and pleasure as a succession of identical shapes slipped free of my womb.

They came out with the next rush of cum, and all doubt was swept away as a cluster of small, greenish-white orbs tumbled out of my pussy with the thick white soup. Eggs. God, I truly had been knocked up by flies. Been *bred* by flies. They really meant to make a broodmother out of me, the fuckers!

Whether the eggs were viable or not, I didn't care. I wanted them out of me. So the next hour was spent contorting my body, rolling my hips, and flexing my lower stomach and cunt walls until cluster upon cluster of eggs tumbled out of me. I didn't care how obscene of a view I must be. Didn't care how filthy I was, or even that I might still be in danger. Let something attack me now and I'd kill it with my bare teeth.

By time I was confident I had expelled my body of its brood, I had to sit back and admire the sheer scope of what the swarm had put inside me. That my body was capable of holding such a mass was astounding. Each egg was no bigger than a marble, yet if neatly piled together I imagined they could have reached knee-height! There had to be hundreds!

My clothes, sadly, were not salvageable. Among the remains of my gear I found my bag and boots blessedly intact and my sword not far away. I ate all my food, grabbed enough of the large subterranean leaves to haphazardly make makeshift clothing, and limped my way to the end of the labyrinth and to the elevator to the surface. It was on the way to the surface while rifling through my bag for water that I found the bottle of Monster Lure, untouched by the swarm.

Part of me wanted to throw it out then and there, but another part of me that was still weak in the knees and doozy from the gallons upon gallons of monster cum fucked into me. Maybe, just maybe that part whispered, I could still find use for it. I still didn't know what other monsters might be affected by the lure, after all.

Chewing absently at my bottom lip, I made up my mind and slipped the bottle back into my bag. I'd spent good money on it, and the farming lifestyle taught me never to be wasteful.

It was while I waited to reach the surface that I shifted from hip to hip, rubbed my filthy thighs together, and hoped with a distant feeling of dread that I had gotten all the eggs out. That I wasn't accidentally bringing something home with me.

# Grub Work

## Chapter Notes

\*SHRUGS LOUDER\*

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, forced/unwanted impregnation to eventual pregnancy kink, and birthing.

I gave no hints during my next visit to the Adventurer's Guild. The old man asked questions, but whether he knew or not I couldn't discern; I offered no hints of my own. The lure had drawn the monsters as advertised, I said, so the man merely nodded stoically and sold me my cherry bombs. Whether he knew or suspected to be the lure's true effect, I had no desire to know.

I spent the next week distracting myself with the labor of the farm. The hops and melons were coming in well, but I felt as restless as one of my cows ready to calf. What happened in the mines was constantly on my mind. The feel of the swarm all around me, on me, in me. The cool press of their carapaces between my thighs, flushed and wet from repeated orgasms. Their cum and eggs pumping into me, filling out my womb, impregnating me. Lost in the haze of remembrance, I had to refill my watering can several times from accidentally pouring it all out in my daze; finally I broke down and bought more iridium sprinklers from Krobus.

A feeling of unease plagued me. Disgust and horror at the thought of what I went through. Fascination that such a thing was possible in the biology of the cave flies. That the lure could trigger such a response in one species towards another, and would it work the same way in other monsters deeper in the caves?

I had wanted the lure to increase my loot hall. The more enemies I fought, the more loot I could collect. I did not intend to wind up some shameless cum slut for *flies* of all creatures.

Yet no matter how I tried distracting myself with farm work, I still slipped into daze after daze. Imagining—remembering—the full, heavy feeling of my belly bloated with cum. I always loved the feeling of my partners coming inside me. Savored the tension in their arms, how their faces twisted in an expression of release, and the sweet, hot rush of them spilling into me. To experience it in that sheer volume, it was like nothing I experienced before or since.

I shifted my weight to the other hip just thinking of it and cursed when my watering can ran out again.

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Restlessness and dread plagued me constantly soon. My sleep was fitful. Where before I slept so peacefully on my stomach, the position was no longer comfortable. Perhaps I was indulging too often in Evelyn's cookie recipe; I had to go up a notch on my belt that morning, and my sudden craving for eggplant was a fierce one.

My suspicions didn't start until I was in my greenhouse picking my crop of Ancient Fruit. I shifted my weight uncomfortably, wincing when I stooped to pick up a dropped fruit. Frustrated with my uncharacteristic lack of mobility, I loosened and then removed my belt altogether, but the relief

was short-lived. I burped oddly; I felt bloated, tired. I needed to sit.

It was while resting on a crate and shifting that I first felt it. Movement. From inside me. At first I was in denial. Surely I just imagined that. I was about to start my period, that had to be the case. This feeling wasn't unlike the physical symptoms leading up to that. It explained my gas and bloating, even the odd cravings. Surely that was it—

Movement again. This time there was no mistaking it. I touched my lower belly, not sure what else to do. Fascination, trepidation, and the profound, gob smacked sense of horror that came with knowing the only possible explanation for movement was that I was sporting an unwelcomed hitchhiker.

Not knowing what else to do, I swiftly undressed, squatted, and tried forcing the thing out of me to no avail. My body would not cooperate, and even then it seemed the thing had no desire to evacuate me either.

It went on like that for days with the dread and foreboding mounting. I waited to be awoken in the middle of the night to the sharp agony of my trespasser attempting to burrow or eat its way out of me. I tried not eating, thinking perhaps I could starve it out, but ultimately decided that would only encourage it to devour me in order to survive.

I thought about going to the clinic. Harvey was a medical professional and bound by confidentiality laws. I could spin any tale I wanted and he'd probably believe it, yet the thought of anyone in town knowing about my predicament mortified me almost as much as having this thing inside me in the first place. I would never show my face outside my farm again, confidentiality be damned.

Perhaps the old men at the Adventurer's Guild might know something. But no. I was still not convinced they didn't know about the lure's affects and sold it to me anyway to get their sick kicks at the thought of what it would bring upon me.

Maybe Krobus or the Dwarf would know? Little as they cared about the affairs of humans, surely they had knowledge of monsters that might prove invaluable in this situation. So I asked, and neither had any knowledge to impart. Only Krobus offered reassurance that in his time below ground, he had never known cave flies to be carnivorous. Territorial, yes, but they did not eat what they killed.

It was a small reassurance, but I clung to it as I lay in bed unable to move except to clutch my swollen middle. My belly protruded noticeably, though not to the extent of a normal pregnancy. Enough to excuse it on an oversized meal, except for the incessant squirming of the shape within me. I half imagined I could feel its many tiny legs moving as it shifted positions, as restless inside me as I was in bed. What first made me frustratingly uncomfortable now left me aching.

I was debilitatingly aroused. All. The. Time.

Whenever the grub would move, my pussy would instantly begin throbbing, my panties becoming soaked. I showered often, as much to clean myself as to get myself off, yet every time I brought myself to peak the larva would bump and squirm all the more intensely, and I would come even harder.

Barely two weeks after the first movement I was all but bedridden, nude, clutching my modest paunch, and feeling the grub worming about beneath the surface surrounded by the toys I furiously masturbated with. I fucked myself senseless in a desperate plea for relief, yet with each consecutive orgasm my hitchhiker would wriggle harder, longer, and by the next day its movements were so



strong I didn't even need to fuck myself to peak. It was making me come with its movements alone. Enough that I lay in bed for hours clutching my writhing, swollen tummy in a state of near perpetual climax, only rising on wobbly knees to eat or relieve myself.

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It happened early. In the darkness well before sunrise, I awoke from a restless stupor of pleasure-haze to a sudden pain and a rush of warm wetness between my legs. I immediately knew what was happening, and my sleep-addled brain followed my body's direction into the right position.

I pushed. I cried. I wept in relief, pain, and disappointment that with the creature leaving my body my pleasure would be at its end. What had at first disgusted me had led to the single greatest, orgasmic week of my life, and I was sad to know it would be at its end. What if the grub attacked me once it was out like the wild ones did? I had no weapon beyond my own shaking fists.

I arched my back, pushed, rolled my hips, and cried out in mix discomfort and shocking pleasure. There was no true pain. The grub's body was long, but it proved remarkably soft. Like the pliant, fleshy cocks of its many sires. It rippled and undulated as it worked its own way, pushing down on my cervix until I felt the narrow, newly flexible passage giving way.

It pushed. I pushed. Long, fleshy segments eased their way one at a time through me until many small, nubby legs wriggled and squirmed at my cunt walls. I wailed at the ecstasy of that. My cunt spasmed, and the grub's resulting fit sent me toppling into a swift peak, and I slumped forward onto the bed, my ass suspended in the air.

My body trembled. Unknown and unspeakable fluids coated my inner thighs and bedcovers. I panted, sweating despite the cool air of the farmhouse, and clutched the sheets as I wailed as loudly and as lewdly into my pillows as I desired. Another few segments of the thing's body wormed their way free of my womb, and I felt in stunning clarity its plump, soft body inching down my pussy.

Its head finally breached the entrance of my cunt, spreading my pussy lips, and peeped as softly as a newly hatched chick.

I blacked out.

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My first thoughts upon waking were of the obscenity of last night's dream followed immediately by the absurd realization it had not been a dream.

Evidence of the event was everywhere. A thick, sticky crusting of dried, revolting fluids covered my lower half and what portions of my body had laid in it. I was endlessly grateful to have gone to bed nude, and crawled on sore, shaky legs to throw my bedsheets in the garbage. Not until I emerged from the shower freshly scrubbed and cleaned of all evidence of the event did the implications even dawn on me.

I had been bred by a swarm of cave flies. Been successfully impregnated. Had carried the hitchhiker to term and birthed it last night in my bed. Had given birth to a cave fly larva and come so powerfully from it I lost consciousness.

I then proceeded to tear my cabin apart in search of it. It was not in the sheets when I removed them, nor was it under the bed. I searched my chests, behind and beneath furniture and plants, even scoured the nooks and crannies of my cellar where I was certain I would find it. All came to nothing. For a small, viscous trail of dried residue I saw while climbing the stairs showed me where the creature had crawled away and slipped through the crack under the front door during the night. The trail terminated at the lowest step where the grass hid whatever direction it must have

gone.

It was gone. That was all that mattered.

I went back inside, finished cleaning, and told myself it was done.

It was all done. Every last vestige of what happened in the mines those weeks ago was gone. Behind me. I would never put myself in that situation again. Would never again risk my safety for the scant possibility of better loot. The dangers were too great. Next time I might not get off so freely.

I was lucky.

But now I knew. There were ways that the hordes of monsters (cave flies, at least) might be placated. Possibly even pacified. And at the very least they were not carnivorous or matricidal.

It was while putting on my work jacket that the gears began turning in my head. For within the jacket pocket I found the small, amber bottle with a hand written label reading “Monster Lure.” The faint scent of apricot and cinnamon leached through the bottle cap onto my fingertips.

As I weighed the bottle in my hand, I considered the mines and its many bounties.

# Greenhouse Roused

## Chapter Notes

Spent most of Christmas writing this one because fuck it if I wanna indulge in some obscene fetishistic monster fucking then I don't care what the holiday is. Merry Christmas ya filthy monster fuckers! <3

### **Content Warning**

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, enthusiastic consent, incest(?), breeding kink, and copious amounts of cum.

There is a certain pride a farmer has at seeing their crops come in healthy and strong. Outside, the nights were growing cooler, but my crops handled it fine, and there is an added feeling of satisfaction at knowing a particularly rare crop would soon bear high quality fruit.

Sweet gem berries in particular garnered a heightened sense of pride for me. I had amassed a fair number of seeds, and my green house was sporting a full crop of them. They wouldn't be fit to harvest for another week, and while there was no threat from crows inside the building, I couldn't help checking on them each day; I felt like a hen brooding restlessly over eggs.

The buzz of a bee amid the growing stalks was music to my ears as I fiddled with the leaves of a few healthy stalks. My hives, too, were producing some fine honey, and I was excited to spend the coming winter turning it into mead. This year was proving exceptional, and I was eager for the season's turnout.

It wasn't until I curled into bed late that evening that I thought it odd that bees would get into the greenhouse. I'd keep an eye out for the invading hive tomorrow, I decided, and maybe see if someone could help me relocate it when I found it.

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The buds were coming in with a remarkable gloss. It was extraordinary! I didn't even use a fertilizer, yet the signs of a peek quality fruit were all here. This harvest was going to net me a fortune.

As I rifled through the chest of spare seeds I kept in my greenhouse, I heard the telltale buzzing amid the crops and smiled to myself. Those bees were a godsend, I thought and wondered why it never occurred to me to relocate a hive inside for year-round pollination. It must be quite a hive to do so much pollinating in such a short time; I'd never seen my greenhouse crops so healthy.

But if it was such a big hive, why did I only ever hear one bee at a time?

Days later, the gem berries were nearly ready for harvest. By then I truly was a mother hen. The incubator in the coop was working hard on a new egg, one I marveled at having a faint bluish pigment to the shell. One of my pigs was pregnant, and Marnie commented she was growing so round she might just have twins!

Imagine my shock when I entered my greenhouse that morning and saw a fully matured cave fly dart into the gem berry stalks and out of sight.

I was beside myself in panic when I came sprinting back from the fisherman's shop with a net to catch the intruder, positive its mere existence was a danger to my crops. Were I not in such a panic, I imagined it must have looked hilarious to see a full grown woman stumbling haphazardly through chest-high crops after the distant buzzing of an unseen adversary.

When I finally brought my net down for the last time, my adrenaline was so high I didn't even take a chance to celebrate. It buzzed and writhed in the net as I caught my breath and dragged it over to the south wall where my hammer was propped up waiting.

I'd never seen cave flies outside the mines before, and it occurred to me how strange it was that there would be one here. Most of the mine's denizens couldn't survive the surface, Krobus said, as the sunlight was hazardous to them. Even he resorted to living underground in the sewers to survive. So how then had this cave fly found its way here?

My wonder turned to horrified realization in an instant when I recalled the events of not long ago. My escapade with the Monster Lure and bringing home an unwelcome hitchhiker in my womb. So the grub survived. And made a home infesting my greenhouse, the infernal thing!

The interloper buzzed and leapt fruitlessly in its efforts to escape the net, and I lifted the hammer in my hand and was ready to bring it down on the unwelcome reminder when two thoughts stilled my hand: Firstly, that the usual pink tint to the cave fly's carapace was coated in fine clumps of a yellowish powder and that, secondly, it never occurred to me to wonder exactly what cave flies ate. Meat, I always assumed, maybe some form of carrion given they were so aggressive whenever I ventured into the mines, but as I thought on the suspiciously pollen-like coating to this creature's hide I considered how lushly jungle-esque the mine was where these flies were abundant.

Were they . . . pollinators, then?

It was a stunning thought, and as I stared down at the helplessly fluttering creature a sense of pity came over me. Was this single cave fly the reason for my crops flourishing? If so, what right did I have to kill it? It certainly was not behaving as aggressively as its predecessors. Had its time above ground made it somehow docile? Maybe I would ask Demetrius if he had any theories, I thought, or approach him with my own.

With no small amount of reluctance, I braced myself for an attack as I turned the net over and shook the fly free. Without hesitation it bolted into the relative safety of the stalks, and I resolved to let it continue on living so long as the pros outweighed its cons.

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The fly was a godsend.

By time the gem berries were ready to harvest, I was hard-pressed to find even one damaged or of less than exceptional quality. Even the grocer and the mayor marveled at the quality of the harvest and promised top dollar should I make any wines or preserves from the harvest. Using what seeds I had left, I planted a new crop and moved some potted plants into the greenhouse to sustain the fly until they were mature enough to flower.

It was not an inhospitable farm-mate. Sure, it wanted little to do with me whenever I went into the greenhouse, preferring to scurry away into the safety of the plants or hide out of reach amid the rafters, but it never seemed to wander outside—what with the harsh sunlight and the chill of the night air. Caves, I imagined, must remain a relatively even climate year-round.

Not long into having the creature on my farm did I find my mind wandering back to its origins. Its conception and birth. Jesus, it was my *offspring*. The thought alone should have mortified to the

point of insanity, but it also fascinated me. I had carried it, birthed it. Did it have any of my genes? Or was my body merely a vessel for it? A glorified incubator to grow and keep safe in until it was strong enough to face the dangers of the world alone?

In all my life I never wanted children, but seeing it flit from flower to flower, its belly fat with rich nectar, I was almost as proud of it as I was of the crops it was helping prosper. I'd carried the thing. Given birth to it. Fantasized almost nightly about the occurrence in the mines which led to its creation. Enough that I sometimes stared at the bottle of Monster Lure late into the evening, considered the hidden route the minecarts offered me and how I could travel so easily to and from the mines without ever being seen.

I thought of my belly bloated and taut from the swarm. Of dozens of tiny legs crawling across my body, their alien cocks pumping inside me, filling me. My pussy leaking thick white cum, my womb heavy with eggs. Of pushing the brood out of me. Of *not* pushing the brood out of me. Of, rather, letting the clutch grow and mature. Of countless eggs hatching into wriggling larvae, the plump, fleshy bodies writhing inside me. Of the hours it might take to birth them all. And the moment my abused pussy was empty, the first of a hundred insectoid cocks plunging back into me.

So, with only a small pang in the back of my head that maybe this wasn't such a good idea, I put my jacket on early one morning, indulged with a spritz of cinnamon-apricot scented lure, and strode with obscene purpose into the greenhouse.

The crops were healthy, but none were quite ready for a harvest, yet. With a violet hued dagger in my boot as precaution, I walked the perimeter of my gem berry crop. Allowing ample time for the scent to suffuse through the greenhouse. I needed only be patient.

It didn't even take a minute. The buzz came quickly towards me from amid the tall stalks, but it stopped and perched on the stalk directly in front of me. The fly was nearly identical to the adult cave flies in the mine, but where their pinkish carapace always seemed tinted with dust and soot, this one was tinted with the faint gold of fresh pollen. Its legs and antennae were fluffy with it, like an oversized bee. Almost cute, really.

Its use of caution did not go unnoticed or unappreciated. It made me think on how intelligent a mere fly could be, but I brushed it off seeing as it always kept its distance after the first time I tried killing it. Maybe it suspected this was some kind of trap. The lure was, after all, meant to draw creatures in to be killed. I vaguely wondered, too, if there was some form of genetic memory involved and it knew how I'd slaughtered so many of its sires before ultimately succumbing to their onslaught. Succumbed unwillingly at first, then eagerly towards the end.

But this was not a trick. A smart idea, perhaps not, but my curiosity—and desire for a controlled repeat of what happened in the mines—was palpable. I wanted to feel that again.

So, when the fly made no move to take the bait, I opted to sweeten the deal. Turning my back, I braced one arm on the wall and arched my back. Sticking my ass out towards the oversized insect, I pulled up the back of my skirt and showed my naked pussy.

“Come on. You don't get a better invitation than this,” I said aloud, more for my own peace of mind. I did not honestly believe it could understand me.

I swabbed my hand over my chest where the lure was sprayed, cupped myself and rubbed the residual scent into my cunt. If this didn't work, I was going to be pissed off *and* horny. And I really might be desperate enough to go back to the mines, consequences be damned.

But that seemed all that was needed. For no sooner had I started fingering myself did I hear the

cacophonous buzz of the fly come towards me, and I nearly jumped when its body collided with my rear and six, spiny legs latched onto my thighs.

“That’s it,” I cooed, walking my ankles further apart already shivering.

Weak kneed, I bit my bottom lip when the hot, slimy protuberance of the fly’s cock prodded against my inner thighs; the creature clumsily jockeyed about behind me. My clothes served as adequate protection from its small claws at the same time gave it a better surface to grasp onto, and I savored the cute, almost virgin clumsiness of the fly as it danced around and altered its positions on my back. It bumped its thorax inelegantly into my ass over and over until I showed mercy on us both by sliding my fingers between my folds and spread my pussy to give it a better target.

That did the trick. For it found its target with the next probe, tightened its grip in the fabric of my ruffled skirt, and curled its abdomen sharply, impaling its long, thin cock right into me. As ready as I was for it, I couldn’t help the squeak of shock at the sudden penetration, and slid eagerly to my knees as the fly pounded zealously into me. So quick and forceful I felt the jostling in my core and keened aloud, digging my fingertips into the wall for support. It was rough and clumsy, and I was grateful that its cock proved slightly smaller than the flies that impregnated me the first time or else this could really do some damage.

The fly came abruptly, hilding its proboscis inside me while curling its abdomen around the curve of my ass. It pumped its cum determinately inside, and while I moaned at the pleasant feeling of it, I was left wanting. One young fly was not the breeding orgy I had wanted. Maybe its youth was to blame, I thought, shivering as it arched its back again, pulling out of me. I was ready to go back to my cabin to finish myself off only to lurch forward with a startled cry. It plunged into me again, cock still hard, and shifted itself a little further down my ass. Enough that when it thrust its cock into me, I felt the crest of its lower abdomen shove between my pussy lips, forcing itself deeper than it had before.

I pushed my ass out further, spreading my legs in an obscene display of sexual desire, and moaned with abandon. It humped me furiously, driving into my pussy, beating its wings and buzzing so loudly I came from the sheer vibration of it. It came again at about that time, thrusting its abdomen roughly into my sex like it meant to hilt half its body inside me, and I smiled breathlessly while the heat of its cum splashed against my cervix. At no point did I feel the shapes of eggs, however. Perhaps it wasn’t old enough to produce eggs of its own? I hardly cared, was even a bit grateful I wouldn’t be knocked up again from this. I didn’t know what I would do with another brood.

It wasted no time and fell back into a rhythm, buzzing cacophonously while fucking me. Driving its lower abdomen into my cunt like it meant to impale me with its thin cock. Fuck, that was a thought. To have my womb penetrated. To have to cum directly into me like that. Like its many sires had. Slipped their many long, insectoid members into my gaping, abused cervix and pump their precious cargo directly into my womb, fertile and warm and eager as a hungry maw. Fit for a fucking. Fit for *breeding*.

The ceaseless buzzing sent me into another orgasm, and when I came back to myself I was wholly on my knees, chest to the greenhouse floor, ass in the air, and scrabbling at the hard ground with fingers desperate for something to cling onto. It came again, buzzing with such fury I imagined it was keening right along with me. Squealing as it, once again, arched its thorax into the cleft of my ass and buried its cock as deeply as it could possibly manage.

*Greedy little monster*, I thought with an indulgent grin. My thighs quaked, slick with a lewd concoction of my own slick and the fly’s cum. Cooling in the exposed air and growing sticky as it dried. It humped feverishly, and I chewed my lower lip as my hands scrabbled for hold of anything

on the hard ground.

It thrust sharply forward, and I cried out as the creature squeaked shrilly, its slickened abdomen finally succeeding in penetrating me. My body clenched down on the sudden invasion, wincing as I was forced to stretch around its much thicker girth, and sobbed at the absurd pleasure (and small pain) of the thing's cock penetrating my cervix and cuming with an audible little squeal.

Hot cum poured into me, and I clutched my lower belly with one hand, jaw hanging agape and I moaned long and loud. Thick, virile fluids pumped into my womb, and I couldn't stop smiling.

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It was a small payment, and after a few days I began to fancy we developed a system. In the greenhouse, my crops flourished. The fly, who by then had earned the affectionate pet name Chitterbug, or just "Chitter," got to make itself fat on the nectar of the gem berry flowers, and every morning I came in with the lure scent on me I was treated to another rigorous fucking; it never gave me eggs, but I was all too happy to endure long sessions of indulgent fly fucking whenever I wanted. And if I didn't want to fuck, I simply didn't wear the lure, and Chitter left me to my own devices.

It was a lovely system, and when I found the bottle of Monster Lure was bellow half I began setting money aside to purchase another.

# Shadow, Shadow on the Wall

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: graphic depictions of violence, erotic asphyxiation, violent foreplay/sex, and descriptions of injuries. All sexual encounters occur with the full consent of the parties involved.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Stop!” I shouted.

The shadow brute faltered in its charge, confusion evident not on its bland, expressionless face but in the odd sideways tilt of its upper body. Though my sword was poised in a position of defense, I had no real want to use it. My journey into these depths was not in search of the mine’s many plunders or for any want for combat, but for something of a less wholesome variety. My curiosity had been aroused just the other day, for an odd comment from Krobus left me pulsing with a thought that I could perhaps satisfy far more than scientific curiosities in these depths.

I had needed a visit with Chitterbug that morning, and when I went to purchase some specialty wares from Krobus later in the afternoon the scent of the lure must have still lingered on my clothes. Krobus, though difficult as ever to read in his alien, shadowy mannerisms, fidgeted where he stood while I debated on how much I was willing to spend that day, and more than once I thought he was leaning in closer towards me and breathing deeper than I thought was wholly necessary. Seeing that I noticed, he leaned quickly away and apologized profusely, sheepishly begging pardon for his behavior; there was an oddness about me, and he wondered what it was I must have eaten for breakfast that morning because the smell it left on my clothes was exceptional. It confused me for quite some time afterward. Until I realized what the true cause *must* have been.

Now, I stood what was surely near to a thousand feet beneath the surface, far from the protective rays of the summer sun, eons distant from the safety of my farm. The insanity of what I intended to try to do was not lost on me. I was ready with weapons and supplies enough to fend off the small army I expected to face, yet every ounce of me hoped I would not need it—even while I stared down the bewildered half-expression of a creature that looked so much like my friend Krobus.

Following as diplomatic a path as I knew how, I ventured to speak again.

“I am sorry for trespassing, and I don’t want to fight you,” I tried. “I’m not here to steal from you or to pillage your home.”

If the being understood, it made no move to express it, yet in the strangeness of its posture I thought I could perceive a hint of wonder. The blink of beady, white eyes and a threatening step forward told me, *Then why are you here, trespasser?*

Deciding not to beat around the bush, I lowered my sword and sheathed it at my side.

“I won’t pretend that you don’t have any animosity towards me, but I will assert I have only ever attacked in self-defense. I never came looking for trouble, regardless of how it was found.”



A flash of rage flared in the white pinpricks of the shadow's eyes, and it stalked challengingly forward. Only to be halted in its tracks as much by the sudden unsheathing of my sword and a veritable wall of invisible aroma that stood between it and me. It visibly staggered before stopping out of arm's reach of me, and I back peddled to a safer distance as the thing gawked, the pinpoints of light now blazing and stunned.

The intelligence was there, and I knew immediately that there was no doubt as to what I meant by coming here. So, for the last time, I sheathed my sword and opened my arms to the creature in the nearest expression of a peace offering as I could imagine was universal.

"I'm not here for a fight," I reaffirmed. "What I want is of benefit to both of us. If you will have it."

It scrutinized me thoroughly from its small distance, gazing me up and down the way you do when you're a shadow creature and a being from a completely different plane of existence is offering you a good time. If a shadow brute could gape, I imagined that is what it would have looked like.

When it took its next stride forward, it was a cautious one, but I did not think I saw any kind of malice in it by that point. Another step, and I unfastened my belt buckle, letting my knee-length patched skirt fall in a heap around my ankles, my thighs slick with anticipation and without panties to hide it. It cocked its head, eyes lingering on the junction of my thighs, and then watching the finer movements of my hands and fingers as I unbuttoned my blouse and sloughed it from my shoulders. I tugged my bra off over my head, but no sooner was my hair out of my face than was a black mass charging at me.

I had no time to take the offensive, only jerk my arms down at my sides when the shadow brute bodily collided with me, an iron grip grabbing me by the arms and hurling me to the ground. But I was a seasoned veteran of these mines. My nails raked down its arms as I went down, feeling the give of its not-quite-flesh as my fingernails razed down its arms. I had it by the wrists to the last, and I brought it down with me.

It was a fight, and a brutal one at that. Though I struggled to get to my sword, the thing yanked me back and out of reach each time only to send us both sprawling when I used its own force to bodily hurl myself at it. My knuckles popped with every punch I threw that collided with its dark, expressionless face, chest, or shoulders. A thin, watery substance darker than the black of its pseudo-flesh leaked from the gashes on its forearms and from a split in the side of its head given when I slammed it into the ground and exacerbated by repeated blows.

I reeled when it head-butted me. I yelled in mixed fury and anguish when it twisted my arm behind my back. I kicked my legs out and brought them quickly together, twisting its ankles out from beneath it. It fell to the dark, sandy floor with a grunt, and I threw myself onto it before it could right itself. Blow after blow, I threw punches in its face, my knuckles bloodied, numb, and burning from the abuse. My lower lip throbbed; my head, arm, and lower back ached fiercely.

It grappled for my arms until my hands were around its throat. I squeezed. Gripped its neck until my forearms burned from the strain, teeth gnashed from the effort alone. It scrabbled at my arms, shoving at my face, but never succeeding in dislodging my hold. Only in making my grasp tighter. Tighter until I could feel the muscles and sinewy in its throat work, struggling to draw breath; the pounding in its veins as the blood flow grew ever more strained. Its grasping was frantic by then, scratching at my face, slapping my shoulder, digging its fingers into me with bruising force.

I pushed my body weight down onto my hands, and that was when I felt it. The shadow brute raging hard beneath me.

I threw my hands off immediately, and the thing sucked in a cavernous breath the instant it was

free. Dark hands flew to its neck as I leaned back but did not get off, and the creature hacked and spluttered until its breath returned in ragged gasps.

I felt a mess—dirty, bloody, and newly aching in places I had not intended to bruise today—and although I pitied the thing beneath me I did not give it the reprieve it needed. I grabbed its head and pinned the side of its face to the ground, at the same time pressing my body down on its pelvic area so its burgeoning cock was wedged beneath me. The brute jerked beneath me, hands flying to my naked, battered sides only to falter when my hands were again at its throat.

“Guess you’re not called ‘brutes’ for nothing,” I mused despite my throbbing lip, the taste of iron on my tongue. “You like it rough, do you?”

I emphasized the point by rolling my hips down and forward, aligning its cock so I could grind my sex down its length. The creature shivered noticeably, a swallow working with some difficulty past my palm. I chewed the half of my lip that wasn’t bloodied, my pussy aching now that I had what I wanted right where I wanted it.

“Tell me you actually fuckin’ want this,” I growled, hissing when nails dug into the meat of my ass cheeks. “Fuck, I’m wanna—”

The words died with a startled gasp when the brute forced up with all its strength, dislodging me from my throne. I fell on my back into the warm, soot colored sand, scraping my elbows and palms in the rough grains, and yelped when the creature threw itself on top of me. It all but yanked my knees apart and unceremoniously shoved its cock inside me. My head fell back with a cry of equal shock, pain, and heart-pounding delight as the brute fucked me hard. It pinned me to the floor by my biceps, slamming its hips between my thighs with bruising abandon.

I sobbed. The sweet sting of pain and exhilarating pleasure. Its cock was bulging and hot. Shaped like a human’s, yet the pseudo flesh of it thudded hotly within me, black blood pulsing through its veins. The sounds it made were guttural and harsh, buzzing as if with the rough, electric static of a radio with a bad signal; it grunted, it gasped, it groaned in a thick tongue I could only partially comprehend. Words like “soft” and “bruised” and “red;” somewhere in there was a word akin to “beautiful,” and it gripped my upper arms with such force I knew I would be black and blue for weeks.

I slung my legs behind its back, wedging it tightly against me on its very next thrust. The brute hilted itself with a strangled groan, cock pulsing like a heartbeat inside me. I heaved my lower body to the side, dislodging my competitor, and came up with one leg on either side of it. Grabbing its cock in a firm hand, I lowered myself onto it and ground myself down on it roughly, fucking myself on it like a toy. It groaned thickly, digging its fingertips harshly into my thighs, and drove its hips up into me. I keened in ecstasy, the crisp slap of skin on skin ringing bell-like between my ears.

My hands were at its throat, and this time the brute tipped its head back encouragingly. I squeezed firmly, but with care enough not to injure the thing. Higher up the thing’s neck near where its jaw connected to the neck, enough to restrict blood flow but not inhibit its breathing. Groans so sweetly stifled, it clutched my hip in one hand and grasped my breast with the other. I gasped, immediately freeing one hand to encourage its touching there.

I rode it hard. Digging my nails into its neck, letting off when the white points of light in its eyes began to gray, and each time it swelled back to a blistering white like blazing coals. I fucked myself with its cock, the pounding in my ears muffling the boisterous, heady moans of our violent fucking. It threw its hips up into me, and I keened and cursed vilely at the abuse to my cunt.

My fingernails cut crescent shaped gouges into the back and sides of its neck, thumbs pushing hard beneath the crest of its chin and jaw. Hand and finger shaped bruises littered my body, from my arms to my hips and thighs. Scrapes and cuts, blood and dirt. It squeezed my breasts, cupping and tweaking my nipples until I cried out, throwing my head back with a wail when I finally came. My grip tightened on the brute's throat; the vibration of its groan causing my skin to prickle into gooseflesh. The jagged line of its mouth fell open, and it thrust up into me a few more times before its body clenched in an all-encompassing wave of tension. It came with a deep, throaty sound, and I gasped, my orgasm racked body eagerly drinking in the monster's cum. Thick and deliciously hot, I felt it pour into me, splashing inside my womb.

"Fuck—! That's it! Yes," I cried out. "That's it, baby, fucking cum in me! Don't stop, gimme everything you have!"

I rode the brute through it, pushing its body into mine. Taking its cock as deeply as it would fit until its cum was gushing into my womb, hot and thick as honey.

I collapsed onto the creature's chest, its hands falling limply at its sides, my fingers aching and locked in a partial curl from the strain of holding on for so long. It quivered. I shook. For a long time it was enough just to breathe, both of us heaving for breath and a chance to recover.

When I had faculties enough to move, I pushed up on my knuckles, shoulders trembling from the strain, and gazed down at my partner. The brute looked about as battered as any member of its species had ever been, eyes shut and maw agape with ragged breath.

"Next time," I began to say, sliding my hand over the top of its head and coaxing it into looking at me with dazed, sparkly white eyes, "let's skip the foreplay . . . 'kay?"

The jagged line of its maw curved upward at the corners, and it gave a shallow but fully comprehending nod.

## Chapter End Notes

A penny for your comments? >:3c

# Ten Tickles

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: tentacles, enthusiastic consent(acles), oviposition, impregnation, broodmother fetish

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With a painful hiss, I lowered myself into the water.

After that encounter with the shadow brute, the mere thought of getting back on my horse seemed like a harrowing endeavor. I needed to get off my feet for a bit, to clean up, but to leave the mines ran the risk of being seen, and I was not about to risk that. Not with half my body black and blue. So I stopped the elevator at the twentieth floor and shucked my clothes and gear near the shore of the underground lake.

The water was not warm by any stretch, but it wasn't frigid, and it was clean. Inch by inch, I lowered myself down, feeling out the slope with my toes. The walls were slick with algae but soft enough that a little prying with a hand or foot was all I would need to gouge out a makeshift ladder to get back out. A convenient ledge near the base of the slope had me submerged to just below my breast line.

With a heavy sigh, I sank into the soft wall. The water was clean and clear: a fresh, lovely shade of blue that looked so inviting. Even from the first time I saw it, I thought of this place as my own private little sanctuary. Sure someone else undoubtedly knew about it, but in all my adventures I never saw another soul down here; I considered it mine, no matter how selfish that may be.

Pale flashes darted beneath the surface a few feet away, and I smiled at the thought of a school of ghostfish swimming away in confusion.

Once the weightlessness allowed some of the weariness to seep out of my bones, I pulled my legs up with a soft hiss and began to wipe away the worst of the grit. Rolling in dirt with the shadow brute was a blast, but I did not savor the toll it took on my body. My skin was purple as much from dirt as bruises. At least, I thanked, the brute was amiable to skipping right to sex should our paths cross again.

I washed myself as best I could, dislodging all manner of filth from my nether area. As I did, the dark, tarry black film of brute cum leaked from me and out into the water. I shivered. Rubbing more feverishly, I tipped my head back onto the soft slope while I worked my fingers inside.

I thought nothing of the gentle current moving the water around me, washing away the evidence of my tryst. It brushed tenderly, almost curiously across my ankles, between my thighs. I bit my lower lip and rolled my clit between my fingers, twitching reflexively at another brush of current. My foot flinched, and I opened my eyes, prepared to be annoyed by and to shoo off a curious ghostfish, but my eyes bugged in abject horror at the encroaching mass of reddish, snake-like tendrils honing in between the junction of my thighs.

All but hurling myself up the embankment, I nearly fell back in from the clumsy scramble. I was

out of the water faster than I thought possible and knelt stock-still over the edge, heart pounding, gaping at the rippling waters below me. The masses shied back and away from the ledge where I'd just been seated, but I could still see the vague outlines of burgundy colored limbs swaying in the gentle current, occasionally reaching upwards before sinking again. The tendrils shifted and stretched, swishing their long lengths through the water. Whether it was one large cluster leading back to a central mass or a conglomerate of dozens of individual creatures, I couldn't tell, but my mind raced with stunned confusion and wonder. As well as a curiosity distinctly taboo.

The way tendrils filtered through the current, their interest centered where I was sitting before. It made me wonder about the lure scent, and I was tearing through my bag the very next instant. After spraying a tiny bit of the lure onto my fingertips, I scuttled back to the edge and tentatively lowered two fingers to the surface. Careful not to splash, I swished my hand to diffuse the scent, and a moment later one reddish tendril rose cautiously to the surface.

"Come on," I said gingerly, moving my hand in slow circles.

The tendril came higher, and I might even have seen the instant of hesitation when it caught the scent of the lure. It came in close, very close, and I felt the slick, fleshy texture of the long shape. A couple inches in diameter, I figured, with a tip that narrowed slightly towards the end in a blunt cone. It was soft, a little slimy, but oddly warm. It felt along my fingers with a curiosity which matched my own, lingering where the lure was strongest. It was gentle, even inquisitive.

I gave it some thought, swabbed my fingers through my cunt, and lowered myself back into the water. The reaction was not immediate. In fact, the tendrils shied away, but I worked towards coaxing them back by spreading my thighs and running my fingers through my sex. Encouraging the lure scent—as well as my own pheromones—into the current. The burgundy colored shapes were easy to spot through the clear blue water when they rose slowly towards my ledge.

I fought not to move. My heart stuttered anxiously. When the first tendril brushed my ankle, I flinched. It shied back, but another took its place. Soon two then four then more than a dozen long, sinewy tentacles were exploring my feet and ankles, following the curves of my legs up my calves to the crooks of my knees and up my thighs.

I shivered. As much from slight fear as anticipation. The ever-present thought that "this-might-not-be-a-good-idea" shouted in the forefront of my brain, but I was curious. So fucking curious.

One tendril slithered boldly up my right thigh, and I offered it my hand. It touched my fingertips, lingering on two of them, and entangling itself into the spaces between my fingers. I giggled, delighted by its confidence. It was gentle. Surprisingly so. Yet even as it moved slowly, exploring me, I could feel the strength of the many limbs beginning to encircle my legs. There were no bones to their slender bodies; they were pure muscle.

Taking initiative, I raised my entangled hand from the water, and the attached tentacle made no effort to squirm away, merely continued slithering between my fingers like the hand of another lover, and I got a good look at its lean, veiny length. The head of the tentacle ended in a blunt, conical protuberance, and at the tip of that was a narrow slit. Whether it was a mouth or not I couldn't be certain, but it rubbed this small opening feverishly against the lure scent. A sensory organ, maybe? Or were there multiple purposes?

I gasped when the first tentacle found my sex, hands immediately falling into the water. Only a mild jerk and several tentacles were dislodged and shied away, earning a displeased huff at myself. I waited, impatient, and within a few seconds the tendrils were all sliding back to their previous spots. Another probe to my cunt and I had to fight not to roll my hips into it, biting my lip in anticipation. I pushed my knees further apart, practically squatting with my pussy as open as could

physically be. Another experimental probe, and the head of the tentacle slid inside just past my pussy lips. Warm and dark and tight.

Instantly, the tentacle lurched forward, and I jerked with a startled cry. The head butted as deeply into me as it could fit, and I winced audibly. My walls clamped down like a vice to prevent it trying to push deeper, and the sudden clench made the tentacle jerk and writhe. It was strong. It pulled back with a quick yank, and I whined at the sudden emptiness. Another tentacle tried again as more slithered up my legs, surrounding me, and before I even realized it I was trapped. My legs thoroughly in their grasp, and all I wanted to do was spread them wider as the second tentacle inched inside me, slowly this time.

My head fell back onto the slope, shuddering from the waist down as the tentacle slithered deeper, filling me out. Its cock-like flesh pulsed with an unfamiliar life. It twitched and spasmed, feeling me out as my walls fluttered around its long girth. God, it was thick. I imagined this might hurt had my pussy not already been loosened by the shadow brute. When it reached the end, it nuzzled around like a curious snake, bumping its “nose” into my cervix and rubbing its slit into every conceivable surface until I was a whimpering, shuddering mess of wanton human being.

I all but sobbed when it slipped out of me for another tentacle to take its place, and those two that had been inside me were now being swarmed by other tendrils. They slithered around each other as I was probed and entered by tentacle after curious tentacle. They would slide inside, bump around and explore, rubbing into my walls until I was in a fury of sexual hunger, their heads nuzzling my cervix fervently before backing out, their dipped wicks being mauled by other tentacles, and then another would wriggle its way inside.

It went on like that for a while, and as frustrated as it was to be probed by so many cocks I was enjoying myself greatly. It felt like I was being toyed with by a room full of horny virgins: every one of them wanting a sample before committing to the meal. It was like they were figuring me out, and I wanted so badly to see what would happen when their mind(s) was made up. What they would do when/if they finally caught on.

I didn't have to wait much longer.

When one tentacle pulled out of me, another quickly took its place. Slick from my pussy was leaking into the water, and all it took was a tentative nudge before the thing swiftly buried itself inside me. I bucked, eyes snapping open with a startled yelp, but this time when I jerked the tentacles did not release me. Rather, their grips tightened on my legs, and I sobbed in bliss when a hundred tendrils held my knees wide apart with one girthy cock arm driving in and out of me.

I cried out. I moaned. I fell limp into the slope wall, trembled, bucked, and whimpered in ecstasy as it fucked me. A mantra of “yes! oh god yes!” fell from my lips in quick, rugged gasps. The tentacle thrust and writhed, arching and butting its length into my walls. Like a fucking rodeo in my cunt. Twisting, writhing, bucking, spinning its length inside me so fast and deep I felt like it meant to rewrite the definition of *screwing*.

It thrust forward sharply, and a shock of pain clenched my teeth when the blunt, conical head of the tentacle wedged itself into the roof of my pussy. I realized with a whimper it was trying to breach my cervix, and I thrashed my hips as much in protest of the pain as in my own attempt to force it in. To push it through that infernal barrier and get it to where it wanted to be and where I now desperately needed it.

It jerked. It kicked. It shoved at the troublesome gate until tears were running down my cheeks. It hurt, but *fuck it* I wanted it in there, too! I tried to relax. Truly tried. Forced the muscles in my abdomen until it began giving way under the onslaught of twisting and pushing. When it finally

had the purchase it needed, the tentacle gave itself a kick, and the head penetrated the last of the way.

My voice abandoned me, mouth agape in a mute cry. Short, sharp gasps heaved in my chest as the tentacle undulated deep inside me. A substantial portion of its long, girthy length buried in my cunt, its head lodged inside my womb. I clutched my belly, fingers scrabbling at my skin where I felt its movements underneath. The head of the tentacle swayed inside me, rubbing its slit into my walls, feeling me out, tasting. It twitched. It slithered. Another few inches pushed their way up, and my head fell back onto the slope with a low, guttural groan. My tummy wriggled with the shape protruding underneath.

I couldn't move. Could barely breathe. Was paralyzed as it inched some of its girth back out of me, and my toes curled when I felt a powerful clench run through the tentacle's length. I could do nothing. Only feel when the rhythmic clench, flutter, and roll of the tentacle forced a fat, round shape up its length and through my gaping pussy lips. My body's reactions were weakened by then, so the soft fluttering of my walls served only to pull the shape in deeper, and when I was sure it would become trapped at the tight ring of my cervix the tentacle instead clenched at the base and thrust sharply forward.

With a *pop*, it was in my womb, and my eyes rolled into the back of my head. It plopped free from the head of the tentacle, and I knew implicitly that the shape deposited onto the floor of my womb was an egg.

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When I came to, it was to another tentacle slithering readily into me. My head spun. Drool wetted my chin and neck, and I groaned. My limbs were heavy despite the weightlessness of the water. I felt tight, bloated. My legs were embraced in the grasp of a thousand thick, burgundy tentacles, raised and spread far apart. They caressed me, massaged my weary flesh as one of them feverishly made love to me.

I had no idea how much time passed, yet I was thoroughly content to remain exactly where I was. Tendrils slithered between my toes, explored my body in earnest, rubbed their sinewy lengths along my thighs, around my waist, and between my breasts. They were circling me, cradling my belly, and with a shaky hand I ran my fingers over my tummy. It was swollen, taut with a modest paunch.

God, I was—

There were—

Eggs.

So many *eggs*.

A shiver clattered my teeth, and I caressed my belly with a keen satisfaction. The tentacle inside me thrust and writhed, twisting its long length as it went, and when it finally shoved its head into my cervix I gasped weakly. It met very little resistance, and my jaw fell slack when the bulging shape of another egg was pushed up into my pussy, and it entered my womb in a way that pushed around everything that was already packed inside. How many were there? I couldn't hope to count them. They shifted within me, round and pliable like frogs' eggs, firm enough to push at the walls of my womb yet soft enough to fit snugly together in the tight space.

With its cargo delivered, the tentacle withdrew, leaving me panting wordlessly and petting my overburdened tummy; I squeaked when another butted its way unceremoniously inside. I gave in readily, letting my body fall into my tentacle foundation as the fucking continued. So tired, yet I

never wanted to miss a second. Of a thousand wiry limbs curled and wrapped around me, entwining with my fingers, cuddling my legs, my gravid belly, stroking my breasts, and rubbing the length of my spine.

Fuck, I was never going to leave this place. This was better than any lover had ever held me.

Fuck me, fill me, I wanted everything. Every egg they could give me. I wanted my womb filled to bursting. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted to be *bred*. Made a broodmother for these creatures.

Sometimes the tentacles took me slow, delivering their eggs into my womb like the precious cargo that they were. Other times they fucked me with abandon, turned me over until I was left scrabbling for purchase at the ledge, two tentacles dueling in my pussy to be the first to give me their egg. I came twice and was nearly delirious by time a winner was found, and it proudly anchored its head in my cervix and pushed and pushed until its egg slid in among countless others. The second, miffed to have been bested, didn't stop at my cervix but pushed itself fully into my womb. My eyes bugged and I clutched my lower abdomen, feeling the bump the tentacle made when it nudged the furthest wall of my womb and placed its egg at the very top of all the others.

It, too, backed out of me, and another took its place.

Over and over. My arms were weak. I cupped my breasts, squeezing and tweaking my nipples in a frenzy. I never questioned it when they began to gently tug at my waist, pulling me on at the same time keeping me level with the surface. My sex was never empty. As I was pulled away from the ledge, they acted like my supports, never letting me sink deeper than my shoulders. Tentacles encircled my waist, cupped my belly, my breasts, and held me aloft until I knew I was being held over the deepest portion of the lake. My legs were pushed up and apart at the knee, and the tentacle inside me pushed into my cervix, and while its egg traveled up its length I felt them.

More tentacles reaching up from below. More and more. I felt it in the current, the warmth of their strong, inquisitive lengths gliding up to caress my ass, thighs, and egg-heavy belly. They made love to my belly and thighs, rubbing every inch of me with their slits, and when the next egg was finally safe inside my womb its sire withdrew.

Two tentacles took its place, and I sobbed in ecstasy while they took me in unison. Driving up and down within me, hammering into my pussy yet never disturbing my belly and its treasures. Rough as a stallion yet more gentle than any lover. I came with a cry, and one tentacle then the other further added to my brood.

How much more could I take, I wondered? I wanted more. Wanted everything. What my body's limits were I could only guess, yet I caressed my gravid belly and reveled in how I could no longer see past it. Another tentacle pushed right up into me, and I could not for the life of me stop smiling. My tears were bliss, my sobs in irreverent ecstasy. Another egg. Another tentacle. My belly grew; so did my contentment.

*Eggs*, I thought in euphoria. *More eggs*.

Make me a mother. Make me a breeder. I wanted them to never stop.

Another tentacle buried its head in my gaping cervix and pushed mightily to fit its gem. Their soft, rubbery shells formed together like a solid ball inside me. I gasped, breathing shallow. My lungs had less room to expand, now.

Another tentacle replaced the spent one. This time there was very little preamble. It thrust a few times, but within seconds it wedged itself in deep, and I had a delighted shock when it pushed two



eggs into my womb. *Twins*, I thought with delight, and before it was finished pulling out another was fighting its way inside.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head. I wouldn't be able to walk. I would have to crawl on my hands and knees everywhere; maybe my belly would even drag the floor.

The tentacle withdrew after delivering me my prize, and my eyes blinked blearily open when something large butted up against my pussy lips. It was another tentacle, I knew, but where the others were lean with conical heads this one was broad and blunt. I tried to look but could not see beyond the obscene bulge of my belly.

God, it felt like a fist. Wide and flat. That same warm, cock-like flesh of the other tentacles, and as it nudged its mushroom shaped head into my pussy the abused hole gave way with a sweet kind of sting. I grinned madly and sobbed as it pushed up, not stopping or slowing until it was seated deep inside me, the head of its tentacle pushed up against my cervix as if supporting my heavy womb. When its length clenched suddenly, I gurgled in shock and glee when its incredible girth suddenly expanded, and a geyser of liquid heat poured into my womb. Cum from the tentacle fountained into me, bloating my belly further and forcing its way into the minute gaps in-between every egg, slathering them all in cum until I realized: it was fertilizing them.

Full as I was, now I was being impregnated. Now, the clutch would take. Now, the eggs would mature, the embryos develop, and the young hatch.

Now, I was truly going to be a broodmother.

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I never wanted children before. Part of my coming to the valley and starting this farm was to escape those pressures. Of lovers wanting rings and promises I wasn't ready to make. Here, I made a fair living on my own, and though I'd come to know and love many of the townspeople they put no pressure on me beyond casual neighborly favors, and those could be declined with no sneer or blame.

They were fair. They were kind. They were understanding.

I had never wanted babies of my own, but while ascending the elevator to the surface in nothing but my jacket, skirt, and wet hair, I laced my fingers beneath the heavy globe that was my gravid belly. Skin pulled tight around its precious contents, I could not help smiling as I thumbed delicate circles into my tummy.

I felt good. It felt right.

These were *mine*, and I was determined that there would be more.

## Chapter End Notes

Consensual tentacle sex is literally everything to me and I will never understand why there isn't more of it.

# Broody

## Chapter Notes

Let's delve deeper down this fetishistic rabbit hole from which there is no climbing out, shall we? In case you haven't noticed by now, this entire fic is just porn for porn's sake and me indulging in a few fantasies/fetishes that I have trouble finding satisfying content for. I do hope you enjoy, and thank you for checking out my grossness <3

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: broodmother fetish, pregnant sex, feral-on-human, enthusiastic consent, lactation play, breastfeeding, tentacles, oviposition, birthing, cum inflation

Work was all but impossible. My belly was so large that simple tasks required a feat of riddle solving just to complete. By a mere stroke of luck most of the crops I'd planted would not be ready to harvest for some time, so labor was not as intense as it could have been. Something as easy as picking up eggs in the chicken coop was a chore, and I found I was exhausted barely midway into the afternoon. So, I would slump into bed or draw myself a warm bath just to get off my feet.

There were very few changes throughout the following days. My belly remained the same size, development apparently restricted to inside the eggs. Weirdly, every now and then I would get insane cravings for seafood. Luckily, I had ample stores, and in one day I found I could consume enough dried eel and ghostfish to feed me for several days. It just tasted so good. Like I *needed* it in my body.

A crop of ancient fruit was ready for harvest in the greenhouse, and I spent most of the day pausing to rest every few rows and sit on one of the crates. Chitterbug came over for a visit—we'd grown quite amiable during these past couple months—and landed on my outstretched arm. He gave my wrist a nibble, his usual greeting, and proceeded to crawl up my arm to my shoulder.

My belly was the size of a prize winning pumpkin and felt about as heavy, and the resulting hormone change meant my breasts had grown. None of my shirts or bras fit anymore, same with jeans and belts, and since I had next to no visitors I took my days in just an old jacket that went to about mid-thigh. With Chitterbug happily nuzzling beneath my hair, I unzipped my jacket and leaned back on the greenhouse wall to search of relief. Small things like this were a godsend, now. Just leaving my bare body open, no restrictions of clothes or movement, was a sweet reprieve.

Chitterbug crawled onto my shoulder, and I leaned my head back, palming my thighs before I even realized what I was doing.

Pregnancy was such an odd thing. It wasn't like this when I was hosting Chitterbug. I suspected it was because the brood was so much bigger. The tax on my body was heavier. One cave fly larva did not even touch the toll of a full clutch of tentacle spawn eggs.

I opened my eyes when Chitterbug crawled onto my chest, doing that thing cave flies seemed to do when sniffing out a new scent. He rubbed his face and antennae into my skin, mouth bits moving in delicate little nibbles. Curious about the change, he crawled over every inch of my gravid tummy, and I giggled when his antennae tickled my tight skin. He explored my belly, then rose curiously to my breast, and those exploratory nibbles found their way to my engorged nipple.

I gasped, bit my lip, and keened softly in pleasure. His little mouth was not much bigger than the nipple itself, and I rubbed my thighs restlessly together as little Chitter mouthed the pebbled nub. Soon the bug was suckling in earnest, forelegs kneading my swollen flesh, and I moaned aloud when I felt he was actually getting something. God, he was milking me. The pregnancy had triggered more hormones than I thought possible.

Despite my restless squirming, I laid back in contentment as my little Chitterbug suckled away, his massages soothing my aching skin. It relieved the pressure that was building over the past several days, and before long I was reaching around my gravid belly and running my fingers through my sex. He suckled to his little heart's content, wings buzzing in a way I knew meant comfortable and happy, and when I started to vigorously rub my other breast to get myself off Chitter let go and latched immediately onto that one, buzzing and suckling fervently until milk began flowing from that one, too.

He was a greedy thing. Suckling until I was in a fit of need and laid back, spreading my legs wide apart and rubbing at my clit in a frenzy. I squeezed my breast, encouraging all the milk that I could, and by time Chitterbug finally released my breast his long, stinger-like cock was butting into my round tummy. My scuttled over my roundness and latched his many tiny legs into my hips, my thighs reflexively jerking apart to allow him room.

This was well practiced almost to the point of routine, and my head fell back onto the crate with a gasp when his proboscis was swiftly buried inside me to the hilt. His grip was strong, and his fat abdomen plunged between my pussy lips with each thrust, cock delving deep inside me with a familiar ease.

I panted softly, moaning sighs into the warm, gentle air of the greenhouse. One hand fondled and tweaked my breast as the other pillowed beneath my head. I was completely comfortable. Heavily pregnant and being fucked in earnest by my own pet monster.

I sighed in bliss when Chitterbug came the first time. Hilting his abdomen and instinctively trying to pump his seed into my womb, yet it was blocked off, so all of his cum spilled into a puddle on the crate beneath me. But he was just beginning, and after a brief period to reorient himself Chitter plunged inside me again and continued on his rigorous fucking. I smiled blearily, content to lie like this with my legs splayed for hours, perhaps even days for Chitter to mount and use me.

I found I enjoyed lying back for him to use like a cum receptacle. He could literally go for hours. Mount me, fuck me, and pump me full of cum in a seemingly endless cycle. He was so determined I found myself lamenting that nothing ever came of it. Never did he succeed in knocking me up. I wondered if there was something wrong, or if he simply wasn't mature enough to do so. I certainly never felt eggs after our romps.

I decided the next time I went to the mines, I might have to bring home a companion for him. Maybe together they might succeed in starting a hive from me.

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When the feeling started, it was subtle. A faint niggling of disquiet somewhere in the back of my mind. A foreboding. I knew something was coming; I just didn't know what.

I had my answer when I awoke early one morning to a painful cramping and an irrefutable impulse to go the water.

In nothing but that jacket, I shuffled to my horse and to the minecarts. My breaths came quick and shallow by time I made it to the twentieth floor of the mine, already shucking my jacket, and lowered myself into the cool water. The relief was instantaneous. I spread my legs, face contorted

with pain, and panted as the contractions became all the more powerful.

The disturbance to the water sent a school of ghostfish fleeing for the depths, and with their departure a rippling of current just under the surface began coming towards me. I discerned the outlines of countless long, burgundy shapes, and I opened my legs further as my ankles, knees, thighs, and waist were all swiftly wrapped up in their strong yet gentle grasps. I sobbed as the contractions racked through me, hands scrabbling at the wall above my head as the tentacles lifted my lower body off the ledge, supporting me at a different angle.

I nearly shouted when a tentacle entered me, tried kicking at the thing. Having something inside me was the last thing I wanted. I did not want *in*; I wanted *out*! But my legs were held more firmly, and I blabbered and cursed while the tentacle rubbed its head all along my cervix. Probing, nuzzling, and pushing against it until I cried out in shock; something gave.

I felt a gush of fluid and the tentacle swiftly withdrew. The water around me changed color as the pressure lessened significantly. I could breathe, now, and the contractions became more rhythmic. I knew I had to push, and with each consecutive clench I felt for the first time since the eggs were given to me that they were shifting around. The first came free with a soft *plop*, and I clenched and pushed with all my might until it was spreading my pussy lips to a wide, stinging gape. With a grunt and shrill keen the egg was pushed out, and I looked wearily at it when it bobbed to the surface.

It had a glassy, membranous shell so clear I could see completely through it. Inside, a tiny, pinkish, worm-shaped bundle was huddled in a tight little ball. A warm rush of motherly pride washed over me, and my head fell back with a cry as a rough contraction pushed another egg free of my womb. Again and again the same process was repeated. I pushed, sobbing and crying out through my contractions, and with each successive clench another glossy egg floated gently to the surface.

There must have been a thousand tentacles cradling me by then. So many I clutched a handful on each fist and one wove between each finger like a lover might to help me through this. Sweat beaded on my brow, but the cool water mercifully kept me from overheating. I wept. My belly was utterly encircled, held from every side by a foundation of lean, powerful arms.

I didn't know how long it must have been before the contractions ceased. Catching my breath, I trembled to my core, praying the ordeal was over. With a shaky hand, I splashed cool water over my brow, bucked, and whimpered when a rogue tentacle slithered unabashedly inside me. I was too weak to protest when it penetrated my aching womb, and I felt with chagrin that it found more eggs still inside.

I panted, tongue lolling as it pulled out and the contractions started anew. The discomfort of my overfull belly was all but gone, but the contractions were still strong. Tentacles cupped, supported, and massaged my tummy and thighs, kneading my supple flesh until my keens were less from pain and increasingly from pleasure. I cupped my breasts in shaky hands, tweaking and tugging at my nipples and grunted when another egg bobbed to the surface, joining the raft-like cluster that floated all around me.

Tentacles were soon encircling my breasts, too. As if seeing what touching them did to me, more rose up from deep within the lake and quested higher up my body, delicately rubbing my belly while other, smaller tendrils spiraled around my nipples. They tugged and tweaked at the tender nubs, and I jerked when the slits of two tentacles split open and captured them. They immediately started a strong suction, and my head fell back onto the soft ledge with a groaning cry.

They milked me in earnest. Pulling and tugging with a strong, sucking rhythm of their own. While other tentacles squeezed around my breasts, I felt them drinking my breastmilk more greedily than

Chitterbug had. They tugged and suckled, squeezing at alternating rhythms until I was sure they meant to milk me of every drop.

My pussy clenched. Another contraction pushed another egg free of my womb, and my tongue lolled from my lips as I was milked vigorously. The tentacles showed no signs of stopping, and when the contractions slowed again another tentacle slithered into my womb. My belly was nearly flat, but with its movements I felt there were still eggs lingering. Maybe two or three, and the tentacle felt around for them with interest. My legs twitched further apart, eyes all but rolled into the back of my head in delirium, and squealed softly when a second tentacle made its way inside alongside the first. My cervix took both of their girths with some resistance, and I felt their outlines writhing beneath the surface of my abdomen as the twin shapes moved in sync.

With synchronized efforts, both tentacles took one egg between them and carefully withdrew, slipping free of my womb and bringing one of the straggler eggs with them. All three shapes emerged into the water with a *plop* and rush of liquid, and I groaned when they entered into me again not a second before the egg bobbed to the surface.

The tentacles repeated this three more times while I lay floating, motionless save for a few sporadic twitches, with two tentacles latched onto my breasts, drinking down breastmilk in ravenous swallows.

It was done, I thought. I had done it.

Around me, dozens of glossy, clear eggs bobbed like apples in a festival tank, inside each a pinkish red jewel began to twitch and wriggle. My vision cleared of its fog as I watched this. Heads and tails that came to tiny points flicked and wiggled. When the first pushed free, I might have mistaken it for a common bait worm were it not for the perfectly smooth, long body. It wriggled about in confusion, separated from the water by a raft of nearly a hundred other eggs until I reached out and pushed some of the eggs apart, making a break in the barrier. As soon as it felt the water it stopped squirming, turned its head downward, and slipped beneath the surface. Its tiny, pencil thin body wove into the gaps between my fingers before darting to the lake bottom, its descent guarded by an impenetrable wall of protective adults.

The same thing happened with every egg after that. My breasts being fondled and hungrily milked until my gaping pussy was left throbbing with arousal as much from lingering pains. I hurt positively everywhere, yet I couldn't remember a time I'd been so content. So happy and satisfied.

I was content to lie in the water, weightless and cradled in the arms of a thousand lovers. I felt it in the current when the tentacles began pulling me out into deeper water, holding me aloft, thighs wide apart still, and I smiled into empty air when I felt the broad, blunt head of a large, fist-sized tentacle nudging against my loose cunt.

I couldn't move. Wouldn't even dream of trying to get the thing away when it began pushing its way inside. My cunt walls spread easily around its incredible girth, and though it hurt with the linger pain of my contractions I found myself groaning in unbridled pleasure. The instant it was hilted beneath my womb, cervix agape, the girth redoubled and spewed a fountain of hot, syrupy cum without a second of preamble.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head, weakly clutching my belly as it bloated back to the same size it had just been. Filled to the point of advanced pregnancy, the geysering of spooze suddenly stopped, the tentacle withdrew, and in a move that stunned me it wrapped around my belly and *squeezed*. My wail was choked off in my throat when all the cum it had just filled me with was forced back out. The water grew murky with it, and I whimpered when the tentacles repositioned me, sitting me upright, and no sooner had the enormous arm released me than was it pushing its

way back inside.

What the purpose of this was, I couldn't fathom a guess. But the moment it was at its deepest point inside it came again, the girth of the tentacle clenching and widening as is sprayed virile cum into me by the gallon. I slipped in and out of consciousness as it went on. Filled me with its cum like a depraved party favor only to squeeze it all out of me and repeat the process again.

Stuffed my pussy up, came like an eruption, squeezed me flat, only to refill my womb with its virile seed.

All the while, I could not stop smiling.

# Fly Away Home

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, enthusiastic consent, orgy, impregnation, oviposition, broodmother fetish, pregnancy sex, and birthing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A raised, grizzled, gray eyebrow was the only response the old man at the Adventurer's Guild gave me when I came to buy more of the Monster Lure.

"Miss Money Bags, huh? Didn't expect ya'd go through it that quick," was all he said, his voice harsh like he spent a lifetime gargling on cinders. "Mines must be damn near empty—all the fightin' you musta' been doin'."

I nodded stoically.

"The lure works," I said. "Gets them right where I want them."

He hummed. Coins and bottle exchanged hands, he told me to be safe out there, and that was the end of it. Whether he truly knew or not, I couldn't be sure. I hardly even cared by that point. I had what I came for.

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I wore it like perfume: the heady aroma of apricots and cinnamon. It was the only thing on my skin when I stepped into the lush, jungle-like overgrowth of the upper mine. The air was alive with the hum of many buzzing wings. I made sure to walk around without drawing their attention yet, diffusing the lure scent all through the level, and gathered some precious ores while I waited for them to notice.

The wait did not last long. Buzzing grew louder as the first couple scouts approached, and I smirked to myself knowingly. This time, when I saw them barreling towards me on thunderous wings, I braced myself for an attack of a different variety. Hands braced on the hardstone wall, I took the impact of them on my back with a grunt and wince.

Their many little claws latched onto my skin, and they scuttled over my body, antennae furiously nuzzling the areas of my skin where the lure scent was freshly sprayed and intoxicatingly strong. They nipped at my chest and thighs, and when I arched my back and stuck my ass out their attention zeroed in on my crotch where the lure scent was strongest.

One nosed fervently into the junction of my thighs, and when the second came close the first buzzed aggressively until the other backed down. I laughed at that, and the cave fly crawled up to latch onto my lower back and hips as the other flitted off elsewhere—I hoped to report to the rest of the swarm. The long, thin proboscis of the fly's cock probed around the backs of my thighs, arching its lower body and shuffling about in search of the proper angle. I shifted my ankles further apart, reached down, and spread my pussy lips to speed up the process.

It found its mark. Arching its abdomen sharply down, it pierced its long, thin cock into my cunt. I

let out a shrill gasp and pushed my ass out further. The fly humped furiously, wings humming a cacophony like a hurricane. The more it thrust the louder it became, and the more buzzing I could hear coming closer from elsewhere in the cave.

Giving up on my standing position, I sank to my knees in the soft, loamy ground. Small torch lights and a glow from my ring cast a soft glow like sunset all around me, and I watched with eager eyes as more flies emerged from beyond the barrier of light. Another couple scouts were followed swiftly by more members of the swarm, all buzzing riotously over to the site of one cave fly fervently going at my pussy with all the vigor of a stallion in rut.

I grunted and whined, back bowed out and ass high in the air. The perfect perch for a good mounting. I pulled my fingers through the soil as if kneading it, keening softly as the fly rutted me with all it had, plunging its long cock in and out while its wings beat a furious rhythm. More of the bugs were landing on and around me, crawling up my arms, over my back and shoulders, nibbling and nuzzling all around where they found the lure scent.

With a squeal-like titter, the fly curled its abdomen sharply downward, and I gasped and winced when its cock struck the small gate of my cervix, penetrating it, and in a rush of fluid heat gushed the contents of its abdomen deep inside me. I cried out loudly, thighs trembling as I fought not to buck, and pushed my belly out in an effort to make room for its new additions.

God, yes, I'd forgotten what this felt like. Cave fly cocks were so thin, but they came so blessedly well. And they gave me what Chitterbug couldn't: eggs.

I felt them falling into me along with the torrent of cum. Countless small, orb-like shapes that distorted the cock's shape as they were pushed in, stretching through the tight ring of my cervix before falling inside me amidst the flood.

The fly pulled out and all but collapsed to the floor, twitching and buzzing sporadically, and I was about to push it upright again when the next fly immediately stole its place on my ass, shoving its cock into me like it would a stinger. I squeaked, still managing to shakily push the fly back onto its feet, and shivered as my new stud buzzed its wings like a storm wind while aggressively driving its cock in and out of my pussy.

They weren't gentle. They weren't slow. They fucked me like they expected a fight. Latching onto my waist and hips with half a dozen tiny clawed feet and curled and arched their backs as they fucked their stinger-like dicks into me. I kept my ass in the air, inviting every fly that wanted a piece to fuck me to its little heart's content. They were all too eager to oblige.

When the one on me finally delivered its load, cumming a flood of slick and eggs into my womb, it flitted away somewhere and another all but slammed into me in its eagerness. I squeaked, giggled, and gasped when it penetrated me, happily caressing my lower belly. There wasn't enough to show just yet, but the weight inside was palpable. They fucked me hard, and the contents moved as if sloshing; I bit my lip with a delighted moan.

This was what I wanted. Every second of it, every drop, every egg. I wanted them fucking me. Their cocks in my pussy. In my womb. I wanted their *eggs*. Their plump, healthy larvae in me. Their eggs; their broods. I wanted it fiercely, and they were so eager to give.

Another fly scrabbled over my back and beneath me, and I gasped, pushing up onto my forearms when it jockeyed between my thighs. I almost wanted to laugh; it tickled.

"Mmm, and what're you u-up to, little guy?" I asked, stammering once when my stud's cock jabbed deliciously far into me.



Of course, I didn't get an answer, nor did I expect one. But the fly continued positioning itself until it, too, was clutching my waist, and soon the second proboscis was probing the same spot the first one already claimed. I gasped.

"Oh, I like the way you—thi-think!"

I gasped shrilly and bucked when the second cock curled into me, butting in alongside the first. The two flies buzzed and tittered as if to protest the other being there, but I couldn't care less so long as they didn't stop. Slumping back into the soft soil, my knees slid further apart, and I keened low in my throat when one cock and then the second thrust forward, buried themselves in my inner gate, and emptied into me. I pulled my fingertips through the dark soil, clutching the stone wall for support as my thighs trembled. The flies released me, and another swiftly crawled into place.

Again and again, they used me. Fucked me, filled me. Came inside me until the weight of their loads began to pull my belly down. My arms shook, knees ached, yet I couldn't fathom ending it as another fly emptied its eggs into my womb. Another speared me with its cock, fucking me straight to my cervix as I whimpered musically, sobbing in bliss when it sprayed an endless gush of cum and eggs into my belly.

I was drunk with it: their urges, my own desire. Another fly swiftly replaced the last, my knees slowly fell further and further apart, and I savored the thought that the weaker I became, the easier it would be for them to continue mounting me. But I couldn't let myself fall all the way. I needed to keep my ass raised for them; I needed a new approach.

Pushing up onto shaky hands, I began to crawl. The fly rutting me didn't even seem to notice, too focused on fucking me through its boisterous tittering. I almost didn't make it. Forced to stop when the fly jerked, buried its stinger in my womb, and came so heavily I clutched my lower abdomen as the weight of it seemed to double. God, what a specimen!

I made it to where I wanted to be and shakily crawled over the side of a low mound of earth, a divot on the other side a blessed fit for my growing belly. I slumped over it, thighs splayed wide, and groaned when another fly's cock mercifully speared my pussy. My limbs were jellied lead. My breath came in short, sharp pants, and each strike of the fly's carapace against my ass made the contents of my womb vibrate.

I came so many times from the relentless fucking. Keening all the while and pleading that they not stop. That they never stop. No matter how many flies used me, no matter how many came, no matter how bloated and heavy my belly grew. I wanted to be fucked. I wanted to be *used*.

I wanted them impregnating me.

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I timed the harvest of my fields knowing full well I would be out of commission for the length of my pregnancy. How right I fucking was.

Carrying Chitterbug was little more than a nuisance. Carrying the tentacle brood had been a chore. Carrying a whole swarm worth of cave fly eggs was next to impossible.

As the eggs grew, my already bloated tummy ballooned by the day, yet it wasn't truly debilitating until the eggs began hatching. *Inside* me.

A small bumping sensation awoke me early one morning. I thought nothing of it at first, struggling to get back to sleep cradling my gravid middle, but when it happened again my suspicions were confirmed. I lay awake for hours after that, mouth agape, legs splayed, clutching my tummy while

countless shapes visibly moved beneath the surface. Lumps trailed up and down and across at every angle. Slick leaked from my bare pussy as I lay there softly keening, petting my belly with a palpable sensation of motherly pride.

They hatched. I'd done it. A full clutch of eggs now a brood of lively, wriggling grubs cradled safe in my womb. And they were mine. Every one of them.

I could do little in the following days but crawl about my house on hands and knees. Late at night, under the cover of dark, I shuffled to the greenhouse with the lure on my back and brought Chitterbug with me into the main house. All I needed to do was lie back, legs apart, and he went feverishly to work on me. Fucking me and cumming at his utter leisure; I was going nowhere and neither was he.

My womb positively writhed with new life, and whenever the movements became stronger I fancied Chitterbug was even more amorous. All it took was a gasp, the pass of a hand across the great globe that was my tummy, and no matter where he was in the house Chitter would immediately dart over and bury his cock into my perpetually open pussy.

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Chitterbug was relentless. Through every night, I lay bare with my legs apart drifting in and out of restless sleep, my sweet pet's cock plunging inside me. More than once the poor thing had run dry, no more cum left to give me, but he refused to stop. He would buzz impatiently at the foot of my bed, and the instant he had so much as a drop to give he would dive in-between my legs, often times waking me from sleep with a sweet rush of cum into my aching cunt.

It was impossible to go anywhere even without my little Chitter wanting to fuck me at every waking second. To eat, to use the restroom, even to bathe. My belly was so engorged I was nearly bedridden, and crawling on my hands and knees merely encouraged Chitter to mount me as much as it seemed to make the larvae (which were growing so nicely) bump about in earnest. A few times I came from their movements alone.

I wanted to give birth in the mines. To have my brood in a place where I knew my young would flourish among their own kind. But my babies had other plans.

When the contractions started, I had to physically push Chitter off of me. His cock came free with a wet, noisy squelch and, guided by a parrot memory of my time in the underground lake, I pulled my heels up at either side of me and began to push. There were so many and my cunt was so slick and loose that when my water broke, three larvae tumbled out of me in a wriggling, peeping heap.

Chitterbug immediately flew towards them. In a brief moment of panic I lurched my hand out to protect them, afraid he would attack them, but instead he lighted on the covers next to them and began to clean them. They raised their heads at him, peeping like newly hatched chicks. My head fell suddenly back as another contraction racked my frame; I gripped the sheets tightly, and another push sent more larvae cascading freely from my gaping sex.

I zoned in and out through the ordeal leaving my body on autopilot, alternating between whimpering as painful contractions pushed plump, wriggly grubs out of me by the handful and keening in pleasure as my cunt throbbed, tweaking and squeezing my breasts in arousal. With my legs splayed apart, the space between them served as a makeshift cradle, keeping their wet, tender bodies shielded from the cold air as Chitter dutifully moved from one to the next, inspecting and cleaning each one like it were his own. By then I was convinced he actually did think they were all his.

I smiled. What a good papa.

Hours seemed to pass. The contractions became less frequent. I could see my raised knees over the modest paunch of my belly and groaned, twitching while I still felt any number of fat grubs moving about in my womb stubbornly refusing to be born. I was beyond myself by then. Weak, horny, and exhausted past the point of description. Between my legs, a veritable army of warm, wiggling shapes sat cradled, peeping softly with new life.

I wondered, fleetingly, if a barn might be outfitted to sustain a sizeable hive. Like a slime hutch for flies.

## Chapter End Notes

If I didn't know any better I'd think ya'll were too nervous to leave comments. >:3 Tell me what you thiiiink I'm dyin' o curiosity over here!

# Errand Fun

## Chapter Notes

In which background villagers begin having more important rolls in the story I guess?

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: plugs, pregnancy, mentions of femdom and previous sexual encounters, feral-on-human, broodmother fetish, breastfeeding/lactation kink, and mild exhibitionism.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“One barn coming up,” Robin said cheerily, a broad smile on her face as she keyed the order into her register.

“Actually, if I pay you for the upgrades now, would it be possible to just make it a deluxe barn? I really want to get my herd expanded and happy before the next fair comes around.”

“Oh! Umm, sure that should be fine. Save us both time on the upgrades, huh?”

I nodded, grateful for her patience on the matter. I wasn’t 100% confident on how long it would take the grubs at home to fully mature and would prefer they have a place of their own before their mating drives kicked in.

“Thank you, RobIN—!” I jumped out of nowhere, spine going ramrod straight.

She jumped, too, and looked at me in concern. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just a stitch in my side. Sorry about that.” I smiled sheepishly, fighting back the rush of heat in my face.

Of course it would be like my hitchhikers to wake up at that moment.

Slinging my leg over my horse’s saddle, I settled into place with the reins and fluttered my eyelids unconsciously as the pressure of my weight nudged the plug deeper into my cunt. Trapped on the other side of it were the troublemakers: a batch of some four (or possibly five) larvae stubbornly refusing to be born. They lingered in the warm, dark cradle of my womb and refused to be evicted, so adamant about not coming out that I could no longer wait for them. I had errands to run and a barn to be built, so I got out my thickest plug and sat on it until it popped inside. If they decided they wanted to come out, it wasn’t going to be while I was in town.

The ride on my horse was not smooth, and amid the bouncing and jostling the plug was being pushed up and knocked around constantly. I had to fight not to cum, and it didn’t help when the movement stirred them all the more, and they began wiggling about in protest. Mercifully they were not enough to make my stomach really bulge, but I wore my oversized jacket despite the warm day to conceal any squirming.

I stopped by the general store, leaning on the counter with some effort as Pierre pitched his wares at me, encouraging that I get my harvesting done quickly before the season changed and any unharvested crops were lost. I thanked him, took my bundle of artichoke and bok choy seeds, and

walked out of the store on wobbly knees. Inside me, two dozen or more nubby feet were scrambling along the inner walls of my womb, stimulating me halfway to frenzy. I plunked onto my horse's saddle and let the trotting work out some of my kinks.

At the saloon, Gus smiled beamingly beneath his caterpillar mustache and greeted me with a thundering, "Well if it ain't my favorite farmer! How're you doin' on this fine day, lil lady?"

I managed a smile and an amicable greeting while inspecting his meals for the day. God, fried calamari sounded so good right now. I bought two plates and a cup of coffee and settled into one of the barstools, sighing to myself as the plug was pushed further in again. One of the grubs bucked, and I hid my own jump under the guise of getting comfortable in my seat.

"You alright? You don't look so well," Gus said, looking over my flushed face and neck and taking in the signs of fever.

"Hm?" I blinked and swallowed my mouthful, mortified internally but somehow able to brush it off. "I'm fine. Just . . . been a rough season. Trying to get everything ready before another winter, you know?"

"Ah, yeah, that'll do it. Air's gettin' cooler but the sun's still hot. Try not to stretch yourself too thin. The valley's been better off since you moved in, and I'd hate to see you work yourself into a hole. Take the winter to rest why don't ya. Recharge them batteries. It'd do you some good."

I smiled, shifting on my seat and patting my belly to pantomime a "that really hit the spot!" gesture as much as to settle the grubs wriggling into the front wall of my womb. Evidently, fried calamari sounded like a good idea to them, too.

"Thanks, Gus, but something tells me this winter is going to be as busy as early spring. Oh! And speaking of seasonals." I tugged my bag around and pulled out an orange. It was a high quality one, so I meant to sell it, but I remembered Gus posted an ad about needing one. "Fresh off the tree."

His face lit up like he'd just been handed a winning lottery ticket, paid me in coins and profuse thanks, and gave me another cup of coffee on the house before I left.

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"Howdy, honey," Marnie greeted with a sweet smile when I walked through the door. I didn't see Jas anywhere, she must be with Vincent and Penny, but I did catch a glimpse of a familiar blue jacket hanging out next to the fireplace in the next room.

"I saw Robin heading up the road to the farm a couple hours ago. If you don't mind me saying, you buildin' a new coop? Or a barn perhaps?" Her eyes seemed to light up at the thought of selling some of her calves or maybe even a piglet. The cheese that came out of my place always went for top coin, after all, so she knew all the animals I bought from her were well cared for.

I chuckled good-naturedly as I said, "Been thinking about it. At least one of my cows is pregnant, and I could use another pig or two, but maybe another day. Right now I'm just looking for a couple space heaters to keep things warm. You got any in stock?"

"Sure do!"

Marnie hurried to the back, and the moment I was alone I braced my hands on the counter and bent forward, trying to get some pressure off the plug. My cunt was throbbing; my hitchhikers were playing hell on my libido. I was probably two squirms away from riding my horse into the secret woods, plunking myself on a stump with my ass in the air, and just letting my horse fuck me.

Now there was an idea.

“Party of one?” a voice said behind me.

I went rigid, but something in the tone sent a shiver of “*say it slowly*” down my spine. I looked over my shoulder, and there was Shane leaning on the doorframe and looking me up and down. Jesus, the man looked like he just crawled off the wrong side of the chicken coop, but ever since he stopped drinking his hangover eyes got to looking more and more like bedroom eyes.

I won’t deny Shane and I have shared a few drinks at the saloon. Bitched and laughed and jabbed at each other like old-timey friends, and more than once we got to stumbling out back of the saloon to make out like horny teens. At least twice we’ve made it back to my farm to enjoy each other’s company like consenting adults, and maybe one time we couldn’t make the journey so we jumped the fence behind the mayor’s house and hid in the bushes for a quickie.

“Or are there invitations available?” he asked, a clear glint of interest in the way his eyes scanned up the curvature of my spine.

*Fuck yeah there are*, I almost said aloud. Because the thought of my friend bending me over a hay bail and fucking me raw with a belly full of hitchhikers made me want to pull his head back by his hair and shove my tongue down his throat. He liked to be dominated, he told me once, and that night he shouted himself hoarse with his arms tied behind his back and my hand gently squeezing his throat as I rode his dick.

“Not today I’m afraid.” Fuck was I sorry to say it. “Too much work to do.”

Shane nodded and just stood there making eyes at me. Eyes I admittedly wanted to see dim and hazy on the cusp of climax.

“I ever tell you how sexy you are?” Shane said bluntly, thumbs hooked in his pockets.

I just had to giggle. Turning around, I leaned back on the waist high counter and made a show of slowly unzipping the top of my jacket. His eyes slowly widened to see no shirt or bra beneath it, then visibly swallowed as I pulled it open and mouth fell slack when I flashed him my breasts, which hormones from the pregnancy had enlarged.

“You could stand to say it more often,” I hummed.

“Jesus—fuck, can I . . . ? Can I kiss you? Something? You’re so . . . Jesus, you’re so fucking hot, can I just kiss you? Please?” Shane stammered, tripping over his words.

I was closing the distance before he even finished asking. Hand on his chest, I shoved him behind the cover of the wall. As soon as we were both behind it Shane grabbed me and pinned me up against the wall, our mouths crushed together in a kiss more fiery than the blazing hearth in the room with us. I took both his hands and placed them on my breasts, and Shane groaned into my lips as he caressed them. I moaned in turn, hiked my knee over his side, and breathed heavily through my nose as he made love to my chest and lips.

Shane was an incredible kisser; I was shocked to find that out the first time we made out behind the saloon, our hands and voices heavy from a night full of beer, wine, and plates of spicy peppers. The way he cupped my neck, tilted my chin, and played with my tongue like he wanted to devour me, it was enough to leave me weak in the knees every time I thought about it after. It was what made me decide that, even though I didn’t want a relationship, I wanted him in my life—and in my bed.

He ground into the junction of my thighs, and I smirked into his lips at his erection wedged

uncomfortably inside his shorts. He broke from my lips to leave a trail of heated kisses down the side of my neck and gave the open panels of my jacket a yank; I gasped, exposing my entire torso to him. I grinned; he licked his lips. Hands returning to my breasts, Shane cemented a long series of kisses and bites all across my shoulder, planting hickies as I hissed from the sweet sting of them. His lips trailed to my breasts, and I tipped my head back and pushed my chest out, stifling a moan into my hand when he squeezed one firmly and sucked the nipple into his mouth.

I clutched his hair by the fistful as he sucked and mouthed, tonguing my nipple like candy and suckling sloppily while squeezing both breasts in earnest. I mashed my thighs together and visibly shuddered, my hitchhikers butting around in my womb with a curious interest. Soon they had me groaning as much as he did, and my cunt throbbed around the plug.

“*Shane*,” I panted. “Shane, st-stop, or I’m gonna—”

He did pull back, but removed his lips with a long, firm suckle on my breast that tugged the nipple between his lips and let go with a noisy smack. I didn’t know if I wanted to punch him or shove him onto the nearest hay bale and suck his soul out through his cock.

“You’re gonna fuckin’ get it next time,” I swore, red faced and pulsing from my toes to my ears.

“Next time,” he promised. Buried his nose in the crook of my neck, he sucked in a deep breath. “You smell so fucking good. Like cinnamon.”

“Keep that cock hard for me and the next thing you smell will be my pussy when I sit on your face.”

He shivered. Running his hand over my hitched knee, he ground the firm bulge of his dick into my thigh like a promise. We didn’t disentangle until we heard Marnie calling my name, wondering where I went.

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I shucked my boots and jeans the instant I was through the door and all but hurled myself into bed, threw my legs open, tugged on the plug until it came free with a messy squelch, and proceeded to shove it back inside and fuck myself in a maddening frenzy. Inside me, the grubs bucked and nuzzled about, heightening my need until I was tipping my head back and wailing into the open cabin air. My cunt spasmed, already painfully close to orgasm, and all I wanted was to shove myself over the cliff. Fall into open air.

I did finally cum, and my entire body curled from my toes to my neck. Crying out, I shoved the plug deep, and when my muscles stopped clenching I went totally limp. All but collapsing onto the covers, I was left panting, my bare skin damp with a sheen of sweat in the cool air. Legs and arms apart at either side of me, all I could do was groan softly as the troublemakers crawled around in earnest, causing my modest little belly bump to lurch and squirm as they climbed all over one another.

Buzzing came over the drone of blood rushing in my ears, and Chitterbug lighted on my knee. No doubt drawn by any number of smells or sounds. Rising on shaking legs, I grabbed a couple pillows and shoved them under my hips, leaving my ass in the air and enough space between my belly and the bed so as not to squish anything, and sighed when I removed the plug one last time. Without hesitation, Chitterbug mounted me and sank his cock into my slick, gaping sex.

I sighed in bliss, endlessly delighted to finally be worked on after the long day. Although, my hitchhikers never fully calmed down, what with their lovely little home now being disturbed by a cock plunging stinger-like into my womb every few thrusts. My eyes drifted closed, and I was so

beat after the long day that all I could do was nod off to Chitter having his merry way with me.

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Not sure how long it was, but the windows were darker when I woke, and with the automatic lights turned off I was almost startled by the crawling sensation under and around me. My ass was still propped over the pillow, and Chitter rested on his perch with his cock effectively anchored in my cervix, proboscis bulging as he pumped cum directly into my uterus. How many times he must have cum by then I couldn't be sure, but for him to need a rest I knew it must have been several.

I smiled blearily as the crawling became more defined, and I ran my fingers over the sheets to find them covered above and below by a myriad of plump bodies inching along, peeping at me. I giggled as some climbed my arms and sides, pulling themselves along with tiny nubs for feet, and cheeping like the hungry babies they were.

Luckily, Chitterbug took care of the feeding aspect. With the window open, he had the full run of the farm to collect nectar and bring it back to the makeshift nursery he'd crafted beneath my bed. Because of how small the larvae were, they didn't need to be fed much to be filled, but there were quite a lot of them. *A lot*. I hadn't made a complete tally, yet, but a few cursory glances had me estimating anywhere from thirty-five to fifty. All of them mine. All of them demanding to be fed.

With Chitterbug wholly occupied, the new mom in me was not about to ignore them, so I scooped up all that I could reach into a bundle in my arms, pushed up to rest on my elbows, and hovered my breasts just above them. They didn't immediately catch on, but with some tweaking to perk my nipples and a careful nudge here and there the first mouth found a nub and explored it with that same curious nibbling that adults do. Squeezing my breast, the grub tittered and peeped despite its full mouth, and its body undulated beneath me when I felt milk begin to dribble into its waiting mouth.

Some queue must have been given, some signal shared, because almost immediately my other breast was latched onto, and that one began to be suckled by the first of many hungry mouths.

At the same time, Chitterbug finished resting, because he pulled his cock back to the entrance of my pussy and immediately arched down, spearing his cock back inside. I groaned heavily, hands digging into the bedsheets, and whimpered towards the headboard as my monstrous pet fucked me, my womb crawled with a precious bundle of spunky larvae, and more fat, hungry grubs vied for a position at my breasts. Their small tummies were quick to fill, only needing a few draws before letting go, and no sooner did one release than did the next one latch on. They suckled for a long time, and when my arms began to tire I devised a way to rest with my forearms beneath my chest, back arched with my ass raised, and breasts propped up over my arms to be milked.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head, eyelids fluttering closed. As more hungry mouths came to be fed, more of the larvae climbed up from the nursery or out from beneath the covers, and soon the space in front of my breasts was swarmed with peeping, impatient mouths. I lamented that I didn't have more nipples to feed them with, momentarily envisioning myself with the extra teats of a milk cow.

I shivered as much from the thought as from Chitter's cock sending a fresh wave of cum to cover the larvae bucking in my womb.

A milk cow's purpose was to be milked, and to be milked she needed to have babies. Lots of them. I trembled at the thought, as much aroused as degraded by the notion. Being left bent over in some breeding rack, possibly of my own design, the cocks of a hundred different creatures pumping me full of cum and eggs. Until my overburdened tummy bulged with their broods and my tits were being suckled upon by the mouths of sires and offspring alike.



With that fantasy at the forefront of my brain, I caressed my breasts to encourage the flow of nourishment to my hungry babies and came with a wail as Chitterbug penetrated my womb again, flooding me with his cum. My belly sagged with the weight of it, not yet recovered fully from carrying the swarm to term, and as his seed spilled out down my thighs I fancied I could feel my hitchhikers swimming in it.

I couldn't wait for the barn to be built. Couldn't wait until my brood had a place to grow and flourish. Couldn't wait until they were grown and ready to give me brand new clutches of their own.

## Chapter End Notes

Uuuuhhhhh I really like me a damaged boi

I was super impressed by Shane's romance route and how he improved as a person thanks to the player's help and encouragement. I'm just super proud of that boi and wanna kiss him and have a few drinks with him. Also fuck yeah pizza rolls

# Slime Time

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: slime, gross words, orgy, oviposition, tentacles, and cum inflation.

I tapped my chin thoughtfully, considering my options. Ultimately, I decided the red and purple sand levels were too great a risk. The upper levels would do just fine, but I would have to avoid areas where flies were too common. As much as I relished the thought of going home with another swarm in my belly, they weren't what I was after. Back home, I had a brand new and empty slime hutch, and I knew exactly how I wanted to *fill it*.

The highest levels of the mine were laughably mundane. Next to nothing there was a threat to me anymore. I could practically swat the blue bugs away, keep a stone crab at bay with my boot, and the only thing dangerous about the duggies was the risk of spraining an ankle in their burrows.

I backtracked and found what I was looking for on the second level. The group of green slimes were just meandering in a clearing on a dim level of the mine. Much as I wanted to just waltz over and plunk down in the middle of them, I knew I needed to wait. Clad in nothing but the scent of the lure, I sat myself on a knee-high boulder and waited for the scent to reach them.

It didn't take long. Their movements changed from a lounging sort of shuffle to like they perked up and were looking around. When the first one noticed me, they all did, and they began coming over.

I'll admit, their approach made me somewhat anxious. Most every time before now, seeing this many slimes coming towards me foretold the making of a few bruises, so I was ready for that just in case. Luckily, their movements and expressions were not threatening. When the first of the group came close, I parted my knees.

"Nice to meet you, big guy."

The slimes all came to about mid-thigh on me. It was easy to forget how big they actually were when viewed from a distance.

Their movements produced a kind of wet, slopping noise. Although they had shiny, slick looking exteriors, I knew from countless swings of my sword that they had a kind of membrane holding their masses together. A membrane easily pierced in green slimes; so, again, I was not so concerned for my safety.

I extended my foot curiously at the bobbing mass of green, toe pointed, and watched it inspect my shin with its own kind of half-cognizant interest. It followed my calf and knee up along my inner thighs where the lure scent was quite strong.

Maybe slimes weren't as dimwitted as I took them for. Maybe word got around in the mines that the human girl was less of a slayer and more of a layer. Maybe the buzz of the bugs reached the slimes, and now all the mine knew my journey for conquest had taken a more unconventional turn. Because as the slime ran the side of its wet, slippery body along the up of my thigh, another

portion of its body began to shudder and rise outward from the middle. I wasn't entirely sure what to make of it—since, looking at it, I wouldn't have called it a cock—but the slime let its intentions be known by shuffling closer and aiming the end of that new false limb towards the entrance to my pussy.

“Now you're speaking my language,” I chuckled.

Shifting my position, I laid back on my elbows and pushed my knees further apart. As it nudged the bulk of its mass into the crook of my legs, I shivered in reflexive disgust. Its body was slick, but at the same time pliant enough that as it pushed between my thighs I felt its membranous bulk give way, separating, and wholly engulfing my thighs.

In trepidation, I realized that if things went south I wouldn't be able to break from this thing's hold easily.

Fortunately, the thought vanished in a puff of green haze when the false limb (poised forward like a joust) sank readily into me. No preamble, no hesitation. My breath left me in a long, savory moan. Even without any kind of foreplay, it went in easy thanks to its own natural slick, and try as I might to shift my legs for a better angle I could not dislodge or even move them a little bit. Could only lie back and take what it had to give me.

It sank in deep, pushing its mass further up until the bulk of its body was flush with my ass, the tip of its false cock pressed snugly with my cervix. It moved further still, and I shivered in mixed pleasure and revulsion when its form began to engulf my lower half. The green of its membrane spread over my pubic mound and beneath my ass, drawing my body above the knees and below the hips into itself. It worried me; my heart raced, fearful it could be trying to consume me, but with the way its form shivered and quaked I somehow knew it could only be from pleasure. Pleasure and wanting to ensure I had no means whatsoever of escape.

*Touché, slime*, I thought. I could play the captive if that was what got it hard.

At no point did it ever truly thrust or buck. Just sank inside, feeding steadily more of its mass into the limb until I was shuddering and groaning, chest heaving while I felt in stunning detail the shape within me expand. Pushing outward in all directions, my walls fluttered in meek protest. Until my eyes rolled into the back of my head, and a slimy, gooey, slippery feeling spread deeper into me. A thin trail of slime leaked, or possibly fed itself, through the small gap of my cervix, and once inside it too began to expand.

I bucked, crying out this time, and slapped my hands down on its top. The thing seemed to jerk, and a glob of sludge slipped through into my womb. It swelled at the same rate, and I keened long and loud into the cool, calm air of the mine. I dug my fingers into the creature's top only for my hands to sink through the membrane and become trapped as well.

Shaking, I looked down to see my lower belly beginning to grow. From flat to a tiny, almost imperceptible pouch to a noticeable paunch. All while the pressure inside me grew. I sobbed aloud; my womb took it well, accepting the growing shape almost eagerly, but the tight ring of my cervix ached. Firm enough to hold shape yet flexible enough to morph freely, the membrane slowly continued to expand.

By the time it stopped, my cries and sobs had all been rendered mute. Only a gruff, guttural exhalation told of my relief when my cervix was shown mercy. The false limb shuddered and undulated inside me. I was half delirious and almost didn't notice it was moving me until my hips were raised higher within its mass.

I groaned, mouth hanging agape, eyes partially lidded while my cunt, cervix, and womb were made to flutter and roll along with its uncanny movements. I was not close to orgasm. Didn't know if I *could* come with this going on. But I lay there in a daze, the wet slopping noises of the thing's body punctuated by the occasional grunt or breathy moan.

Its bulk shuddered, sending ripples down the green slick of its membrane. The ghost of a feeling passed along my inner walls, stretched almost to their limits: the sensation of something moving inward. With my hips raised in its hold, the thing used the added push of gravity to guide this shape into me, and when I felt it there was no mistaking it. The shape was soft and pliant, yet the membrane of it was firm, more so than the false cock of the slime itself. It pushed against the strained mouth of my cervix, and with a firm shove the shape entered into my womb with a sensation I could only describe as: *plorp*.

Chin wet with drool, I shuddered. The mass began a slow, steady retreat. Its membrane receded from my body and out from my abused pussy, yet as it went a thick, gooey film of green slick clung to my skin. My hands, my waist, my ass, my inner thighs, everything it had touched, and when the last few inches of the slime's cock slopped out of me, a thick line of goo connecting us broke off and fell onto the boulder with a wet smat.

A shaky hand lifted to touch my belly, which the slime had left untouched and so stood out like a smooth, shallow mound against a sea of clear green. It was not big, barely more than a tiny bump, but it was there, and my eyes turned hungrily towards another slime which swiftly passed its sluggish counterpart. This one was much quicker, perhaps thanks to its path already being laid out by the one before it. Its mass immediately encompassed the parts of my body left slick, and before I could wonder about already being lubed up for the next user it was gracelessly shoving a new false limb into me even before it was done forming.

I dropped my head back with a heavy groan, bucking my hips as the thick, sludge-like membrane was forced up inside me. It met no resistance. Not only was I eager beyond reason to take it, my pussy was stretched to the point of near gaping from the abuse it just received. The slick that coated me ensured every inch was fully lubricated and ready to accept more.

*I was ready to accept more.*

---

I never came. That was the most frustrating part of all.

There was no real friction. The slimes weren't really *fucking* me. There were never any thrusts beyond that first graceless shove. I could never reach to get myself off; the inside of the slimes' bulks were much too dense. They would enter me, spread me open like a deck of cards, ripple and roll and undulate until more than once I thought I was being physically lifted, back arching, clutching my paunch as another broad, pliable form travelled down the limb of its sire and was deposited with a *splut* into my waiting belly.

My tummy bulged. Not obscenely, but certainly enough that an advanced pregnancy could be the only explanation. Enough I could not see the proud orgy of sires beyond my wet, slime-splattered tummy.

I panted. Hands restlessly cupped, fondled, and squeezed my breasts as the slime withdrew and another entered me with noisy, slopping sounds. Clenching and fluttering, pussy aching as it was slowly speared, slowly pushed wider open. Spread to gaping until another egg traveled its way down, deep into my pussy and squeezed into my womb with a wet *plop*.

There was no unused space in me. The amorphous membranes of the eggs fit together without a

millimeter of space between them, forming perfectly to the confines of their new space. My belly bulged, almost perfectly round, and quivered as I gasped, another limb immediately pushing into me as the previous pulled out. It sank in readily, pumping up the mass of its cock to more than double its size, and rolled its form inside my cunt until the rest of my body was being slightly lifted, tilted, and angled until gravity helped to pull the next egg inside.

I watched my tummy physically bounce with the *squelch* of the next egg. My head fell back, mouth agape, hair clinging to the sweat of my brow, and groaned allowed when the proud sire backed out and yet another stole its place between my thighs.

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On hands and knees, I crawled to the elevator. I did not trust my legs to support me. My swollen middle hung beneath me, taut and heavy. Heavier than the clutch of fly eggs but softer in a way than the tentacle brood from several weeks ago.

Never in all my days had I felt more disgusting. Sludge and filth caked dirt and bits of debris all across my lower back and thighs. Not even my breasts and belly were spared. As the slick from the slimes' membranes dried, it grew thick and sticky. By time they were done with me, I was left to peel myself off the boulder and inch my way home.

I needed to get clean. Was not going to wait.

The elevator took me down to the twentieth floor, and I slid on my back down the embankment heedless of the scrapes I would receive. Swallowed up by the cool water, my system received a jolt from the rapid temperature change, and the instant my feet found the ledge I flung my head above the surface with a gasp. It was not a slow, sexy washing. I felt like an abomination to a hygienic world. Dust and muck were caked on my skin in a horrendous slurry; I was desperate to get it off.

Fun as the romp had been, I could see myself planning the next one around the bath to immediately follow.

Mercifully, the slime lost its adhesions with water, and it began to dissolve and slough off with some simple rubbing. The relief was instantaneous. With the filth washing away, I felt almost human again.

I noticed a familiar conglomerate slithering towards me beneath the water and could only smile.

I extended a hand to the cluster in greeting and giggled when the first tentacle wound between my fingers and up my wrist and forearm.

"Good to see you again, too," I said.

More tentacles came up from the deeper water, and without resistance of any kind I extended my knees and opened my legs, allowing myself into their winding grasp. Some of my skin was still slippery with slime, and when a tentacle noticed this they rubbed vigorously at it until my skin was clear, apparently as eager to get it off as I was. I thanked that one with a kiss through the water's surface, and it twitched excitedly.

It came as no surprise when tentacles began nuzzling at the crook of my thighs, clearing up the grit and slime still stuck to my pubic area, and I tipped my chin back with a pleasant sigh when the first tentacle slithered into me. When the poor thing found the gate of my womb blocked off, already occupied with another creature's brood, it wriggled in disappointment.

"Sorry, hun. Other daddies need a turn, too," I apologized, stroking up and down the length of it.

It wriggled and arched into the touch but never fully withdrew. A second tentacle slithered in alongside it, and their combine movements soon had me bucking and moaning. My cunt ached still, but god I needed this so badly. The slimes had worked me into a state of sexual delirium, fucking and filling me yet never pushed me past the brink. Never giving me that added nudge I needed. And now the tentacles were slipping and thrusting, wriggling their long, sinewy bodies in my cunt until, with a shocked buck, I cried out in a shrill orgasm.

My toes and fingers uncurled slowly, but they weren't done with me. Not nearly close to being done. When those two had their fun, another tentacle took their place and nuzzled incessantly into my walls. Twirling and rubbing and thrusting eagerly back and forth. More tentacles emerged from the deep, wrapping up my legs, my waist, arms, and chest until I was cradled in their unbreakable hold, and with the tentacle still having a go in my sex they began drawing me toward deeper water.

Heart fluttering in anticipation, I knew exactly what was about to happen, and I didn't need to wait long. The tentacle withdrew from my pussy, and a warm current brushed between my thighs. A thick, flat head of the butted into my sex, and I reached down towards it, delicately running my fingers down its smooth, fleshy length. It seemed to shiver at the touch and rubbed the flat of its head up and down my pussy lips, bumping my clit and spreading a mixture of my slick and its own fluids into the water. It didn't stop until frustration and need had me physically grab the tentacle by its thick stalk and nudge it earnestly into my sex.

"C'mon, big guy, I missed you so much," I panted, trying to push myself onto it despite the hundred other tentacles holding me afloat. "Remind me how good you feel."

Did I think it could honestly understand me? Not in the slightest. But the earnest rubbing got my point across, and the arm-thick tentacle pushed up inside me, spreading me open until it bottomed out at my already heavy womb. My mouth fell open and eyes rolled into the back of my head. My walls fluttered weakly around its girth, and I sobbed aloud when it pulled back, thrust upward, and began a steady, even pace rocking up and down.

My ears rang, blood pounding in my head as water sloshed over my shoulders, the heavy thrusts pushing me up and down in the water. It felt like my cunt was being punched over and over in the best way, and the tentacles supporting my belly prevented the repeated jostle from becoming even remotely uncomfortable. I could go like this for hours. Maybe days.

*Don't stop*, was all I could think. *Don't stop. Fuck me more. Fuck me harder. Don't stop.*

But none of that made it out, and it wouldn't have been able to understand me anyway. I could do nothing but surrender in the tentacles' supportive holds and let the beast of an arm do as it pleased.

When it finally came, it came like a rocket. Stopped short abruptly, its flat head wedged snugly beneath the gate of my womb, bulged inside me, and jetted a seemingly endless stream of cum. It formed a film around the ball of slime eggs at first, leaving the cluster free-floating within me, until bit by bit the cum began seeping into the minute gaps between the eggs. They slipped apart, bumping and sloshing around as the jet of cum whirled everything inside of me.

I sobbed once, groaning heavily as the pressure forced thick ropes of cum back out of me. The tentacle let the pressure off my cervix slow, allowing its cum to spill out in small spurts but keep the eggs where they were, and pulled out of me with a rush of cum and cool water.

I couldn't help but smirk to myself. "Greedy stud. You want those eggs to be yours so badly, huh?" I giggled, stroking the portion of stalk that I could still reach.

It shuddered, rubbing the flat of its head up and down my pussy lips, then moved abruptly away. I

almost jumped when the tentacle nudged its head into my rear, wriggling itself into the crease of my ass until I was squirming right along with it.

“Sorry, big guy, but you’re not gonna fit in th—!” I stopped short when the tentacle wedged the flat of its head snugly into my asshole, and with a firm clench of muscle it sent another thick jet of fluid into me.

My jaw fell open with is half strangled gasp of shock, and I keened loudly, toes curling at the sensation of hot, thick fluid rushing into my bowels. My breath came in shallow pants as the torrent of cum pumped into me, filling me up, pouring deep, deep into my insides. I felt my intestines swell, wincing as my insides shifted to accommodate it all. Pushing outward. Filling up. My belly grew all the more. The torrent went on like a firehose jetting syrupy spunk inside me. Not until the tentacle clenched mightily and lanced another thick rope into my belly did it finally stop, and I let out an unceremonious belch and groaned.

I felt like this was punishment. For coming into its domain fertile and wanting yet with a womb full of the offspring of another creature.

*Punishment accepted*, I thought with a dopey grin.

# Five for a Hive

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, enthusiastic consent, orgy, impregnation, oviposition, broodmother fetish, binding, birthing, and implied breeding slave.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

How had *I* ended up the town's designated errand-runner? Of all the people for someone to ask favors of, you'd think the woman singlehandedly running an entire farmstead, livestock and all, would be the last person they'd come to for petty requests. Surely my days were busy enough without being asked to help find a missing pair of purple shorts or a bracelet on the beach. Although, I wasn't horribly surprised when the wizard asked me; he seemed pretty out of the loop as far as town affairs went. Besides the payment, the only good thing that came out of helping him get his special ink back was the surprise discovery in the sewers.

That something was down there had always been a theory of mine. Krobus's answers were vague whenever I brought up the tunnel on the opposite side of the sewers and cryptic if I pressed for more; all he would say for certain was that I should never go there. That it wasn't safe for a surfer.

Needless to say, when I stumbled into the mutant bog for the first time, I felt almost guilty that I hadn't thought to bring the lure along. So, I resolved to fix that problem on my next visit.

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The air was thick and muggy. Heat and humidity combined to make the air so dense it bordered on oppressive. The smell was not entirely kind. Like a cross between sulfur and low tide. But I was equal parts determined, curious, and horny.

I made my way through the bog, allowing time for the lure scent to diffuse through the area while avoiding packs of grubs; they weren't what I was looking for. I made it a good ways into the bog before I was finally noticed. The distant cacophony of buzzing wings grew steadily louder, coming in from multiple angles.

My heart raced with the anxiety I always got before a new encounter. No matter how many times I did this, I never knew for certain of the lure's effects would be the same. I never risked it beyond a point—always brought a weapon with me—but it never made me any less nervous.

Needless to say, I was thoroughly caught off-guard to be slammed in the back headlong by a thunderously buzzing mutant cave fly.

The ones here, I discovered, were not only a bright shade of green but considerably larger, stronger, and a fair bit more durable than the ones I was used to facing in the mines. Surprised as I was by the hit, I was not wholly surprised to be knocked clean off my feet and onto the soft, purple-gray sand. Only when I felt the sharp pinch of a bite on the back of my thigh where the lure was sprayed. I yelped.

Spurred on by adrenaline and pain, I whipped around and slugged the fly hard upside its head. My



knuckles popped on its armored carapace. It fell off and darted away, buzzing loudly as it did. Now, I was worried. My leg burned where I'd been bit, and I rubbed it furiously. Somehow no blood was drawn, but I was seeing red anyway.

The fly kept its distance after that, buzzing in circles around me but never getting closer than my sword arm could reach. But I'd made up my mind. Libido be damned, I was out of here. I went to stand, but no sooner did I extend my leg did I find it was next to impossible to move. Not numb or paralyzed, just heavy. Like my skin had suddenly become an iron casing, and moving it was as difficult as pulling on a steel suit of armor.

I managed to get up hobble to my feet, lugging my leg like the lead weight it now was, eyes trained on my attacker only to be hit again from the side. I shrieked in shock and pain when my sword arm was bitten this time, and I knew implicitly that once I went down I wasn't getting up easily.

I hit the ground and was immediately descended upon by the swarm.

No more bites came. A small fortune, I thought. With one arm and leg incapacitated, I was now no longer a threat, and the flies went on to carry out their intentions. Luckily, they were the same as mine.

These insects were much bigger than I was used to. Easily ten pounds heavier and another foot or so in carapace and wingspan. They nuzzled about my skin incessantly, tickling me with their antennae, and mouthing at the fresh lure scent without biting down.

"I came here willingly, but you still had to go and be assholes about it," I scoffed, more annoyed at my new predicament than anything else. I flexed my hand. My fingers felt about as stiff as rebar and four times as heavy, yet I was still able to move them to a degree. The feeling in my limbs wasn't totally numbed, more deadened and dulled.

"Hurry up and fuck me, or we're gonna find out how good my other hand is with a sword!"

The swarm, of course, did not understand, but all the same they had their fill of exploring, and one bulky green form won out in the buzzing match against itself and two others. The losers lifted off, flying in tight circles around me with the rest of the swarm as the winner took up a familiar position between my legs.

I readily opened the leg that was not weighted down, and in the space between us my expression lightened with pleasant surprise. The fly's member was similarly shaped to its relatives' in the mines, but it was much darker in color, almost purple, and significantly larger. Almost the size of a proper, well-endowed cock and still narrowing to a familiar blunt point at the end. My mind raced at the thoughts of the eggs it might give me. If they, too, were proportionately larger. What offspring this mutation might give me. Only for my thoughts to blank with a sharp gasp; it arched its thorax abruptly and speared its cock into my pussy.

I let out a stream of vile cusses, wincing from the pain of it. Seeing its cock did not prepare me for feeling it, and I was not exactly wet when it penetrated me. The instant it was hilted in me its abdomen spasmed. A thick gush of fluid was dumped inside, spilling back out in a warm, thick flood, and my head fell into the sand with relief, the fluid acting as a lubricant for the fly to fuck me through. And fuck me it did.

It was a wild ride from the start. My only frame of reference was from those of the cave flies and Chitterbug. But they were playful virgins next to this. This mutant behemoth of a bug fucked me with all the intent of a champion stud mounting a prized mare. With each thrust I felt my ass being lifted off the ground, my cunt lips straining around its thick base, and cervix pulsing each time it

was roughly kissed by the head of this thing's cock. It left me grunting in time with each of its thrust, air being pushed unceremoniously from my lungs.

My world spun around me in moments. Chest heaving and letting out wanton moan after moan. It fucked me. Rutted me. Pounded into me until my thighs felt bruised from the abuse, yet the only words racing through my mind were pleading for it not to stop. My jaw hung agape, gasping for breath. Wet slaps of hard green carapace on skin echoed above the sloshing of waves of the loamy shore, the riotous wings of the rest of the swarm buzzing above us.

The hot, muggy air meant I couldn't cool off. Sweat beaded on my chest and brow, tickling my face, unable to cool me. My head swam as much from the heat as the fucking. Sharp claspers dug into my thighs and waist. Holding on, humping its bulky thorax between my thighs, curling its back and roaring its wings in an impassioned fervor.

I came with a shocked cry. Arching my back, mouth agape as I wailed long and loud, momentarily drowning out the buzzing of the swarm, wings beating a thousand impatient beats a second. The color red throbbed between my ears, and all I could do was whimper pathetically in my daze when the bug hilted its cock roughly inside me, lodging the blunt, conical head of its member into the mouth of my cervix and spasmed beautifully. Its cock pulsated as it gushed. Thick gobs of fluid pumped messily into my womb, and with it came the familiar, taut strain of pressure pushing into my womb. I cried softly, pleading, begging it to push harder, and keened in toe-curling ecstasy when a series of firm, fat, round shapes were pushed forcefully inside me.

I counted them as they fell into my waiting womb. Five plump, round shapes. Heavy and solid. They sank to the bottom of the cum lake that had become my uterus, and my hands strayed to lovingly caress my belly.

The fly pulled out with a noisy *schlop* of cum, its cock sliding back inside itself before taking off. No hesitation. It was done with me. No need to linger, not when the next one swiftly fluttered into place. I grabbed my leg and hiked my heavy knee further up, ensuring my legs were as far apart as I could comfortably manage, and my head dropped back into the sand with a bright gasp; it impaled me with its cock, claspers taking firm hold of my waist, and humping me aggressively.

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I lay there in the sand, breathless, chest heaving, half paralyzed amid thrumming wingbeats. Almost hypnotized by their sound. The low howl of hot, humid air blowing across the craggy ceiling and walls, through the stalagmites and sun-deprived trees. My arms lay at either side of me, limp and unusable. My legs hung apart, spread eagle but far from useless—or unoccupied.

Not a second went by that the space between my legs wasn't being taken. One after the other. They never stopped. Large, hulking insectoid bodies crouched, their abdomens curled downward towards my crotch, humping into me almost restlessly. Demandingly.

There was no end. I was sure the swarm should have had their fill by now. Mutant swarms weren't as numerous as the cave flies I was used to. Surely every member of this swarm had taken their turn and then some.

Five eggs. Always five. Five after five after five after five. Until my belly bulged above me, impossible to see beyond. My body shook, rocked to my core with each powerful thrust; I was certain my back was scratched and scraped to all hell from constant friction with the ground, yet I never cared. My fingers and toes dug trenches in the sand from clutching, digging, and wailing through every climax, and there were many.

Five more. Always five more. I whimpered. Pleading as the cock sank deep into me, plunging

through my cervix. It came gallons. They all did. Thick and viscous and off-color. *Mutated*. Poured into my womb, washing over all the eggs already sitting inside me, warm, safe, and happily kept. Until the very last when my belly was cum-bloated, the fly's abdomen visibly spasmed, and emptied the last of its treasures into my cradle. Five. Firm and round. They clattered among the others like stones, like precious gems.

Its cock fell out of me with a wet *schlick* and rush of cum, flitted off, and the weight of a new suitor settled readily between my sticky thighs. Another cock to delve inside. Another sire to expand my brood. Another gush of mutant cum. Another five.

Another five. I beckoned the next with a curled finger.

The color red throbbed behind my eyes, but all I could see was green. Green carapaces, green wings, green antennae bobbing just above the round globe of my belly, lightly tapping, delicately feeling. The inching of fleshy green bodies the size of grid balls crawling up my arms on nubby little legs, feeling with tiny mouths, exploring, nibbling. I squirmed with anticipation until they found my breasts and all but cried in pleasure and relief when they started to suckle.

My head swam. My vision blurred. I wanted to be nowhere else. With a cock always inside me, my womb full to bursting, and young mouths feasting on my full breasts, now was everywhere I wanted to be. Everything I wanted was right here.

All I could do is whimper in enjoyment of it all.

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I expected to wake alone. Ridden hard and put away wet, as it were.

And I was. More or less. What I did not expect was being unable to move.

The heaviness was gone, so when I attempted to move my arms and found I could not, I opened my eyes despite the sleepy haze and forced myself into a state of sobriety.

My arms were raised, bound above me by a substance that looked like slime at a glance, but when I pulled at it was actually hard, even stone-like. Some kind of resin? I was stuck in it down to my shoulders. My waist and hips were similarly encased, legs cocooned up to my knees which were bent upward and splayed apart. An awkward position, but one I was nevertheless fully supported by.

I was gravid. The weight of my pregnant belly was immense. The pressure on the rest of me almost unbearable, yet along with the weight was a familiar sensation: movement. However long I must have been out, not only was I cocooned without my knowledge but the eggs had matured and were now hatching.

Knocks and nudges could be felt through the shells, softened by their development, and in moments my pussy was throbbing as the movements became more pronounced. Larvae began wriggling free of their confines, crawling over each other as more began to squirm out of their leathery prisons.

My head fell back against the stony stalagmite I was bound to, trying and failing to roll my hips in some futile attempt at gaining some friction. Anything to help with the pulsing need growing in my cunt. God, I would never get used to this. Would never stop loving to feeling of that little spark of life first taking hold.

Soon it seemed the entire clutch nudged its way to freedom, and I groaned mutely through a haze of ecstatic tears and a thin line of dribble on the corner of my mouth. The flesh of my belly was

tight around my treasures, yet through it the small shapes of tiny backs could be seen bumping against the front wall of my womb, so tight was my skin stretched.

I groaned. Not the slightest bit from pain.

The first nudge against my cervix startled me out of my trance. Already? How could they be ready to be born so soon? How long had I even been unconscious?

I gasped, wincing through the sting, and groaned when a gush of fluids from my pussy confirmed it. The larvae began wriggling their way down, and I arched my back futilely and sobbed through the contractions. There were so many. My god, how were they able to grow so big so quickly?

Mutant bugs meant mutant offspring, but what did those mutations entail? The first grub wriggled free of my womb, crawled its way down my cunt aided by my body's attempts to push, and chattered noisily the moment it breathed the hot, salty bog air for the first time.

It crawled the rest of the way out of me, and I was left sobbing and cursing through my amalgam of throbbing pain and the white-hot arousal pulsing in my loins as grub after grub crawled free of my womb and seemed to pop out of me. The chattering grew as the number of newborns increased, and soon their calls were answered by the wingbeats of approaching adults.

We were surrounded in under a minute. More than a dozen giant flies flew around or perched on the trees, stalagmites, or sandy ground as more larvae tumbled out of my gaping pussy. Every few larvae my abdomen would contract, and I would sob in relief as a mixture of fluids and leathery egg shells tumbled out. This mess was cleaned away by the adults that came to tend to the newborns, and seconds later more grubs would resume their journey out of me.

I panted, hot and nearly delirious with exhaustion. I was hungry, thirsty, tired beyond reckoning, but I needed them out of me. I was so heavy. I kept pushing, and the position I was cocooned in made it easier. The muscles in my abdomen clenched and rolled, and soon I had a rhythm. Newborns and eggshells alike slipped out of me in a wet, gooey mess of fluids and other nameless materials I didn't even want to think about.

They were crawling on me soon, my little ones, and I could not deny the smile that spread across my lips when they found my breasts and began to suckle. I was so needy by then. God I would need an entire day to romp around with Chitterbug to get over this. Maybe I would even have to return to the mines and proposition the shadow brutes for a good long fucking. My cunt throbbed even as it gaped around each larvae that clambered free of my womb.

It felt like a dream. A hallucination brought about by fever. My head spun as much from the heat as the thunderous wingbeats all around me. The contractions slowed, and my tummy was as flat as it would ever be again. Empty and soft.

I was so tired, yet I smiled dopily, full of motherly pride as I watched my menagerie of wiggly green grubs crawling and climbing about. They suckled hungrily from my breasts, peeping and chattering as raucously as their sires.

I closed my eyes to rest, sweat matted hair clinging to the sides of my face and neck, only for my eyes to whisk open with a start as a heavy weight settled between my splayed thighs.

A mature adult, its carapace a brighter green than the most vibrant of emeralds, perched itself on the resin that held me cocooned about the waist, and the bright purple spear of its cock flesh emerged from its lower abdomen already leaking a viscous, opaque fluid from its tip. I shuddered even as I watched, futilely pulling at the resin encasing my arms. The tugging was meager at best. I

had no strength to free myself. And, truly, no want to, either.

My protests were halfhearted and died in my throat. Its cock sank into me, eagerly spreading my cunt around its girth. I took it with ease, letting out a long, high pitched sigh as I did.

My eyes rolled into the back of my head.

*Five more*, I thought as my breath shuddered between parted lips. *Just five more*.

## Chapter End Notes

Back by popular demand! Had a lot of fun with this one <3

# Hop To It

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, binding, orgy, impregnation, oviposition, broodmother fetish, breeding slave fetish, oral sex, and birthing.

*Five more.*

The thought never left my brain as I tipped my head back, accepting the mouthful of sweet, green honey fed to me by one of the flies. My thighs trembled, nearly numb from the effort of birthing the most recent clutch. It was barely ten minutes ago the last of the larvae slipped out of me, and already I was three studs deep in the next orgy.

The bug between my legs pistoned its abdomen aggressively, pounding its cock into my pussy with no care for my pleasure or the effects of so many clutches on my body. I didn't care either. My brain was a haze of *more, more, more*. More cocks, more cum, more eggs, more honey.

They fed me, cleaned me, and brought me water. I was their incubator. A precious resource. I had to be cared for.

A Queen, I thought with a dopey grin, extending my tongue to the mouth of the mutant fly feeding me. The honey was delicious, and I fancied the more they fed me the better everything felt. The better I took their cocks, their eggs. One brood after the other.

Between my splayed thighs, the *schlick-schlick-schlick* of a pounding cock rang sweeter than any melody. The cacophonous buzz of hundreds of wingbeats. The swarm had grown. How long had it been? I didn't care. Just don't stop fucking me.

*Five more*, I whimpered, eyes rolling back as my stud curled and convulsed. Five eggs were fed upward into my womb.

Did anyone even know where I was? Did anyone even know I was missing?

How long have I been down here?

The next fly leapt into place the moment my cunt was empty. I felt bruised. Sore. Delighted beyond measure. Young grubs climbed over my belly and chest, suckling hungrily from my breasts. Dozens of them, maybe more than a hundred, and that was just my most recent clutch. My studs fucked me, came, emptied their precious cargo into my eager womb, and the next came to repeat the cycle.

Felt like hundreds of flies had their turn before I was given over to the brief reprieve of sleep. As my womb played host to another generation, I drifted in and out of an emerald haze and didn't truly come out of it until the larvae were ready to be born. By then I was so weak I barely had the strength to push, but my body went through its contractions and the larvae did much of the work on their own. They fell free of my body and clambered about squeaking and chirping, getting cleaned and fed by the adults. Tended to dutifully. My body was cleaned, grubs brought to suckle on my

swollen breasts, and I was fed more honey to replenish my strength. To ready me for the next brood.

The last grub wriggled out of me with a soft *pop* and gush of fluid, and as if waiting for that exact moment the first fly lighted on the resin holding my hips in place. It curled its body down, and I sighed as its cock entered me with a wet squelch. I licked my lips, closed my eyes, and it fucked me zealously, eager to give me over to the next brood.

Until it stopped without warning. Cock still buried to the hilt, I watched its antennae flick and sway, and the rest of the swarm did the same.

In a cacophonous flurry of wings, the swarm took off; my stud lifted off without hesitation, a string of slick connecting us to the last. Adults swooped down and gathered up grubs and cocoons by the handful. I tried to voice my confusion, but my words came out slurred and incoherent, and they would not have understood anyway. In what was only a couple seconds, the hive was gone. Little more than a distant hum of wings growing fainter by the second.

Anxiety at my abrupt abandonment set in, but no sooner was the swarm gone did I hear a wet, slopping noise approaching from behind the stalagmite that supported my resin prison. Heart stammering, I listened, straining to turn my head to see what it was that had scared away a colony of hundreds. A chorus of deep, throaty grunts, groans, and harsh croaks followed the approaching cadence, and what came around the corner left me cross-eyed in bewilderment.

They looked like frogs. Four of them. Only they weren't. They were bulbous and large, maybe three feet at their tallest part. A pale blue on their backs and white on their bellies. Like bullfrogs that held on to an air hose too long and never deflated. Their round eyes bulged on top of their heads, wide mouths and jowls that ballooned outward each time one made that harsh, throaty croak.

Each left a wet trail in the sand as they lopped over to me, alternating short hops and a shuffling, awkward wiggle that looked more suited to wading in shallow water than lumbering on dry land.

They didn't look threatening as much as bizarre. I'd never seen creatures like this before. Had never heard of such things dwelling down here other than flies and fish. The first one waddled awkwardly over to me and tipped its head to inspect me with one bulging, wet, unblinking eyeball. It creeped me out a little, if I was wholly honest, and I did jump when its tongue shot out like a pink, sticky missile and slapped onto the side of my stomach like it expected to find something there.

I cursed at it, and the other three came over on all sides of me and did the same. Four tongues sticking to my belly and thighs, and for the first time in what was surely weeks I wanted to be anywhere else. Their tongues withdrew, and the four stood statue like, puffing their jowls and croaking nonsensically for a few minutes.

One of the frogs, one I noticed was actually a shade of light green, wobbled around me, and I tensed when it butted its nose unceremoniously between my thighs. *Oh.*

"Now you're talkin' my language," I said hoarsely. Only to squeak in shock when its tongue shot out and landed with a gooey *smat* on my pubic mound. The flies kept me clean, but the residue of near constant fucking was not easily washed away. Below my waist, anything that wasn't covered in resin was sticky with sweat, cum, and birthing fluids.

When the frog took its tongue back, it waddled forward and mounted my spread thighs. My smile was impossible to erase. Its forelegs looped onto my resin casing and rutted its lower body back

and forth. The firm shape of its cock bobbed against my inner thigh, leaving a warm, gooey wetness wherever it touched, and I bit my bottom lip in anticipation when I felt the narrow head butt into my well-used pussy.

The instant it had its anchor, the frog gripped the resin hard and lurched forward. My cry swiftly fell to an amorous sob when it immediately began humping me. Its cock was practically a balm compared to the thousands of fly cocks before it. Thick but smooth, wet, and cool to the touch. I shivered, bleary eyed and mouth agape. My cunt ached from the pounding, but I could scarcely think of it stopping.

Around me, the three blue frogs puffed and croaked, bulging eyes watching us and seemingly every other direction all at once. It fucked me in earnest. It wasn't slow. It wasn't gentle. It knew what it wanted and it didn't care to ask. Not that I would have denied it anyway. It grunted and puffed, thrusting with its back legs for leverage, and it rutted its body between my legs hard enough to shake me up and down in my prison. The movement awoke my nerves, and through the aches and soreness I found myself moaning in tandem with it.

My jaw hung slack, soft moans all I could manage through my hoarseness. Long, wet digits scrabbled for purchase on the resin that held my waist as the frog bucked its hips, thrusting its cock fast and hard. The wet *schlick-schlick-schlick* of its repeated dives into my abused pussy was a familiar symphony. My tongue lolled from my lips, eyes rolled to the back of my head.

The frog stilled suddenly, and my body tensed in reflex. Its jowls puffed out wide, hips anchored between my thighs, and I gasped aloud. A long succession of round, bulging shapes glided down the length of its cock. With the head of its member buried in my gaping cervix, the shapes met little resistance. My brain fuzzed over. I wished I could hold my belly if only to feel it swell. The eggs filled me out in a steady flow. They were soft, round, and bigger than the fly eggs. I didn't count them. Only imagined it filling me with a hundred, or maybe a thousand as my tummy grew with each consecutive addition.

It backed out of me when it was done, inspected its handiwork with a curious nudge with its nose, and while I struggled to catch my breath with the new weight of pregnancy another frog—a blue one—swiftly took its place. This one took less time to find its mark, and I grunted in mute satisfaction when its cock was nearly identical to the first, but where the first cock was tapered at the tip this one was rounded and blunt. It speared its length into me, fucked me with all the gusto of the first, and as I lay there panting, eyes rolled into the back of my head, the choir of croaks grew louder and more hypnotic.

My mind grew blank moment my moment, thrust by thrust. I wished I could arch my back. Wished I could turn over and let them raw me on my knees, gravity letting my belly hang down and sway with each thrust. Take their turns humping me. Mounting, fucking, and pumping me full of cum and eggs like a proper breeding slut. Its hips slapped between my shaking thighs in a spectacular rhythm, and a moment later I tensed suddenly, crying out as I came. It stilled not long behind me, and I wept in bliss as the hot, wet rush of cum poured up into my womb. Saturating the eggs.

The second frog pulled out, a gush of fluids chasing it only to be stuffed back inside by the blunt, thick head of the next.

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I never fully lost consciousness, I don't think. Yet my mind blanked as if by a drunken haze. I came to every once in a while, always being mounted by one of the blue frogs. Always with a cock inside me, humping fervently, cumming buckets, flooding my womb until the eggs floated, and pulling out just to be replaced. While one fucked me, the others stood around in a circle, unblinking eyes bulging, grunting and croaking a noisy chorus.



I couldn't take much more, I thought. Thought it every other moment, but then I would cry out in orgasm, the stud would cum, and the cycle would start over again. With each rush of cum my mind would grow foggy again, as if there was more than just sperm being pumped into me. Some kind of drug maybe. Something to keep me pliant and calm. Keep me dazed and immobile, sex-hungry and eager. Whatever it was, I wanted in bottled. Wanted to drink it down, smother myself in it, and walk into the deepest recesses of the mine. To let all manner of its denizens fuck me into pink, impregnated oblivion.

Awaking for the last time, the frog's cock slid out of me with a thick, wet gush of fluid. My mind was cloudy. Thoughts sporadic and disconnected. I was empty yet full to the point of bursting. I couldn't see past the broad dome of my gravid belly, and all I could do was whimper and twitch when a pink, sticky tongue smacked onto my inner thigh. Once, twice, until the aim improved and it struck my pussy. Warm and sticky, it slapped me again and again, startling me each time. I jumped, my belly shuddered, and I would be smacked in the cunt again.

Something inside me broke from the repeated abuse, and I groaned when a stream of wet heat rushed out of me, the heavy pressure inside my belly lessening as familiar contractions began anew. This time, the broad mouth of the green frog cupped me ass, and I cringed when its tongue snapped forward and speared into my cunt. I yelped, bucked, and like a cascade the eggs began tumbling their way out of me. They popped out of my womb as if being sucked out, leaving me groaning and weeping in mixed discomfort and ecstasy. Every one fell into the mouth of their maker, slick and warm and noticeably bigger than when they were given to me.

Inch by inch, my belly shrank before my eyes. The blue frogs croaked louder than ever before, shuffling and kicking about where they stood sentry, and when the last eggs were finally pushed out of me the green frog reared its head, transparent jowls bloated with countless orbs, clear but for the small black speck inside them all. The four turned, and with the green leading the procession they hopped and hobbled away towards the water quicker than they had come.

I lay there still, panting, hot, wet, and sticky in more places than I ever imagined possible. The druggy fog of the frog's cum lingered over my brain. It may have been a hallucination, but as the frogs grew further away I fancied I heard something else coming closer. Footfalls of something heavy, something dragging, and a deep, guttural *hisssss*.

# Hailed by the Scaled

## Chapter Notes

### **Content Warning:**

Care-giving, blatant teratophilia, mentions of impregnation and broodmother fetish, monster fucking.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The ache in my lower back and hips kept me from any kind of rest. At no point could my wakefulness be considered consciousness; only a sparse couple of times did my eyes open and ears pick up any sound, and even then I was delirious to the point of hallucination. What with the scales of the arms bracing me, shuffle and sway of each heavy footfall, splash, and cool lap of water on my dangling arms and feet.

I could only be hallucinating.

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My fingers closed loosely over the large, roughhewn hand and stopped it as it passed a damp rag over my thigh. The hand stilled, but its owner was little more than a hazy shadow in dim, flickering light. My bangs were brushed aside, eyes barely opened a sliver. The coolness of the hand sapped the heat from my brow. My teeth rattled; I shivered with fever.

The cloth withdrew, dipped into a basin and wrung out, and passed upward along my inner thigh. The delicate back-forth rhythm awoke carnal nerves as the crook of my thighs was palmed through the cloth. My lips parted with a moan. Shaky fingertips quested from the unseen wrist to the junction where touch was sorely needed, but before I could slip beneath the cloth the hand took my forearm and a second pushed down my knee when I tried opening my thighs.

“No. Rest,” said a voice more growl than word. More hiss than breath. Like the low, throaty bellow of a crocodile.

The throbbing of my nerves was easy to ignore after that. My eyes closed, and I let the warm darkness guide me back to sleep.

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There was no way to know what woke me first: the dull, crooked ache in my back or the savory aroma of cooking fish. My stomach wrested powerfully, and I was reminded how much time passed since my last meal. I groaned in pain.

A hand slid beneath my headrest to cradle the nape of my neck, claws lacing with my hair. The rim of a shallow bowl pressed to my lips, sloshed a little, and warm, clean water ran tiny rivulets down the sides of my neck. I grunted in shock, startled by how aggressive my need for water was. The bowl retreated, and I scrabbled blindly after it. I needed it. I was so thirsty. How could anyone be so cruel?

“Slow,” the same voice spoke. Harsh in sound but not intent. The bowl came back, and when I tried to drink too fast I was chastised again. “No. Slow.”

Afraid to have the bowl taken again, I obeyed, and when it was finally empty it was set aside. The hand returned, and a mash of oily meat was pressed lightly to my lips. On reflex I turned away, resistant to the idea of being handfed anything I didn't know, but when the oil seeped past my lips my taste buds burned at the sweet taste. The intensity of my body's need was overpowering.

"Eat," I was told and didn't need to be told again.

Although weak, I managed to eat a couple mouthfuls before unconsciousness took me again. My eyes flickered blearily, and the silhouette of a long, broad snout danced in the crackling glow of a small fire.

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The bed was soft, but my body hurt. Hurt so bad. My back and hips ached like there were needles in my muscles. My arm and leg stung, heavy and hot. I was uncovered but not cold. The air was warm. The soft snapping of flames drew me further from sleep.

A shuffling sound pulled me further, and I cracked my eyes open. My focus was better this time. A large figure walked the perimeter of dark, stony walls plucking leaves from vines as it went. It turned and approached, and as it came into view I knew I must still be dreaming. Because crocodiles don't walk on two legs. Don't kneel. Don't grind leaves to paste with a bowl and pestle. Don't look at you with shiny, chocolate colored eyes when you gasp quietly and touch your arm with a giant, gentle claw.

"*Sshh, cama-nii*," he said. "I am going to turn you, now."

Turn me? Into what? Something like him? Could he do that? What kind of magic could do that? Would the wizard be able to change me back?

I was afraid. Until he pushed at my side and upper arm, and I was made to lie on my stomach. He scooped paste from the bowl using a large leaf and applied it to my back. It was cold, and I was confused. Then it began to feel warm, then to burn.

"It hurts," I whimpered.

"Let it. It is working."

But I couldn't. I couldn't keep quiet. It *burned*. Like there were hot coals being pushed into my skin. My fingers curled white knuckled around the bed pelts; sweat beaded on my brow. I choked back sobs.

"Please. No more. It *hurts*."

"*Sssshh. Aff-am re, cama-nii*. Be strong. It will pass," he said softly, smoothing his claws over my back. He spread more of the paste onto my leg and arm, onto my lower back following the curvature of my spine.

I didn't keep it in; something told me it would be worse if I tried, so I cried. I cried while my skin blistered. Was scorched from the top of my spine down to my naval. To my very core. The heat seared into my bones and spread on fractal branches of lightning across every nerve of my body. It curled my toes and turned my fingertips to ice. It twisted my stomach, thudded behind my heart, flickered yellow-pink-green behind my eyes while I wept. It pulled from my naval backward to the anchor of my spine.

For a long time, all I could do was cry. Even when it finally did pass, and the searing heat faded to a persistent glow, I couldn't stop. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I sobbed, but no longer from

the pain. A gentle claw traced comforting circles behind my shoulder blades, and I didn't feel alone anymore.

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"What was that?"

"Fire leaf. To draw out the venom," he said.

"But I wasn't bitten."

He wiped the neutralized paste from my back with the leaves of some large, leathery plant, moving his hand in an "S" motion to gather up the greatest amount possible in a single swipe. When the last of it was cleaned from my back, he dropped it onto a larger flat leaf, bundled it up, and set it aside.

"Venom, poison, toxin. Same effect. Fly, frog, worm. All dangerous," he said.

Worm? I didn't remember a worm while I was being fucked. Or maybe I did. I thought back, remembering something. I took it for hallucination at the time. A squirming sensation in the sand while imprisoned in the flies' resin. Pregnant with eggs, I thought it was just another adult coming to get a quick fuck; I was too dazed to think it strange how the fly's cock seemed to slide into me forever yet never pulled out. How much heavier each clutch felt after that. The paunch that lingered in my belly even when I was finished giving birth.

My stomach twisted sickly, and I swallowed the taste of bile in the back of my throat. I didn't remember birthing anything like that.

"W-worm . . . ?" I asked tentatively, not sure I truly wanted the question answered.

"The frog took it."

Somehow that didn't make me feel better.

He retrieved a shallow, clay basin from near the fire, wrung out the cloth, and wiped the residual plant matter from my skin. It felt good. Like being taken care of. Like a healer tends to a patient. I had none of my clothes, gear, or weapons; they were lost somewhere in the mutant bog. No food or even water of my own, yet I felt safe. This creature made of rough scales, claws, and a fisherman's nightmare had hands more delicate than a fine musician.

I lay quietly, eyes closed, focused only on my breathing. On the slow pass of the moist rag up and down the back of my leg.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"With me," he said and rinsed the cloth again.

"Where is 'with you?'"

"My den. A cave in the swamp."

My eyes snapped open, and I shoved onto my forearms to look at him. "I'm still in the bog—?!" I stopped short and winced. Pain shot from the base of my spine like splintered glass.

He hissed in displeasure. A giant hand flattened over my back and the other cupped my sternum, both easing me onto the furs again. "Be still. You are weak."

"Is this . . . the venom?"

He wrung the cloth out over the basin and wiped down my arm. “Some. Mostly muscle fatigue.”

Muscle fatigue. That takes time, doesn’t it? “How long have I been down here?”

He said nothing. Wiped over my shoulder blades, the middle of my back, rinsed, wrung, and repeated.

“How long?” I pressed again, dread pooling in my belly.

His hands stilled. Muddy brown eyes shifted to meet mine. I held his gaze for a long moment, then he let his breath out through his nostrils and smoothed the rag down the valley of my spine. “Two days with me. Nine with the flies.”

My heart sagged into my stomach, arms turned to jelly beneath me. Eleven days missing. Were there search parties? Did they think I was dead? Were my animals okay? Was my farm searched to find me? What about Chitterbug and the rest of the swarm? Were my littles okay?

My mounting distress must have been more obvious than I thought, because he dropped the cloth and squeezed my shoulder.

“Breathe, *cama-nii*. You are okay,” he said.

He tried to be reassuring. Tried to calm me down. But I only felt worse.

“I—I have to go—I have to get back—my—my animals—I—I have to—” I tried to say, tried to push up with my hands, but my elbows shook and my back hurt so badly.

His hand fell upon my back, a gentle pressure, and I slumped into the bed furs like all my meager strength had been sucked out of me. I lay there and wept. For fear and for pain. For what my littles might have, or not have, without me. I wept, and as I did he pet my back and stroked my hair, murmuring soft words in a language I did not understand.

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My strength returned as the day progressed. At least, I assumed it was day. There was no light beyond that of the fire and the eerie subterranean glow of the bog itself. As my strength came back, I tried to stretch my body. I was weak, but the agony from before was mostly gone; whatever the fireleaf did, the weakness and pain was all but sucked out of me.

I lied back, fingers dug into the bed furs and jaw contorted in pain. A strong, steady claw slowly raised my leg, stopping only when a whimper slipped out. He started to lower again, but I stopped him.

“Don’t. Please. A little more. I can almost—” I pleaded brokenly.

The words stopped when he lifted my leg again, and three consecutive pops sounded in my lower back. The tightness vanished, and my breath left me in a rush as my legs sagged back to the ground.

He cocked his head at me. “The other?”

I nodded, and he moved to the other side of me, took my ankle in his hand, and began to slowly lift it the same as the first.

The stretches were an immense help. Not only did they loosen and restore vitality to my muscles, but I quietly craved the physical contact his touch provided.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

He looked at me strangely, head tilted, and rolled my ankle in careful circles.

“Name?” The question seemed somehow foreign to him.

“Yes. Do you have one?”

He shook his head. “Why should I need one?”

“Um, because—” I wasn’t entirely sure how to respond to that. Didn’t things just need to be named? “—you need something for people to call you by, don’t you?”

“To my mother I was ‘son’ and to my siblings ‘brother.’”

“Yes, but I can’t call you either of those.”

“You may call me ‘friend.’”

I blinked. Without knowing why, I felt heat rush into my face.

“Friend? Is that what we are?” I asked. “Friends?”

He seemed to take a moment to consider, then shifted and began to push my leg up higher. I squeaked when my stiff muscles protested.

“You may call me that if you wish,” he said.

Is he—giving me an out? Telling me I don’t have to if I don’t want to? That’s actually kind of . . . sweet. That he doesn’t want to push me to refer to him as that if I don’t want to.

“I would like—” I groaned, and he let up on his pushing just a little. “—if we could be friends. But I have many people I call friend; I would like to call you something I don’t call anyone else. No one else I know is like you.”

He cocked his head, seeming to consider as firelight glinted off the smooth scales beneath his eye. “What would you like to call me?”

“How about . . . Ra?”

He blinked. “Ra?”

“Yes. I’ve never met anyone with that name before.”

He thought on it for a long moment, then slowly nodded. “Ra is . . . something I would like to be called.”

I smiled. “Thank you, Ra.”

He tilted his head one way; the expression of his face was so different, but I got the feeling he was smiling, too.

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“I want to thank you,” I said.

Ra looked up from his oversized carp fillet and cocked his head. “You already have.”

“No, I mean like—” I blushed, because how do you tell a fully sapient non-human you want to lay them out and ride them like a carnival ride? “I want to—do something for you—to show you my thanks.”

Ra blinked once then gazed around at our surroundings. His den was spartan, decorated only by the bed of pelts and wild vines growing on the walls and ceiling. All was lit by a low, snapping fire between us while a small ceiling vent prevented the room from filling with smoke and killing us.

“I have nothing you can do. You should rest,” he said.

“I—I know, but I want to—” *Oh, fuck it.* “I want to—mate—with you.”

It came out half-stuttered. I fumbled it on my lips and verbally fell on my face. Because I’d never needed to ask—only assume the position—so how did the mere action of asking feel so daunting?

Maybe it was to do with the way Ra stared at me blankly for a moment, scaly brows pursed over his wide, chocolate eyes. Then he stood and approached me, carp abandoned where he sat. And I was fully nude, and he did not wear any clothes, and I thought my heart might pound out of my chest. I fell back on my elbows when he crouched before me, pressing his palm to my forehead.

Not the touch I was expecting.

His brow furrowed more, and he touched the former fly bite on my arm, then the one on my leg.

“You are warm. There is still venom,” he said matter-of-factly.

He went quickly to the nearest wall and began plucking leaves from the vines.

My mind immediately flashed to the burn of those leaves on my skin and I scrabbled after him—my limbs still felt heavy—and grabbed one of the spines on his tail.

“It’s not venom; you—you already cured me of that,” I protested, the unexpected grab enough to turn his attention back to me. “It’s not—coercion. I’m not poisoned. I’m not in an altered state. I *want* to.”

But Ra still looked confused. He lowered his arms. Dropping the few leaves he’d collected, he turned to me.

“I do not understand. Why would you want that?” he asked me.

I blushed. Releasing his tail, I scooted back enough that he could crouch down to be at my level.

“I just—want to. There’s no rhyme or reason to it,” I explained, mediocre at best. “You’re . . . incredible, Ra. Beautiful. You’re kind and compassionate. You saved my life. I want to thank you. I want you to feel *good* for it.”

Ra tilted his head. “I do feel good. For helping you. But I did not do it because I thought I would be rewarded. I did it because it was the right thing to do. You do not need to repay me. You should not feel that you have to.”

He wasn’t quite getting it, but that was fine.

I smiled anyway, even found myself lightly giggling. Because how absurd is it to want to proposition your reptilian rescuer for mutual intimacy when you can barely stand on your own? “Of course I don’t feel like I *have* to. I *want* to. Because I *like* you.”

Ra's confusion seemed only to deepen. His brow furrowed with a look of absolute, bewildering loss.

"You. . . ." He began to say but trailed off, looking at me in a curious way. Like he was only now seeing me as more than the object of a nurturing impulse. ". . . like me?"

I nodded emphatically. "Yes."

"How?"

"Because you are kind. You saved me from what could have been a terrible situation and have asked for nothing in return. You are gentle, patient, and giving. You are an amazing person."

"I could kill you with a single blow, *cama-nii*."

"Yet I'm still here."

He was quiet, diverting his gaze to the floor between us. My fingers sat tangled in the soft moss of the floor as I watched the contemplation in his eyes. That he was not outright refusing me brought me hope.

Ra spoke slowly, glancing at me sparsely as he did, almost shyly. "You . . . called me beautiful. Why?"

"Because you are. To me."

His confusion didn't fade. He opened his mouth, and I knew implicitly he was going to say that he did not understand. Before I could say a word, I reached out and gingerly placed my hand in the middle of his chest. He looked at it in wonder.

I said while looking at him, "I like how sturdy your body is. How your scales are like armor. I like your claws and the shape of your snout. I like your tail and your hands—you must be an incredible swimmer—"

"Second to none," he said.

I giggled and didn't doubt it for a second. "I like your legs, and your arms, and I really, really like your teeth."

"I am a thing humans fear."

"And I didn't get in that situation with the flies by sharing in those fears."

He made a face as if to say *you have a point*.

"I'm not going to try to coerce you, but don't think I want this because I feel like I owe you. I want to because I like you, Ra, and if—you happen to want me, too, then I'd really like it if we could," I said.

Ra took a moment to think, his attention drifting to my arm and cautiously eyeing the black and blue spot that once marked my envenomed bite.

"I . . . want to mate with you," he said slowly, and my heartbeat picked up in my chest. "But you are still very weak. If we do this, we do it my way."

I nodded emphatically. "Of course. Anything you—"



He cut me off by picked me up suddenly. Scooping me up princess style, I grabbed at his arms reflexively for balance but he did not seem to mind. Ra carried me back to the bed of animal pelts and laid me down; the pelts were still warm. He placed his hands on either side of me, his scaly bulk looming and gargantuan. It didn't dawn on me just how big he was until that moment: he had a solid two feet and a hundred-fifty pounds on me easily. Maybe more. He was enormous, and my heart stammered in my chest as I gawped up at him.

"Your heart is pounding, *cama-nii*," he said, brown eyes gazing down at me. "If you are afraid—"

"I'm not afraid. You're just—big," I interrupted, the throb in my chest travelling to between my legs. "I like that, too."

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Gentle. I did not expect gentle. But that was exactly what Ra was.

Claws that could just as easily gut me like a fish held the backs of my knees, laving his broad tongue over my sex. My breath shook in my chest, and I dug my hands in the bed furs over my head. I canted my hips into him, and the satisfied hum he made vibrated into me.

"Ra," I moaned softly.

He ran his muzzle up my body to the crook of my neck; he breathed deeply.

"*Orra ka-uta, cama-nii*," he hummed.

I looped my arms around his thick neck, nails glancing along the ridges of his scales. I spread my legs as he lifted them higher and lowered his body into their cradle. The weight of him was incredible—solid, sturdy. Heavy enough to suffocate me, yet Ra was more gentle than most lovers before him.

A low, throaty sound bellowed up in his chest as his cock emerged from its slit. A deep ruby red, slick from his own arousal, thicker at the base and tapered toward the tip. He laid his cock over my sex and rolled his hips slowly, grinding the smooth underside between my pussy lips and sending rivers of lightning up my belly.

"Please, Ra," I whispered, face pressed to the smooth skin beneath his chin.

He moaned. "*Etaaa~*"

Ra eased backward, cock shiny and wet, and shivered visibly as I took him in my hand and guided him inside me. He entered me with ease, and my head fell back onto the pelts as his hips ground smoothly against the supple curves of my ass. His moans were sweet, murmuring reverent words like a prayer. He cupped the back of my neck and pressed his long face into mine. Like a kiss. Like an embrace.

Ra held me as we made love. His claws stung where they left thin pink welts on my skin. It was bliss.

I held his head, fingertips scrabbling for purchase on his shoulders, the back of his neck. My heels scraped against his lower back, and he thrust inside me. His body loomed, covering me in the warm blanket of his shadow. My breasts trembled with each shaky breath, heat pooling in the air between us.

Ra panted gruffly. Taking one of my knees, he raised it higher and opened me further for him. His cock plunged deep, and I threw my head back in ecstasy.

“Ra! Yes—oh god, yes,” I panted.

My fingers dug for purchase amid the bed pelts. The softness of the furs, the musky smell of smoke from the waning fire, and the roughness of his scales on the soft flesh of my inner thighs all felt like a dream. My head spun as if drunk with ecstasy, and when he turned me over and covered my back, I knew he meant to make me his—and I was so happy for it.

His strong tail coiled behind us, arms locked around my middle, and knees spread just a little further apart than my own, Ra fucked me. He stole my breath with each powerful thrust. Lewd, wet sounds of rut filled the cave like a symphony. My moans and eager whimpers. His grunts and low, throaty bellows.

I moaned, “*Ra.*”

He hissed, “*Cama-nii.*”

Ra held me as I clung to the furs for dear life. Pleasure like a hot stream coiled through my insides. Tightening, spiraling. I fell into a mantra of pleading and praise, begging him to come in me. That I wanted him. All of him.

His grip tightened around my body, and he lifted me from the pelts. I clung to him in confusion, but that went away when my back was flattened against the wall of the cave. My ankles crossed behind his scaly back, and he was inside me again. His grip was powerful; not for an instant did I feel unsupported. He held me with ease and nuzzled me while he fucked me up against the wall.

I dug fistfuls of the vines. His thrusts rocked me up and down the wall, plunging his cock in and out of me. I was so close. My world spun. Lights danced and my skin tingled with an electrical heat. I called his name, and Ra held me. I came with a cry, legs clamped like a vice around his strong back.

Sweat glistened on my skin. My hair clung to my face and neck, and my lips fell open in reverent bliss when he raised his maw to the ceiling and bellowed deeply, cementing his body into mine. The hot rush as he came within me was like a burst of magic, filling out the vessel of my womb, and I watched the look of captivated awe that came over him when he was collected enough to gaze upon me

I smiled blearily, and Ra smiled, too.

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“I can’t stay,” I said solemnly, unconsciously tracing patterns in the smooth, lighter colored scales of his chest.

“I did not expect you would,” Ra replied, claws thumbing delicate circles into my lower back.

He hadn’t released me since our tryst ended, and I was all too happy to remain tucked in his protective embrace.

I looked at him, already feeling the ache in my chest knowing I would have to leave this.

“Are you okay with that?” I asked.

Ra opened his eyes. He’d closed them when he brought us back to the bed to rest. Looking at me now, he didn’t seem hurt by the thought of my leaving, but he wasn’t relieved, either. His gaze drifted between my eyes as I tried to read the expression of a face that was utterly inhuman.

He raised one claw and cupped my face.

“You are not mine, *cama-nii*, and even if you were, to place limitations on one such as you would be unforgivable,” he said. “I saved you because it was what I wanted to do, and I did it.”

“Now, you’re letting me go because it’s what I want to do?”

He shook his head. “Because it is the right thing to do. Your ability to love is not something I would see confined to this cave.”

*Love?* I thought, smiling at the strangeness of that thought.

“Love, huh? That’s not exactly how I’d describe wanting to play broodmother to a mutant fly swarm,” I admitted.

Ra laughed. “Perhaps not. But how else would you describe this?”

I considered it. The way he touched me, held me. From first contact being broken free of the flies’ resin to the hum of his breath while making love to me.

My chest fluttered at the thought. That I could love and be loved by such an incredible creature as him.

“Who you choose to share your body with is your business,” Ra continued. “I am honored you would choose to share it with me.”

I smiled. Stretching up to his head, I cupped his face and gingerly kissed the side of his maw. His hum tickled my lips, and Ra cupped my sides in his hands.

I pulled away and reveled in the glisten of his scales. “I would like to share it with you again. What do you say, my friend?”

His eyes lit up. Whether from the invitation or being proclaimed a friend I couldn’t quite tell, but he rolled me over and I opened my body to him with an elated giggle, and all I could think about was love. That this, here—no matter how temporary—could still be as strong as something like love.

## Chapter End Notes

When you really love monster fucking but also character development

# Pan Generational

## Chapter Notes

### **Content Warning:**

Monster fucking, mentions of somnophilia, old world gods, breeder kink, multiple orgasms, magical deals and shit.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I saddled up my horse and rode for the hidden forest.

After returning home from my (unexpectedly) long foray into the mutant bog, I had returned to my farm and a veritable menagerie of fully grown cave flies, all of whom greeted me with the fervor of a long lost friend. I spent the first few nights boarded up in the farm house, ass propped up over some pillows to allow the swarm to have its way with me through the long nights while I slept. They intended, it seemed, to make up for lost time, and when I came to the next morning it was to a bed soaked and sticky with fluids, several dozen sleeping adult flies asleep on the furniture surrounding me, and a thoroughly used pussy and tummy made heavy with cum. I kissed Chitterbug on the head, and he buzzed his wings sleepily.

The ride toward the hidden woods was not terribly long—I knew the route well—but the constant bump of my horse’s stride did little to soothe my aching cunt. By the time I dismounted, I needed to readjust myself to stave off the throbbing between my legs.

I left my horse at the entrance to the wood, knowing the denizens of these trees would do harm to an unwary equine. Armed with my sword and axe, I strode confidently into the dark forest prepared to take on the forest slimes that dwelled here.

After collecting what hardwood I could, I found it odd no slimes had assailed me yet. Normally they ran amok, but today they were nowhere to be found. The trees were dense, their healthy canopies shielding the forest floor in a blanket of shadow from the midday sun. A cool breeze whistled amid the branches, and I found myself stock still, axe in hand, listening for something I could not place.

A sound. A tune.

The whistling wind was not a whistle at all, nor was it natural. It was music. Some kind of flute?

Curious but remaining on guard, I followed it deeper. Southward, past a dense wall of brush, I peeked around the corner and blinked at what I found.

A man, shirtless in brown trousers, seated on a hardwood stump playing a pan pipe. His hair was wild, his beard thick and scruffy with a tinge of gray about his temples. He had evidently lived a long time in a wild setting. It looked as though he’d never seen a shaver in his life.

He played a beautiful melody, and I was surprised something so skilled and melodic would come from such a disheveled form. I found myself transfixed and smiled as I leaned on the brush beside me, the harmonious melody lilting through my senses.

When the flute player lowered his instrument, I chose not to clap despite my admiration. Anyone who came to such a remote place to practice evidently did not want an audience, so it may be unwise to—

“Did you like my performance, honored guest?” the man spoke up.

Oh, crap.

Giving up any pretense of staying hidden, I stepped out with hands raised, sword and axe sheathed at my sides. I wasn’t looking for a fight, but surely he would recognize I was ready to defend myself.

“I did, sir. I’m sorry if I’ve intruded. I’ll leave if you—” I stopped short.

Something about him. He was a stranger, yet there was something more than that. He wasn’t just an unfamiliar face; he was—

Wasn’t human.

I saw it, now. His scruffy, goatish features. The unkempt brown trousers that were not tattered but furry. Legs that were not crooked but bent backward in an ungulate posture, hooves instead of boots or feet, and atop his head a pair of horns curved backward over his frizzy head of dark brown hair.

“If you—” I stammered uncertainly, suddenly on edge. I thought of my sword and how easily it could be drawn in an emergency.

Here was a creature I had not seen before, and he regarded me with an intense, knowing appraisal. A look so fiercely discerning I could do little more than hold perfectly still under his gaze.

Yellow goat eyes stared back at me, and I swallowed past the lump in my throat.

“Do you fear me, human?” the satyr asked.

“You have not given me a reason to,” I replied honestly despite my obvious unease. “*Should* I be afraid?”

He cocked his head, lowering his flute onto his lap, and considered. “That would depend on your intentions. You carry the scent of the hidden world on your skin. Its blood—and its seed.”

I blinked. Then blinked again. *Oh*. So it’s going to be that kind of conversation.

I stood up straighter.

“Is that a problem?” I asked.

The satyr surprised me by smiling. He laughed. “Blood spilt in self-defense is hardly of concern to me—but the latter, though, that is quite interesting.”

He stood from his seat upon the stump, and my wariness spiked. My hand went reflexively for the pommel of my sword, but he hardly seemed phased. He stepped forward, hooves clomping softly in the lush grass of the small clearing.

“You are a fascinating case. You shed blood while simultaneously reveling in the creation of life. In your womb you’ve sown the seeds of many of this world’s hidden creatures. A rare feat, and one seldom taken up by humans,” he said.

“Not hard to see why. I haven’t always been treated well for my exploits,” I admitted. My internment in the subterranean bog was still fresh in my mind, as well as my painful foray with the shadow brutes.

The satyr laughed again. “A shame, then. There is much we can gain from one another. You are close with the entities of this land—domesticated and unseen alike. A talent—and tenacity—such as yours should not go without merit.”

Was he . . . talking about my farm? And my monster fucking exploits? Huh. I honestly did not expect that to ever be acknowledged, much less worded like it deserved a reward?

“What . . . are you referring to exactly? Are you getting at something?” I asked, curious as to where he was headed with this.

Smile widening, the satyr clipped the flute to a leather cord about his waist in order to free both hands.

Extending both hands in a gesture of invitation, the satyr bowed his head and spoke, “You are a breeder, my friend. A self-made Mother of Monsters. Given time and adequate care and resources, you may yet rival the virility of the great Mother Echidna someday. A heart such as yours is one found perhaps once in a thousand lifetimes. One who dwells across both plains, walking confidently in-between. The unseen world is waning. With your help, its decline may yet be reversed,” he stated. Confident. Prophesied.

I blinked. That . . . sounded suspiciously like praise . . . and an invitation to fuck. A lot. Of monsters.

My head spun, and I found the offer more than a little tempting. But that was something I could do on my own; nevertheless, I wanted to know more.

“What are you talking about?” I pressed. “‘The unseen world is waning?’ What can I possibly do to help that?”

“As humanity grows, it pushes back the forests, changes the flow of rivers, and many of the unseen peoples have been forced into the deep woods, even below ground. In isolation, our bloodlines grow thinner, our wills and minds weaker. Soon we will be but mindless beasts, hunted for food or sport. But as a human mother to these creatures, you offer new vitality to these races. With you as mother to these new generations, those who come after may begin to rebuild. To grow again and find peace in this changing world,” he explained.

I blinked, brow furrowed. That was one hell of a plan. And a lot to pin on one horny thot.

“You’re asking for a lot. I can’t . . . repopulate entire species, much less all the races of monsters in the land. Who are you to even make me an offer like this?” I asked, still confounded by this entire encounter and a tad put-off by his assumption making.

The satyr huffed, but when I thought he would be annoyed he merely looked amused. He stamped one hoofed foot and from the dense grass suddenly sprouted a lush bouquet of wild ferns and poppy flowers, both totally out of season.

He held his hands out at either side as if in presentation of himself.

“I am the God Pan, Patron of the Harvest, Shepherds, the Deep Woods, and Fertility,” he stated aloud.

I gaped in disbelief, one hand raised to shield my mouth in shock. Was that true? *Could* it be true? I've encounter plenty of monsters. Were old world gods so far out of the question?

"The offer I present is not a demand or a request—merely that: an offer," he said, raising his gaze to me. "In your womb you have sown the seeds of many of my world's denizens. By doing so, you've set forth the repairs to a crumpling foundation once thought irreparable. I do not ask you to become one of its builders, only to continue doing as you have already done—but with my blessing upon you."

I set my jaw, wariness creeping back in.

"And what 'blessing' is that?" I asked.

"The blessing of a god—that your womb be as fertile as your garden's soil and as versatile in its many bounties," he proclaimed.

"That's . . . very generous of you. But—but why me?"

"Do you know many other humans willing to bear young to the in-human?"

*Hm, point taken*, I thought.

"But what's in it for me? What do I get in exchanges for the lives created?" I asked.

"Besides all the cock you could ever desire? I will see to the prosperity of your farm and protection of all that reside in it," Pan swore.

"Even my offspring?"

He smiled. "Them especially."

I folded my arms across my chest, wanting to keep wary despite the growing desire to agree already.

"You understand if any of my fellow humans found out I am a—well, a *monster lover*, I could be put in a lot of danger, right? What kind of protection do you offer?"

"I do understand, and with my magic I shall ensure none who learn of your affairs shall be able to remember or to speak of it," he said. "To allow harm to come to you or your offspring shall be made the greatest of offenses."

"You can really do that?"

"I am a god. I can do anything."

"You wouldn't hurt them, would you? Say if . . . a friend of mine were to learn of what I do. You wouldn't hurt them?"

"Only if no other way presented itself," he affirmed.

I nodded slowly. Giving it some more thought, I took a careful step forward.

"So, how would I . . . go about . . . accepting this offer of yours?" I asked carefully.

His smile quirked into a triumphant grin. "By accepting my seed into you."

*Of course it meant that*, I thought.

“I don’t have to go out of my way to breed monsters, do I? I’m a busy woman. Life tends to get in the way of things,” I said.

“If all you did was to bear one more life, it would make all the difference, and you would still be holding your end of the bargain. The lives you have created thus far have made a substantial difference all on their own. You can scarcely imagine what even one more would accomplish,” Pan said.

Hm. That’s a kind offer, and I can think of a few creatures I wouldn’t mind going puss-up for regardless of this whole bargain thing.

“You must really like cave flies and shadow brutes, then,” I said with an amused smirk. “There aren’t many more creatures around besides those in the mines.”

Pan cocked his head. “Mm, true, but perhaps there are other areas—with new resources and entities to meet. You need only locate them. In the mountains, the desert, the forest, the mine. ”

My eyes widened a little. New areas I didn’t know about? New resources? Other creatures? Sign me the fuck up.

I smiled and uncrossed my arms.

“So this is the deal then? You give me your ‘blessing’ in exchange for at least one more pregnancy from me? You protect my farm, my animals, crops, and offspring, and in return I turn into a plump little baby factory for you?” I reiterated, wanting the details worked out.

Pan laughed jubilantly. “That is the deal.”

I took another few moments to consider, and the more I did the better the idea sounded. He only expected one birth from me, and that was already something I was looking forward to on my own.

Pan took a step forward, ferns and leafy sprigs sprouting up from everywhere his hooves trod.

“My blessing will give you fertility beyond that of any human. You will bear young from any creature whose seed is given to your womb. You will carry to term faster, and the toll will be easier upon your body with each life you create,” he continued. “If you choose to accept, you will be a Mother of Monsters. A fertility icon unto those who sire for you.”

Like I needed any more convincing.

“Any creature?” I asked.

He nodded, mischief glinting in his eyes. “*Any*. Take care who your sires are.”

I laughed. “You sell a hard bargain, Pan. But I think I will take you up on it after all.”

His face lit up, and I looked him up and down.

“You want me to have your baby first?” I asked.

He laughed, belly and shoulders shaking, utterly jovial. “You would be Mother to a god! Hm, perhaps someday I will ask. But for now, a blessing is all I can give you.”

I nodded. Stepping around him, still eyeing his goat half curiously, I strode with purpose to the



stump that had been his amphitheater, unbuckling my tool belt and bag as I went, shedding them onto the grass. When at last I reached the stump, I toed out of my boots and shimmied out of my long skirt and panties. I lowered my upper body over the course wood of the stump and walked my ankles apart, ass high and on display for him.

Looking back at him, the great god Pan was watching with bright, eager eyes, hand stroking his member idly.

“Come,” I invited, beckoning him with a hand on my ass and pulling open the folds of my sex for him to see.

He clomped forward without hesitation and dropped to his knees behind me, both hands cupping my ass, and buried his face into my cunt. I gasped and lurched forward, fingers digging into the stump for all I was worth. He ate my pussy like a sacrament, tongue lapping between my folds, sucking my clit. My knees went weak in mere moments, toes curling into the grass, and when he slipped his fingers inside me and curled them down, I let out a shocked cry and came suddenly without warning.

I slumped shakily over the stump, looking back at him as he held my ass in the air, licking my cunt in long, hungry strokes.

“H-how did you—do th-that—?” I panted, face alight with the heat of a blush.

He pulled back, and I blushed brighter at the shine of fluids on his lips and in the bristles of his beard.

“Sex god,” was all he stated, and any doubt I had lingering was washed away in that moment.

The satyr stood, lifted my hips to be at level with him, and rubbed the bulbous head of his cock between the dripping wet folds of my pussy. Electrical pleasure jolted up into my belly, and I whined with anticipation and desire. He butted the head of his cock against my clit, grinding against it as I rolled my hips back in compliment of his motions. A hot shiver ran up my spine as he glided his cock up to the entrance of my pussy. My sex throbbed with anticipation, and I was fit to be tied when he probed my aching hole once, then dove sharply forward hilding his cock inside me.

I gasped aloud at the sudden shock of penetration, half expecting a sting at the abruptness of it, but where pain should have been there was only pleasure. He was big. He was a god, yet my cunt seemed to fit him perfectly, and his cock felt like a divine instrument built solely for my pleasure.

I moaned deeply, skin flushed and thighs trembling.

He drew back slow then thrust forward again, furry hips slapping into my ass, and I shouted as I came again without warning. My body fell limp, yet his hold never faltered, and stars danced in my eyes as he began to truly fuck me. The noisy slaps of his hips against my skin, wet squelches of his cock diving in and out of my needy sex. Incoherent words—plea and praise and demands alike—fell from my lips in an endless mantra. My fingertips dug into the stump as my lower body trembled in his hold.

The satyr grunted above me, jockeying about on his hooves as he thrust with abandon. Goat-like bleats interspersed with throaty huffs and snorts as he fucked me, cock plunging in deep over and over.

I couldn't think of the last time I'd felt so good. To be filled out so completely, so wholly. Like his cock was made for me.

Was this his blessing? This pleasure I felt?

My back arched and my cunt spasmed without warning, hurling me into another orgasm as I cried out. Sweat beaded on my brow, hair clinging to my neck and face, and I whined in ecstasy as the satyr thumbed my clit with one hand, rubbing it in firm circles until I fell into another climax and the world was left to spin around me.

His thighs tensed abruptly, tilting his cock deep within me, and I felt his sack spasm where it rested against my sex. Thick heat poured into my core, and I moaned heavily. Warmth flooded up into my belly, and tears of bliss beaded in the corners of my eyes as I felt my womb be filled with his thick cum.

The satyr carefully released his hold on my ass, and I wanted to cry when his cock pulled out of me. I expected this was it. He'd given me his seed, and with it his blessing. This was all.

Yet Pan turned me onto my back, lifted my knees over his arms, and plunged his thick girth back into my cum-slickened pussy. I threw my head back, breasts shaking with my heavy breaths and bouncing with the force of each thrust he made inside me. Over and over, thrusting with a lewd fervor. I bounced on his hips like a fucktoy primed and ready for filling.

"Mother of Monsters," he spoke, tone deep and resonant in the soft, warm air of the hidden glade, "do you accept my seed?"

"Yes," I cried out, hands scrabbling for purchase on the stump as my legs were lifted and splayed wider. Opening my pussy wider, allowing him to plunge in deeper, faster, harder.

He grunted. "Do you accept my blessing?"

"Yes! Oh god, yes!"

The satyr moaned heavily, a shiver lacing up his spine. His cock throbbed inside me, my pussy walls clamping down on him, sucking and milking his member for every drop of pleasure he had to give me.

He thrust fast and hard, hips striking my ass with enough strength to jostle me up and down the tree stump. My breasts bounced, my belly shook and clenched. I scrabbled for purchase on the coarse wood and cried out as I came again, clutching my belly as he sank his cock deep into me and came again. I felt my belly grow from a deluge even bigger than the first. A hot onrush of cum, thick and milky that left my insides feeling hot. A tingling sensation washed up into me, taking root deep below my naval.

Pan took my ankles and lifted my legs over either of his shoulders. Bending over me, he lifted my ass completely off the hardwood, curling halfway around me. I whined, mouth agape as the position ground his cock into so many beautiful places within me. My head swam, vision blurred. Starlight danced behind my eyes, and all I could hear was the musical piping of the wind in the trees.

"Mother of Monsters, would you bear the seeds of a thousand races?" he asked, tone unimpeded by the look of absolute ecstasy on his face.

"Yes," I panted deliriously.

"Will you be bred by the beasts of this world—both hidden and not?"

"Yes. . . . Yes yes yesyes. . . ."

“Then receive my blessing, Mother of Monsters,” Pan proclaimed.

He slammed his hips into me over and over, rutting and humping me for all I was worth. Lights flickered in my vision. My lower belly tingled with strange but pleasant warmth. He took both my breasts in his hands, squeezing and caressing them, toying my nipples between his calloused fingers.

I cried out, pussy clenching rhythmically, and I when I came again I felt as if every fiber of my body were coming undone. I felt as if I were swimming, floating in a warm current.

The satyr’s hips locked up, plunging his cock deep into my pussy again, and his balls spasmed as he pumped a virile torrent of cum inside me. Heat blossomed into my core, womb flooding, swelling with the heavy warmth of his load. I cried aloud, and Pan howled right along with me, digging his cock as deep into my sex as he could go, ensuring not a drop was wasted.

He came, and came, and came until I was sure I could hold no more. My belly swelled into a visible paunch that I could have sworn glowed in the low light of the glade.

When at last his load was reduced to a trickle, he continued to grind and shallowly thrust his hips into me, ensuring every ounce he had to spend was spent within me, and when he finally had nothing left to give he leaned over me, he kissed my belly, each of my breasts, and then my brow.

I lay there panting, eyes bleary, and watched him lay his palm over my tummy.

“May your gardens forever flourish. So says the Great God Pan,” he said.

My head fell back, and I passed out.

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I awoke abruptly and sat bolt upright. My first thought was the strangeness of that dream, until I saw I was still in the secret forest. The woods were darker, the sun low over the unseen horizon. I was nude, and thick, sticky semen leaked from my well-used pussy. Sitting in the divot of my naval was a single apple blossom, white and fragrant.

There was no sign of the satyr who had put it there—save for a few patches of lush ferns and flowering plants thicker than those around it.

The promises of the satyr felt like a dream, yet as I stood on shaky knees and some of the mess dribbled down my thighs, I was awestruck as some of the drops fell to the forest floor they instantly sprouted into lush bundles of healthy grass and a myriad of flowers.

It was no dream. It truly was a god.

I dressed in a rush, made my way back to my horse, and rode out of the forest.

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The witch eyed me strangely when I finished telling her my tale. We had spoken maybe once before today, yet she seemed to accept readily enough why I would not feel comfortable going to the wizard with this.

Once I was done telling her of my encounter with the god Pan, she was quiet for a long moment, scratching idly at the deep green flesh of her boney chin. She stood, shuffled to a shelf nearby, ushered a pesky toad out of her way, and took an amulet from a messy cluster of other items on the shelf. This amulet she held out on an extended arm, and when it was lowered to my belly it seemed to glow with an eerie white light.

“Hmph. Well, that confirms it,” she said simply enough, carelessly tossing the amulet aside. “Aye, ye’ve been blessed by Pan.”

“What do I do, now?” I asked, a smidge of unease creeping into my voice as I watched her rifle through another disorganized pile. “I really . . . made a deal with a god?”

“Oh, dan’t sound so concerned, girl. That old goat may be a lech and trickster, but he’s still a god, and gods keep thar oaths. Now, where did I put—ah!” She stood from her stooped position and bore in her hands a circle of black and mossy green beads.

The witch held the bracelet out to me, but I was not about to accept it blindly. I’d had my fill of bargains and magic for one lifetime.

“What is that?” I asked, eyeing the token with suspicion.

She rolled her eyes, patience worn thin ever since I knocked on the door to her swamp-dwelling hut when there were potions to brew and spells to weave.

“That goat gave ye fertility unlike any human. Ye can conceive from any creature, not just monsters. He warned ye, didn’t he? ‘Be mindful who yer sires be?’ Right! More’n that, ye’ll be birthin’ faster’n normal pregnancies, and it’ll get easier each time ye give birth. Wear this when ye dan’t wish to bear no beasts’ youngin’. Better’n any herb, I’ll say,” she insisted, pushing the bracelet at me with greater insistence.

Not sure what else to do, I held out my hand and she dropped it into my palm. It looked like any other simple corded bracelet. The beads looked like some kind of onyx, maybe mossy agate, smooth and round, and the band looked like ordinary leather.

“What . . . do you want for it?” I asked warily, sure this would come with some kind of bargain making, too.

But the witch wrinkled her face and turned up her long hooked nose in a huff.

“Hmph! Dan’t want nuthin’ from ye, girl,” she said. “The deal ye made with Pan’ll fix me with payment enough soon. With all the beasties comin’ back to the mine thanks to ye, my spells are fixin’ to be more potent than ever. That bracelet thar is fer yer safety. Many a thing down thar’d make for good matin’, but thar’ll be some things ye won’t want to play mother to.”

I nodded slowly, pocketed the bracelet, and stood.

“Thank you,” I said.

She merely nodded. Turning her back, she waved me off brusquely, and I hurried out of the hut without looking back.

My mind raced with the implications of all that had happened. Was I really blessed with—fertility? Was that really a blessing?

Perhaps I should test it. Just to be sure.

In which magic spells and bargains with old gods lead the way to plot convenience and even more monster fucking grossness in the future <3

# Chitter Chitter Bang Bang

## Chapter Notes

### **Content Warning:**

Feral-on-human, monster bug swarm orgy, weird dicks, oviposition, copious amounts of cum, breeding kink, lactation kink, consensual somnophilia, and descriptions of larval birthing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I spent the day like any other on my farm, letting the knowledge of what tonight held for me sink in as the day progressed. As the sun fell lower on the horizon, my heart raced. A fresh crop meant I had several days before a harvest was needed, and I intended to make use of each and every one.

Once the animals were fed and the sun was behind the trees, I made sure to scan the property for any unexpected visitors, then hurried to the new barn built at the furthest corner of the property behind the greenhouse. I knocked a pattern of three hard knocks and a single soft knock as a means of announcing myself, opened, then swiftly shut and locked the door behind me.

Inside, the barn was abuzz with many dozens of raucous humming wings. After having the barn built, it didn't take much to have the swarm move in. All it took was relocating a few unhatched pupae and letting them fuck me up and down ever surface, getting the place nice and cozy, and now it was their permanent roost. Able to come and go as they pleased through the vent pipe in the roof and other strategic gaps beneath some overhangs, they settled in nicely.

The instant the door closed, they piped up a rhythmic buzzing I recognized as one they made whenever I came in. I fancied it some kind of greeting, and no sooner had the tune started than did Chitterbug fly down from the rafters and land on my shoulder.

I giggled as he nuzzled up into the crook of my neck, wings fluttering joyfully.

“Good to see you, too, cutie,” I smiled and gave the top of his head a kiss between the antennae.

He buzzed his wings and fluttered off.

After receiving Pan's blessing, I was curious as to how I could go about testing it. Then I considered that—while I'd birthed at least one successful clutch from the wild cave flies in the mines—my own personal swarm had never once succeeded in impregnating me, regardless of how they matured or how many opportunities they had.

After many observations in the mines, I realized it was not that my swarm was underdeveloped; in the wild, cave flies (and their mutant counterparts) were mature enough to reproduce as soon as they entered their adult stage. All of my swarm were adults now, yet I wasn't getting impregnated by them. Not that I'd been actively trying, but the fact it hadn't happened yet was nevertheless a surprise.

I considered that they were only giving me cum and not eggs, but more than once after a long night's romp I'd pushed out a fair number of eggs. It seemed as though they simply were not taking.

But if Pan's blessing held true and really I could be impregnated by anything, then here was the perfect opportunity to test it.

I shed my clothes and slung them over the low wall at the nearest set of stables. With a bounce in my stride, I pulled out my latest experiment, unfurled it from its folded position, and slung the straps into the proper places. The thought of finally getting to use my newly designed breeding rack was enough to get my blood heated, and that alone sent signals to the swarm all around me. A low hum went through those flies closest to me, and soon the entire hive was abuzz with a familiar anticipation.

One fly landed on my shoulder, and I felt the warm, slimy probing of its cock beginning to inch curiously out of its abdomen.

"Take it easy, guys. Let me at least get everything ready before you jump me, okay?" I said, knowing full well I could not be understood.

I shooed the fly from my shoulder and it buzzed away.

I breathed deep, took the spray bottle from my pants pocket, and sprayed myself down with the aromatic fragrance of cinnamon and apricots, taking care to spray it between my thighs just for good measure. The instant the scent was in the air, the entire hive came to life with wild buzzings, and I lowered myself into the series of harnesses, moving things around with the pulleys just within reach.

Lying face down in the stirrups, I shifted until I was comfortable. Kneeling on padded leather straps, my chest and hips were supported, some well-spaced straps allowing my breasts and belly to hang unimpeded, and with a little more shifting the pulleys were raising my ass up higher, legs spread wide apart at a comfortable angle.

It took mere seconds for the first fly to find its mark. With an aim honed through untold hours of practice, it first alighted on the back of one of my thighs, climbed up into place, claspers grappling into the curves of my buttocks, and curled its abdomen swiftly down, spearing its long, thin cock into my waiting pussy.

I gasped and closed my eyes, all too happy to lie there and accept the vigorous rutting that was to come.

While the first fly had its way, all around me the hive grew to a veritable frenzy. Dozens of pairs of wings hummed and vibrated loudly, flying in circles all around us. Several landed on the ground, on the walls, on the tops of partitions, and each one of them fluttered their wings together in a noisy rout as if to stake claim on being the next to fuck me. Whether or not these displays actually determined who had the next turn, I could never quite tell, but they seemed to work. Real fights never actually occurred.

My current stud rutted me eagerly, and I found myself wiggling in my stirrups. I licked my lips and waggled my hips causing him to clamp down on my ass firmer, and I gasped when he shoved his cock more roughly into me like it would help anchor him. It did.

"C'mon, sweet things. You wanna give me your cum? Your eggs?" I said, entertaining myself with the thought the dirty talk would rile the hive up further. "Come on, mama wants to have your cute little babies. You're gonna knock her up good, yeah? *Nnnh!* Ah, that's it~"

I moaned softly, a little shrill when the fly perched on my ass gave a squeal and arched its abdomen down sharply, spearing the narrow head of its cock into the welcome opening of my

cervix, and its body clenched. A rush of fluids spilled from its cock into my womb, and I nearly sobbed with delight when I felt the tiny, marble-like shapes of its eggs dropping one after the other onto the floor of my womb.

The fly pulled out, and an instant later another took its place, impaling my pussy with another ready cock.

“That’s it, that’s it, babies. Gimme your cocks. I want all your precious little babies,” I panted obscenely. “Fuck me. Cum your little hearts out. I want all your eggs. *All* your eggs. Knock me up. Come o-on—fuck me. *Breed me*. I wanna be bred. Make me your breeder bitch. Your little grub factory!”

I panted, gasping occasionally when the rough fucking struck something particularly tender or sweet inside me. One after the other after the other, the swarm took turns mounting me. Some lasted longer than others. I couldn’t help giggling the few times a fly swiftly plunged its cock inside me, thrust a few times, and came with a giddy squeal. spurts of cum gushed into my womb, and I rocked back into the cock inside me as I felt small round eggs dropping one by one into my belly. Then the fly pulled out, and another cock was already lining up to penetrate me.

I spread my legs a little wider, shifted my hips further back, and chewed my bottom lip while panting through my nose. Even a subtle shift in the angle was enough to make their cocks plunge in and out in different ways. I gasped aloud when one fly struck a particularly good spot, and squealed in tune with it as I came, clutching my abdomen as it unloaded inside me. Its thorax spasmed against my lower back, pumping thick gobs of cum and eggs directly into my womb.

My mouth fell open with a dopey smile, and my sex throbbed from overstimulation, already growing tender, yet I couldn’t fathom wanting to stop as another stud replaced the last and dove his long cock inside.

The constant cycle let me drift into a daze. I didn’t need to do anything. Just lie there and take their cocks as each had its turn one after the other. Moans fell from my lips alongside the chorus of lewd noises and cacophonous buzzing. Wet squelches from each proboscis diving in and out of my well-used cunt, the soft gushing sounds when they came, pumping all manner of fluid deep into my welcoming uterus.

I found myself petting my belly in carnal awe, feeling it grow just a little bit more with each stud that claimed it. That added to my growing treasure pot. Thanks to the harness system, my belly hung freely, and gravity allowed it to swell without any kind of padding or surface to impede it. It was somewhat of an odd feeling—the sensation of my belly growing. With a slight press of my fingers I could feel clusters of eggs shift within my womb, the pressure pushing some cum back down my passage until the next cock speared its way inside, pushing all the errant cum back in.

I groaned heavily.

My body rocked from the force of the constant fucking, breasts, too, hanging beneath me. Just as I’d hoped, the small pedestals I’d placed beneath them were soon occupied by flies whose abdomens were wet with spent fluids. They felt my breasts with their antennae, taking note of how full and engorged they were, stretched up, and latched their small mouth parts onto my nipples.

I cried out, cunt gripping down suddenly, and came around the cock still fucking me. The fly squealed at the unexpected strong clench and came, too, cock bulging rhythmically as it pumped all it had into me. I all but wept from bliss. Of being fucked, impregnated, and my breasts greedily suckled at the same time.



It was really happening again. I was being bred. Fucked and impregnated and fed from. Tiny mouths suckled hungrily as if from milking teats, claspers kneading my breasts until milk began to flow. God, my body still remembered its time trapped in the mutant bog; I hadn't quite gotten over the days and nights spent trapped in a constant cycle of giving birth and being impregnated. My breasts had never fully stopped producing milk; only a little stimulation was needed to get it going again.

I was so sensitive, the instant the next fly cock penetrated me I came again. Crying out loudly, my head went fuzzy. My sex throbbed. My belly felt heavy, so heavy. I felt good. Incredibly good.

I felt right. Like this was what I was meant to be doing.

A familiar crawling down my back brought me out of my brief little daze, and I moaned as my stud stiffened and emptied his load of cum and eggs deep within my pussy.

I glanced over my shoulder and smiled to see my sweet Chitterbug crawling down my back. He'd gotten so big. Noticeably bigger than others of the swarm. Where their carapaces were the same shade of pink as their wild counterparts, his had grown into a rich, shimmering sort of gold.

The last fly swiftly darted off, a string of fluids connecting its cock to my pussy for a split second, and Chitterbug moved into position. I wagged my hips eagerly, tongue lolling from my lips as one fly released my breast and another hungry mouth took its place, suckling ravenously. Chitterbug squeaked and buzzed, and I spread my legs as wide as I could comfortably manage. My belly was already so full, yet I couldn't wait for his addition to it.

Curling his abdomen down, Chitterbug's cock emerged, long and pronounced and definitely bigger than the other flies'. My pussy pulsed at the thought of being impaled on it, and not a moment later my sweet stud arched his abdomen up and brought it swiftly down, spearing that wonderful girth into my slick entrance.

I nearly screamed, toes curling and fingers clenching into fists around one of the stand's poles, but my voice cut out and I was left open mouthed and mute as Chitterbug began fervently plunging his cock in and out of me. Rutting, fucking, humping me for all I was worth.

He was bigger. My god, his cock was so much bigger than before. Had to be. I knew that cock so well, yet now it was even bigger. Had the change in my body triggered some sort of change in his, too? Like drones responding to the pheromones of their Queen?

God, I would have to get him alone next time. Would his cum be different, too? Would he finally give me eggs? What would they be like? Would they be bigger? Would his offspring be different, too? Bigger? Stronger? He was truly a specimen of his species, now; a cock like that deserved a fresh, empty womb to claim all its own.

All I could do as Chitterbug fucked me with raw abandon was to hold on. To let my jaw hang open and moan and wail freely in my ecstasy as his rough humping caused me to be jostled in the stirrups. Each hard strike of his abdomen into my ass shook my whole body, and I came again with a wail of pleasure.

His buzzing grew louder, wings beating a furious rhythm, and with a mighty clench he gripped onto my sides and arched his body around my ass, plunging the head of his cock into my fluttering cervix. With that kiss, a torrent of cum pumped thick and warm into my belly. My ears rang, vision went hazy, and like a granted wish I felt a series of firm bulges snap through the entrance of my pussy and race up towards my womb. Without any hesitation or thought towards my pleasure, they were pushed roughly through, and I sobbed in ecstasy as the shapes of several eggs were pushed

inside me. Their larger, heavier shapes made them sit low and solid in my womb.

Eggs. My beautiful Chitterbug had given me eggs. He was going to be a papa, and I their dutiful incubator.

With my womb swollen with its brood, I let exhaustion and satisfaction overtake me, all too happy to know the swarm would continue using me even while I was unconscious.

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I made sure to plug myself up just to be sure the eggs would be fertilized, but in the following couple days there was no doubt the brood had taken. I was beside myself with joy. Each passing day saw my bloated belly grow all the more, and the hive was relentless in their desire to stick with me at all hours of the day and night. I had to leave my windows open to allow them entry or else I was sure they'd come down the lit chimney.

Not that I minded. The near constant fucking they provided was a welcome distraction to the annoyances that came with pregnancy. Tending the farm was more difficult, but my crops would survive a few days without me. Especially as my belly swelled to the point I was nearly bedridden. I slept completely nude and took sleep aids to make sure I got a full night's rest; it was hard to sleep restfully when a constant barrage of cocks were plunging in and out of you.

Chitterbug, especially, made sure not to leave my side, and when the eggs were fully developed and began hatching the horniness factor ramped up to ten. Inside my taut belly, visible lumps could be seen squirming and crawling about, and what must be hundreds of tiny, nubby feet ambling along my walls were enough to leave me sexually insatiable.

My legs were constantly open after that, and at all times there was a fly rutting between them. My bed was drenched in fluids as I took turns petting my gravid tummy and the flies who suckled leisurely from my breasts. They were quite the hit, it seemed, and the near constant feeding ensured my breasts were fully engorged when my pregnancy entered its final stage.

I was ready this time when my water broke. My time in the mutant bog left me with muscle memory for this very thing. I assumed the position, shooed away the stud still trying to fuck me, and began to push. All around me, the swarm was abuzz with excitement. They chattered and rubbed their wings together as if drumming, and when the first few larvae tumbled out into the world their sires were there to dutifully greet, clean, and inspect them.

I may as well have been a professional by then. The contractions came quickly, and one after the other sent clusters of plump, fleshy grubs cascading out of me. Until I hit a snag and gasped; this one was big!

My mind flashed to Chitterbug perched on the edge of my bed, and I smiled.

“Ready to be a papa, big guy?” I asked, wet with sweat and bleary eyed.

Chitterbug buzzed his wings as if in confirmation.

I pushed, fingers gripped into the bedspread, and cried out as the far larger shape slipped free of my womb, and I was stunned to see a grub nearly twice the size of the rest of the clutch emerge head first from my slick pussy. Where the others were ivory colored and shaped like fleshy little footballs, this one was long, cylindrical, and white as a hen's egg. Instead of legs spaced out along its sides, its legs were all up at the front near its head leaving a long, veiny body trailing behind. It looked vaguely like a june beetle larvae but twenty times the size!

It wriggled for a few seconds, its shiny wet body flexing back and forth, then lifted its head and

made a soft peeping sound like a newly hatched chick. Then all the grubs began peeping, too, and adult flies flew in and started to delicately nuzzle them all.

My head fell back on the pillows, and I wept tears of joy and delight even as the contractions started again. More larvae continued to be born, and every few contractions another larger grub would be born into the world, identical to the first, and I sobbed as Chitterbug rounded up his brood—the proud papa of seven long, strong little grubs totally different from their siblings—and brought them up to me. I scooped them all into the cradle of my arms and held them; each was little less than the palm of my hand, and they peeped and wiggled but soon began to calm as they settled in. They were so healthy, and I just knew they would grow as big and strong as their sire—maybe more so.

My womb was far from empty, yet the remaining newborns were easily delivered, and as I cuddled my brood I guided the first two to my breasts and they started to suckle. I sighed in contentment.

There were so many of them. All of them mine. I hardly knew if the roost in the barn would hold them all, but something told me if they ever ran out of space they would simply move on. And that was their right. I wasn't about to confine any of them. They could go back to the mine if they wanted. I had what I wanted, and so long as even one of them stayed I would continue to have more.

## Chapter End Notes

You would never know by reading my kinky shit that I actually hate bugs. Bug GODDAMN do I love oviposition and weird dicks

Am currently taking suggestions for future chapters. Have a monster you'd like to see fuck/knock up the MC? Tell me about it in a comment! Or just tell me what you think in general! What do you like? Something specific you'd like to see incorporated? Tell me about it!

# Double Dog Dare

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, double penetration, double dicks, knotting, impregnation, and breeding kink.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The walls are smooth, seamless even. I trail my fingertips along the surface in awe that anything like this could possibly occur in nature. It's perfect, almost glassy.

*Like obsidian*, I think while craning my neck back, the ambient light of my ring casting endlessly in every direction thanks to the reflective surfaces around and beneath me. Blacker than void yet as reflective as a mirror. Every wall is the same.

After Pan's suggestion about hidden realms, I searched deep in the mines for days overturning boulders and plundering crevices wherever I found them. I was close to giving up once or twice—until I thought to follow a current of air whistling through the crevice of a partially collapsed mine cart tunnel.

I followed it for a long time, squeezing through narrow passages and forced to go on my hands and knees once, crawling through darkness for what had to be a hundred yards, and when it finally opened I was awed at what I found: a gargantuan space deep below everything I'd come to know in the valley.

Honeycombed with tunnels leading a thousand different directions, mazes of obsidian walls traversing far down into the unknown depths, the place is as beautiful as it is intimidating in its newness. All the while I would hear strange sounds: murmuring of indistinct voice-like noises, yowls, whoops, braying like an unseen hound, grunts, howls, and all manner of guttural exclamations of entities or creatures I could hardly wait to discover.

Following the glossy black wall with my hand, I let it lead me deeper into the unknown—my courage bolstered by the promise of Pan that no creature would harm me without inciting the wrath of a god. Once or twice I thought how foolish it might be to entrust my safety to the mystical properties of a sex-hungry goatman who “blessed” my uterus into becoming the ultimate baby-making factory, but each time I thought of that I would recall having already experienced the truth of his “gift.” The veritable hive that was my newest brood awaiting me back at my farm.

Surely his promise of protection wasn't a lie.

I walk until my fingers meet the very first bump in the immaculate surface. Turning my light, I shine it around and the environment seems to come alive. Shapes I'd mistaken for shadows on a craggy surface vanished as a blue-green-lavender-white glow illuminate from the floor all the way up the sides of structures I now realized were actually leafless, subterranean trees. The glow—a kind of lichen maybe?—spiderwebbed its way up the pale bark and simultaneously down and across the ground, spreading like a cascade of luminescent opal. In seconds, everything was alight in a dim glow akin to pearlescent twilight.

Perhaps my awe would have gone further, but a sudden apprehension seizes hold of me. I stiffened as a head pops up from around the side of the trunk of a fallen tree. My worries ease for a split second—it's *just a dog*—until it occurs to me that no mere dog could be this deep into the utterly unknown.

Then a second head pops up beside the first. The two dogs stride out from behind the fallen tree, and I am taken aback to see the two dogs were, in fact, one.

One body. Two heads.

Four blazing red eyes stare unblinkingly at me, and I cautiously lower my hand to rest on the pommel of my sword. I don't know this creature—its intentions or its capabilities—so the earnest curiosity in its oddly expressive face intrigues and as much as it unsettles me.

“Hey there, doggies. Good doggies,” I say, placating as one head lowers to sniff the ground and the other remains fixated on me.

The staring head cocks sideways as the other snorts and lifts again, both of them tilting in unison. Were it not for the circumstances, I'm certain I would have found it adorable.

The hound—hounds?—take a step forward and sniff the air more thoroughly.

I decide then and there that I am more inclined to protect myself, but the thought makes it no further when an powerful gust of wind buffets me from out of nowhere, whipping my hair into my face and nearly jostling me off my feet. Even the hounds are taken by surprise as they yelp and leap back and away, heads whipping about in confusion.

As quickly as it came the gust is gone, leaving behind the uncanny smell of ferns and morning dew.

The hounds sniff the air again, lowering their snouts to the ground and tromping forward, wind abruptly forgotten as if guided by whatever smell had reached them in the wind. I stagger back as its sniffing brings them right up to me. I huff in surprise when my back flattens on the obsidian wall, and both snouts butt unceremoniously into my crotch.

“Hey, stop that,” I scold without thinking and push at the invading heads. Their fur is short and kind of bristly, like a Doberman's, and pitch black all the way through. A weird heat seems to radiate from their being.

Undeterred by my hand, the two heads dig around with their noses until I am blushing and flustered and can't help but notice their tail wagging animatedly behind them. Only then did they back off, tongues lolling with a canine smile, and yip giddily up at me. They hop up on their hind legs and vigorously lick my face and chin.

The tension evaporates in a puff of smoke, and I laugh at the twins' antics like we're long-lost friends reunited. I pet their heads to placate them, and a quick check confirms that my newfound friend(s) are not only male but *extremely* happy to meet me. More than that, two heads on the shoulders seems to translate as two heads between the legs as well—both cocks red, shining, veiny, and bulging.

I thought of Pan's blessing and pet both of the hounds' heads when they finally hopped off me, nuzzling demandingly for more attention.

“Can you understand me?” I ask.

One head yaps as the other paws at my hand.

“Okay, one bark for ‘yes’ and two for ‘no,’ got it?”

The hounds move a step back, and each head gives a single yap. Good. We understand each other.

“Do you . . . *know*? That I’m blessed by Pan?”

One bark from the left head.

Huh. I guess word travels fast among the world’s hidden denizens.

“So, you know what that means I can do? And what you can do for me?”

Another bark from the right head this time, their tail wagging excitedly now.

I can’t help smiling a little. Guess some traits are just universal, domesticated or otherwise.

“My final question: do you know how to use those handsome cocks of yours? And how do you feel about putting a pup or two in me before I have to head topside again?”

The hounds leap onto their back legs and all but lunge at my face in a flurry of exuberant licks and yapping. I laugh and hug them just to give some added support, their eagerness resulting in some shameless air humping as they dance on their hind legs.

“Alright, alright, you heathens, back up a bit, okay? Baby mama has to assume the position first,” I grin.

The hounds hurry away and turn quickly, sitting and watching with lolling tongues and an eagerly wagging tail, cocks bobbing red between their back legs.

It takes less than a minute to drop my bag and shed my layers, toeing out of my boots and making a layer of padding on the floor as I get on hands and knees and lower the rest of me, raising my ass in the air and shaking it invitingly for my new friends. They are on their feet in an instant, practically dancing in place in their enthusiasm.

“Well come on then, it’s not gonna fill itself,” I hum, parting the lips of my sex with two fingers.

The hounds lunge, and when I expect to be immediately mounted they instead bury their noses into me, sniffing me out and lapping wide, hot tongues all along my cunt. I gasp aloud and pinch my bottom lip between my teeth, hips rocking back against their hungry mouths. They lick and sniff like the action is itself a kind of ceremony, lapping up the slick from my pussy until my insides flutter in mixed frustration and anticipation.

“C’mon, boys, don’t tease. Mama wants your pretty dicks in her *now*.”

When they mount me, it’s quick and a little clumsy. Their hips strike the cleft of my ass and grab my waist with their forelegs. They hump air for a moment, jockeying on rear legs as their cocks rut the backs of my thighs. I whine, shivering in anticipation, and reach back between my legs to help guide the eager creatures to where they are most needed. I grab the first cock, and the hounds whine, grinding against my palm until I have to give them a light swat on the side telling them to be still for a moment. They whimper but obey, and I take both dicks in my hand and guide them into the proper angle.

The first cock head nudges at the slick entrance of my sex, and I don’t even have time to align the

second before the hounds lurch forward and shove the first dick into me. I squeak in shock, stunned momentarily by the sudden impalement, and the hounds waste no time furiously humping me.

The ferocity of their rutting steals my breath away, and all I can do to keep from going into a mental whiteout is to close my eyes and scrabble futilely for purchase on the smooth cavern floor. Whines and moans fall from my parted lips as the hounds yabber and bark over me, plunging in and out of me in a purposeful frenzy. For a long few moments it's enough to simply lie there and take the incredible fucking, blissfully submitted to the hot, throbbing dick pulsating as it thrusts inside me.

The weight of the hounds is heavy on my back. I feel claimed. I feel desired. I experience the raw need of this creature to make me their own. To sow its seed in my ready womb.

As they fuck me, their second cock bounces between my thighs, butting against my pubic mound and occasionally striking my clit. Thick smears of precum rub off on my skin leaving a strange, tingling warmth behind. A long thread of it hangs from the neglected cock, bobbing like a spring as its counterpart thrusts furiously into my wet cunt over and over.

Coherency returns as I get my second wind. I shift my weight a bit, forcing the hounds to adjust their grip on my waist and smack their hips repeatedly into my ass, taking my breath away. I try again, wrapping the bobbing cock in my hand; it's hot against my palm and slick with ropes of precum, already swollen with near painful arousal. God, I want it in me badly even while knowing the stretch of both might be painful. I want it too much to second guess it. I nudge the cock up into the right angle and, seeming to understand my intent, the hounds pull back enough to allow themselves to be aligned, and the instant they were in place thrust forward, spearing my pussy on their twin girths.

I cry out. A flash of color lances behind my eyes, and my thighs tremble as the rest of me falls limp. It does sting—fiercely—but it's *good*. I'm being stretched. Used. Pummeled into sexual oblivion by these hounds' hot, pulsating dicks, and I know I am exactly where I want to be.

Nonsensical words and phrases fall from my lips between moans, praising, pleading, begging my new mates to go on. I feel so good. The rightness of it all astounds me. I am doing exactly what I am meant to. This is my desire. My destiny. And I rush towards it with blood pounding in my ears and my cunt being aggressively slammed by these monsters' beautiful cocks, spreading me wider and wider as the blunt swelling of their knots threaten to splay me open.

I wail when orgasm clenches every muscle in my body, the hounds throwing their heads back and howling in unison. The chorus of sounds echoes back off the cavern walls, and my cries fall mute in shock as the enormous swells of their knots are shoved past the lips of my pussy, tying us irrevocably together. I would have screamed had not the shock paralyzed my vocal chords, and my eyes roll into the back of my head when the first scalding gush of cum pours into me.

Thick ropes of the hounds' cum shoot from each twin cock head, spewing up into my fertile womb with nowhere else to go, every drop trapped inside thanks to the ridiculous blockade formed by their knots. I clutch at my lower belly, expression locked in what I can only imagine is a blissful smile as the flame-like heat of the hounds' semen pumps into my core and sends a wave of heat up into the rest of my body. My skin breaks out into goosebumps beneath the shine of sweat, and I splay my fingers over my belly just to feel the slowly forming bulge as the weight of their cum forced my belly to grow.

We lay there intertwined for what seem like ages. The twin heads of the hound delicately lick my neck and shoulders, leaving love bites absolutely everywhere they see fit. Soon they turn around,

our bodies still tied together, and lie down on the cool, glassy floor. We aren't going anywhere any time soon.

I smile still as exhaustion takes hold, slowly petting my tummy. The heat radiating from inside keeps me warm as I drift into a dopey, sexually charged rest, the fathers of my next litter still tied dutifully at my side by the hilts.

## Chapter End Notes

WOW We got some pretty incredible suggestions from the last chapter's requests, and can I just say you guys have some A++ kinky hearts and minds! I can't wait to fill some of those requests. In the meantime, please keep them coming as I genuinely enjoy the inspiration you all have to give me!



# By the Horns

## Chapter Notes

### **Content warning:**

Rough sex, semi-feral-on-human, breeding fetish, copious amounts of cum, cum inflation, sticky sex, impregnation kink, implied breeder slave.

Not a part of anyone's requests but a chapter I *really* wanted to write because beefy boys give me life

I also realized too late I accidentally switched to present-tense in my last chapter but oh well? Something tells me that won't be the first time I make that mistake, so I apologize in advance if it happens again.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I stood my ground, staring unwavering down the horns charging directly at me, and made my point abundantly clear with a second swing of my hammer. At full force, it smacked into the side of the minotaur's head with a solid *crack*. The bull staggered on his hooves, instantly dazed. Unable to maintain momentum, he dropped like a sack of bricks on the dusty cavern floor and threw up a rust colored cloud.

I strode to the fallen bull, hooked one end of my hammer beneath his chin and the toe of my boot beneath his shoulder, and flipped him over. I could practically see the stars circling his head until he came to, but he knew better than to stand with my boot planted on his chest.

"Need another translation?" I asked with narrowed eyes.

The bull shook his head in resignation.

"Good. I told you I wasn't looking for trouble and I meant it. Doesn't mean I can't damn well protect myself. Now, I'm going to let you up. Are you going to give me any more grief?"

I waited for my answer, but his eyes were trained on the pommel of my hammer, the head of which hung precariously over his trachea.

When I first saw this creature illuminated in the yellow-orange glow of the cavern's torch light, I thought I must be seeing things: a gargantuan figure nine or ten feet tall built as dense as a brick wall and sporting the tail, legs, and head of a bull, complete is a broad pair of horns turned up at the ends and a brass ring through his septum. I would have been happy to admire the hulk up close and make him an offer befitting such a fine specimen; unfortunately, his first instinct was to attack, never mind asking any questions.

Luckily I was ready, and two swings of the hammer were all it took to dissuade him.

"Well?" I pushed my foot down harder.

The minotaur broke his gaze away and looked up at me, black eyes bright and alert. He slowly shook his head again, and I lifted my foot from his chest.

He stood up, but something in his equilibrium must have caught up to him because he staggered on his hooves and braced himself back down on one knee, rubbing an ache from the side of his head. He breathed heavily, brought back to my height. That hit would have killed a lesser beast; the fact he was conscious at all was a testament to his durability.

I frowned. This isn't what I wanted. In his addled state, I convinced him to let me help. Taking a life elixir from my bag, I fed it to him and waited with his big head cradled in my arms, supporting him lest his disorientation send him to the floor. But his weight proved too much too quickly, and when he sagged to the second knee I was forced to go down with him, sinking as slowly as I could to my knees with his head in my lap.

It took time, but his breathing soon evened out, and he reopened his eyes.

"Better?" I asked, keeping my tone genial.

He nodded, and I thumbed circles into the base of his conical ears. His eyelids fluttered, and the minotaur let his breath out in a low whuffle. Covering his body was a short layer of fur: a uniform tan that nearly blended with the rusty hue of the cave walls, but he sported a shock of coarse black hair on the tip of his tail and atop his head and down the back of his neck like a horse's mane.

I ran my hands over and through his mane for a time, feeling and watching the rise and fall of his chest as he breathed. His musculature was exquisite.

"You are a beautiful creature," I said, half to myself. "Will you hear what I have to say, now?"

He opened his eyes and pivoted his ears forward, awaiting my word.

"I didn't come to this place looking to take a life; I came looking to make one."

At this, the minotaur blinked and lifted his head, gazing directly at me. I had his undivided attention.

"I was given a gift by the god Pan, and I came here hoping to find someone who could give me a baby," I said. Taking one of his great arms, I placed his hand on my belly. His fingers fanned out against it, able to reach full across my middle with their sheer size. "I'd like it if you could be the one to do it."

He gaped at me for a moment, eyes darting between his hand and my face as if discerning whether or not I was telling the truth. Ultimately he must have believed me, because in a flash the minotaur shoved me over onto my back and began pawing at my clothes. I giggled, helping him with some of the finer buttons and clasps, and no sooner was I nude—prostrate on my back on the ground before him—did he bury his large, bovine face between my legs. Eager, but clearly not inexperienced. Thank god.

I arched my head back, scrabbling for purchase on the dusty ground. His broad, pink tongue lapped at my folds, mashing his blunt nose against my clit sending currents of electrical heat coiling like a spring in my lower belly. Hot, balmy breath puffed over my pubic mound. His big tongue delved into my pussy, lapping me up feverishly, drinking up my slick as I writhed beneath him, but soon his powerful hold prevented me from doing even that. The minotaur grasped my thighs, fingers touch on at the opposite sides, and held my legs spread eagle. Licking, sucking, nuzzling, and groaning into my sex sent me into fits of ecstasy, and all I could do was grab onto his horns and hold tight as he pushed me into my first orgasm.

My belly clenched, toes curled, and jaw fell unhinged as I cried out. A deep, red-hot flush crept

from my toes to the crown of my head, and I panted, bleary-eyed. He kissed my pussy before sitting up straight, and with my legs spread apart, his beautiful body was framed for me like a mosaic to admire. He ripped off his straining, moisture-stained loincloth. His member sprung free of its meager prison, and a ripple of excitement and apprehension quickened the beat of my heart. He was enormous, a rich black in color compared to the rusty brown of his fur. At least as big as a man's arm with a broad, flat head, wide urethra leaking thick white precum, and a thick—*thick*—veiny, rigid shaft, a large set of balls befitting of such a gigantic specimen hung full and potent behind it all.

Big as a goddamn Clydesdale, and all I could think was how badly I wanted that pumping inside me.

I shivered noticeably, but he made no further move. Like he was waiting. For the go-ahead? For rejection? Like he expected to be turned away now that tiny me saw *exactly* what he had to offer.

Slipping from his grasp, I turned over and raised my ass, making it abundantly clear I had no intention of backing out, now. I slipped my hand between my legs and made a show of fingering myself right in front of him, getting my fingers nice and slick and spreading my cunt open for effect.

“C’mon, stud, you’re not gonna hurt me. I’m not leaving here without my baby,” I said. At least, I hoped Pan’s blessing included taking dicks just as monstrous as those attached to them.

With that, my stud didn’t waste a second. He mounted up behind me on his knees, legs spread wider than my own so he could reach, and even then he grabbed my ass to lift me higher. Over my shoulder, I watched him stroke his cock in long, rapid pulls, getting himself good and hard. Guiding his member with one hand and steadying me with the other, my hips twitched at the first bump of his wide head against my cunt. Wet with a dollop of precum and with my own natural lubrication to ease the way, he pressed forward and I shut my eyes tight. The sting was loud, made blood hum behind my ears; his cock head alone was enough to send magma up my spine, spreading my pussy open like theater curtains.

God he was huge. Fucking monstrous. My head spun, and I felt like I might be split in two, yet with another half inch my jaw is dropping open and all my limbs had gone jelly-like. My arms trembled; I heard my heartbeat in my ears.

The stretch was exquisite, mind-numbing, more than a little painful, but fuck I wanted it so badly. I was here and there was a Minotaur inside me, ready to fuck my brains out and send me home pregnant with a bovine calf and that was everything I wanted out of the world right now. I wanted that delicious, monster prick docked to the hilt in my pussy, filling me up with his seed, and I whined, trembling, when he stopped his advance. He was less than halfway in; there was still so much of his member left to go!

The minotaur’s breathing was labored. Low grunts heated the air over my back, prickling my skin into goose flesh; his hands shook ever so slightly on my sides, steadying himself on me, holding himself back. So sweet—wanting to be sure he doesn’t hurt me. So sweet, but so unnecessary.

“Don’t stop,” I pleaded. “Please . . . oh please. . . . Come on, I can . . . I can take it. . . . Please, baby, you’re . . . you’re amazing . . . I want it all, baby, please. . . .”

I could keep going. Could babble on for hours about how badly I needed his cock, but he didn’t need any more encouragement. He snapped his hips suddenly and without warning, spearing the last few inches of his enormous dick into my aching cunt, and my mouth fell open as my vision temporarily whited out.

My ears rang as I came out of my stupor; it must have only lasted a couple seconds because he didn't even seem aware of the lapse. Something I was unmitigatedly grateful for, because the furious humping he was giving me was enough to render me a limp puppet on my knees, ass held aloft by two giant hands, and a bestial cock aggressively pounding my needy cunt.

It was enough just to lie in a daze and moan enthusiastically each time his cock hit bottom. The minotaur bayed and crooned in the noisy chorus of a rut-consumed brain. I panted, scrabbled for hold of anything but was unable to find a thing to hold on to, could only submit myself to the ride. The wide head of his cock dragged through me, pulling along my walls forming a near perfect seal, shoving his precum up against my cervix, pushing it towards my womb. God, he could knock me up just from this and I'd be happy.

I wanted him. God, I needed this so badly. He was so big, so good. So good to me. Fucking me like the prized bull that he was.

He grunted with every thrust, buffeting my back with hot, moist air as he held my hips up high where he could reach, slamming his cock into me over and over. Endless, merciless. With each deep plunge I felt my belly push out to accommodate all the cock inside, and I shook in total sexual oblivion.

My stars crossed. I couldn't move if I wanted to. I didn't want to. I wanted him to never stop. To keep me. Keep fucking me. Keep me as his personal fuck toy. To impregnate me to his virile heart's leisure, keep my fertile womb full of calves for a large, strong, and healthy herd.

His thrusts were getting faster, harder if that were even possible. My head swam as I whimpered incoherent praise, his hot bull flesh pulsating in my tight passage. I couldn't take it. My walls were stretched so wide my orgasms felt hollow, unable to clench even a flutter but he barely seemed to notice. He thrust hard and deep, humping me furiously, teeth clenched and septum piercing bouncing to the same rhythm as his hips.

He thrust once more, burying his cock as deep into me as he would fit, and bellowed long and loud. His scrotum spasmed, sending torrents of hot cum pouring straight up into my womb. My tummy swelled in seconds, and all I could do was tremble and groan as the head of his cock flared out even wider, preventing so much as a drop from escaping my womb.

I sagged like melted butter, eyes bleary and limp as a soggy noodle. The minotaur sighed deeply, keeping my ass right where it was, continuing some torturously shallow thrusts, milking himself off inside me. I smiled at his commitment. Heavy and bloated with his cum as I was, I pressed shakily back into him to receive more. It earned me a loving grope, my stud patting my ass gently and reaching around to pet the heavy swell of my tummy foretelling a successful mating.

He snorted, evidently quite pleased.

I got what I wanted, and so did he. I'll be pregnant by tonight and probably ready to give birth in a week.

This was it, I thought, waiting for him to be content enough to pull out, but was shocked out of my deepening stupor when he hefted me off the ground. I squeaked, limbs flailing until he came to a sit with me in his lap, chest flush with my back, and sitting me hilt deep on his dick.

He was still hard. His balls were still enormous. Still potent and powerful.

I looked over my shoulder at him, pussy quivering with renewed hope.

“Another round, big boy?” I asked.

He answered by rolling his hips forward and up and drawing a long, euphoric moan from my lips.

With either hand cupped under my thighs, he held my legs wide apart and proceeded to lift me up and down on his cock with ease. Completely unfazed by any effort it took. Lifted me up and lowered me down on his cock like a toy. Tilted his head back and moaned long and loud, increasing his pace, bucking his hips until he struck my ass with his dense thighs, hilted his cock in me over and over and over again.

My belly bounced. His load shifted and sloshed like a turbulent sea within me. I didn’t want to lose any of him, but if his sack size and stamina were anything to go by this might just be the first of many loads.

“Yes! Oh god, yes! Yesyesyesyesyes—!” I cried out like a mantra, head falling against his chest as he bobbed me up and down his shaft like a scholar dipping his pen in ink. Deep, fast, wet strokes.

I clutched my tummy with one hand and screamed when he brought me down again, this time gravity pulling me down deeper onto his cock. His scrotum spasmed against my sex, pumping me up with even more spunk.

So much. I felt drunk on it. On him. The intoxicating musk of sex, sweat, and cum permeated all around us.

I trembled mutely in his arms, clutching my belly as he wrapped me up in his arms. Thick ropes of semen shot up into my womb from his pulsing member, filling out my uterus until it felt fit to burst.

I must be pregnant by now. I’d come so many times my body must have produced an egg. Fuck, maybe multiple eggs. Maybe I would wind up with twins. God, I hoped so. I wanted that. I wanted his babies. As many as I could have. I wanted him. His cock, his cum, and his young. All of him.

I sagged into his arms when the torrent finally slowed and stopped. It was hard to breathe. Shallow gasps were all I could manage with the sheer weight of his load pressing up on my diaphragm.

I panted, limp as the dead, and allowed him to manipulate my body anyway he pleased. He laid me on my back, taking care to pillow my head on a pile of my clothes, and I whined in protest as he pulled out. The broad flare of his cock head didn’t make it easy; its seal within my cunt was strong, but when he finally pulled out with a wet noise of suction, I sobbed in relief and disappointment. His cum rushed out of me in a thick, sticky rush, puddling rapidly on the cave floor between my legs.

I tried to close my legs, tried to keep as much of him inside as possible, but he held me by the backs of my knees and kept my thighs separate, watching with hungry eyes as his own spunk first poured then trickled out of me.

My cunt clenched weakly, empty and wanting, the rest of my body too boneless to do much else but lie shaky and still. At least until his cock pressed at my entrance again, flared head still slick and wider than a fist. He didn’t waste a second, and the instant his flare was in me he snapped his hips forward, burying in me to the root. His balls were still huge; they smacked my ass repeatedly as he plowed my gaping pussy, heavy like they hadn’t lost an ounce. He must have so much to give. And I wanted it. All of it. Every drop.

“Don’t stop . . . don’t stop, please, keep going,” I begged, eyes rolled almost to the back of my head. “Breed me . . . please . . . want you . . . all of you . . . so good, baby. . . .”

The minotaur grunted, answering me with a deep, angled thrust that kissed my womb with his cock like a promise.

“Stay with me, baby. . . . Be mine. . . . You’re so good; I want you,” I said to him, bleary thoughts racing in my head. All I could think was what I wanted, and I wanted him. “Live with me on the— the surface. . . . I’ll take care of you, and you can fuck me . . . gimme all your babies . . . whenever you want. Want you breeding me, baby . . . want your cock in me all the time. . . .”

It came out so easily. I realized just how much I meant it and how badly I wanted him to say yes. And he did in the form of a resounding bellow, hilding his cock to the root inside me, and erupted a geyser into my uterus, filling me out all over again. On the same breath he took my face in his large hands and kissed me, a gesture so unexpected it pulled me from my euphoric daze. His large lips covered mine, and I raised my hands and cupped either side of his head, kissing him back the best that I could in my state.

When he broke, my tummy was bloated and round, and he nodded his head leaving no doubt that he understood and agreed. I grinned dopily, already thinking about the weeks and months to come full to the brim of endless fuck sessions. My womb perpetually full of minotaur calves.

I leaned up and kissed him again, and he lifted my legs up in front of himself, brought my knees and thighs together, and suddenly my pussy was vice-like on his giant cock. My head fell back and mouth agape, his massive dick pulsating deep within me, and picked up immediately where we left off.

## Chapter End Notes

*whispers she got twins*

# Calf Time Show

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning:

This chapter contains: marathon sex, pregnancy kink, lactation kink, consensual breeding slave, oral sex, copious amounts of cum, and birthing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

My stud did not settle in immediately. I wasn't exactly ready to accommodate nine feet of man-bull when he came back to the farm with me late that same night. I briefly considered the barns already on the property then immediately reneged; he was no barnyard beast, and I would not risk offending him by making him sleep among cattle and pigs. The swarm roost and chicken coop were also out of the question, and my greenhouse was not exactly fit for living—especially since I didn't know what he ate, nor did I trust him with the tender shoots growing in there just yet.

That left the farmhouse itself, and, well, I really wasn't about to protest when I noticed the bed frame came to a convenient thigh-height on him.

His first night in the cabin with me was . . . sleepless to say the least. The moment I had my clothes off, he was on me, and I met him with equal sexual zeal. He all but tossed me onto the bed where I bounced squealing like a gleeful little kid. The shine in his eyes was carnal, and I responded by spreading my legs like a display and holding the crook of my knees; he clasped my thighs in his large hands, aligned his arm-sized cock with my pussy, and thrust into my whimpering body without pause or hesitation.

We fucked like rabbits. Like beasts in rut. He held me down, lifted me up, turned me over, split me open, and rutted me like his favorite toy. He came in me more times than I could count; if I did not leave those caves pregnant, there could be no doubt I was, now. He fucked me so good I *felt* fertile. I felt like the breeder to his stud, made perfectly for him and him for me. Like my sole function was to fuck, be fucked, and give birth to *his* baby. I felt good. It felt right.

He bellowed, jetting thick ropes of cum into my womb, and its thick heat felt the way honey tasted.

We fucked ravenously, and when dawn arrived we were both slumped half dazed over my bed, streaked in sweat and cum and saliva from his sloppy kisses. He lay half sprawled over my bed, the frame slouched beneath his considerable weight, and I limped on jelly legs to the bathroom to shower. I would only get dirty again throughout the day, but I refused to spend the day sticky with cum regardless of farm work.

As I washed, I paid special attention to my breasts and belly. I couldn't quite tell if it was from all my stud had pumped inside me, but the ever so slight paunch to my lower tummy was impossible to ignore. I rubbed it in slow, sudsy circles, arching my back and toying with the thought of my belly broad and full with his calf. Heavily pregnant.

I smiled, happy and content in the knowledge it would be that way soon.

A heavy clapping outside the door got my attention, but I didn't bother to speak up. The door was left cracked—an open invitation—and I was happy when it was not disregarded. My stud whuffled

with deep breaths as he stepped in, scenting to warm, humid air and me along with it.

How the tiles were sturdy enough to accommodate his hooves I may never know, but when his great head peeked in through the curtain I could only smile, beckoning him in with the crook of my finger.

He entered without further prompting, and in a moment he was on his knees, fondling my body. He kissed my neck to my shoulder, the cool brass of his septum ring like ice on my wet skin. He caressed every inch of my body, groping my ass and hips in his giant hands, and I tilted my head back as his kisses traveled down my chest, taking my breast between his lips and gently sucking. He grunted in what must have been surprise at how quickly my body responded, producing milk which he drank greedily. He held me there under the warm stream, suckling from one breast before switching to the other. He licked my nipples teasingly until they were perked and hard, and I watched him with my lower lip clenched between my teeth hungry for so much more than that sinful mouth of his. He licked and suckled like a hungry calf, squeezing my ass until I arched my back and pushed out my chest, holding him there.

My pussy throbbed with a potent need, but the thrill of desire was so sweet by itself. I wanted him, but I had him. I needed only to be patient, to let it build. He swapped breasts back and forth until his suckles became rough kisses, sucking firmly only to pull off with a wet smack and give the other breast the same treatment. His large hand pawed between my legs, and I crooned as his fingers curled into the folds of my sex and thrust into me, fingering me passionately.

My legs trembled as I neared my peak, clenching my thighs over his hand as my whines grew to more vocal cries. But just before I came I pushed him off me, eliciting a startled moo from him. Between his legs, his cock was standing tall, proud, and untouched. As much as I enjoyed those meaty fingers, I wanted more of that delicious cock. I was greedy for it.

I turned my back and spread my ankles wide apart, arching my back and bracing my forearms on the cool, damp wall. My cunt pulsed with need, spread open and on display for him. It took less than a second for him to get on his feet and grab my thigh, aligning his cock with his free hand, and the instant the engorged head was nestled between my pussy lips he lurched forward and speared his length inside me. I gasped loudly, eyes rolling in the back of my head. I would never get used to that huge cock for as long as I lived, I thought, praying that I never would.

Expression contorted with his own urges, my minotaur plunged in deep, rolled his hips back, and thrust forward again. Slow. Deep. Rough. So deliciously deep.

I practically sobbed in ecstasy as he humped me, sandwiching me up against the wall tiles. The cold wall was a shock on my skin, but the sensitivity only heightened the feelings elsewhere. He fucked me with abandon, heavy balls slapping the backs of my thighs with each mighty thrust. My knees grew weak, struggling to keep balanced on the wet ground; he seemed to register the same and pulled me back against him, sitting me wholly on his lap, legs splayed out on either side of him, and held my hips in his grasp as he continued uninterrupted, bucking his hips like a fucking rodeo.

He came like a crescendo. Bellowing into the dense, humid shower air and pulling me down atop him, cock pulsing as he emptied himself inside me. Hot cum rushed up into me, leaving me lightheaded from the hot water, euphoria made all the more intense. He came and came, and I watched blearily as it dripped down my thighs, mixed with the sudsy water, and drifted away down the drain, leaving us both panting and breathless.

My plans to get some farm work done before the height of my pregnancy all but went out the window; I knew it as soon as I stepped out of the shower, not even bothering with the towel, and



guided him sopping wet back to my bed, pushed him over onto the mattress, and climbed right back onto his ready cock.

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In the brief reprieve of mid-afternoon, I set up some junimo huts to take care of the crops when they were ready to harvest. It surprised me a little when the bull offered his aid without having to be asked, and watching him tote large pieces of lumber and thatching without great effort was a sight to behold. Before nightfall we had all of the huts set up with energy to spare; earlier that day I thought I would complete maybe one or two on my own, but seeing all six fully made with junimo sprites already dancing happily at the thresholds left me grateful.

I knew how I wanted to spend the evening before he even nudged my upper back with his head, horns thudding gently on my shoulder blades. I grinned, hooked his septum ring in one finger, and walked him inside and to my bed. He laid me on my back, pulled off my skirt and pushed my shirt up past my breasts, his large hands bracing the backs of my knees, and thrusting his cock inside me in long, languid strokes.

He pet my belly and kissed my breasts, making love to me until I was entirely spent, yet he kept his stamina. He had me addicted to his touch. To the girth of his cock spreading me open, to his seed being dumped into my womb.

If this was how he made love to me pregnant, I couldn't wait to experience him when it came time to knock me up again. God, I savored my choice in stud. This was mine. This fucking. His body. His cock. It was all mine, and he gave it willingly and readily. He was mine, and he knew it. Reveled in it as much as I did.

It felt like hours before he was finished, and I was an incoherent daze of cum-spattered bliss, thighs plastered with our mixed fluids and flushed with soul-deep satisfaction. He slumped onto his side behind me, bed springs groaning in protest, and spooned his arms snugly around my body. I giggled as he entangled his legs with mine, tail circling my ankle, and kissed my bare shoulder. We fell asleep warm and intertwined.

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By morning, I was most surprised by how well rested I was. I felt boneless, like I'd been given the most incredible massage. And my belly had noticeably grown. The modest pouch from yesterday was today a clear and obvious bulge. I pet it in slow, happy circles, and nestled further into the bull splayed haphazardly across me and my sagging bed frame; he snored like a chainsaw, and was apparently not immune to the effects of morning wood.

Rising from my bed, I stood between his large, muscular legs and ran my fingertips up along the veiny shaft. It twitched as if with a mind of its own, and I watched the bull's face for any sign of disturbance. He was such a good breeding stud; he deserved a reward for taking such good care of me. I kissed all the way down the base of his cock and trailed a long line of kisses up the shaft, feeling it pulse beneath my hands. Licking the tip, I stroked one hand down the length and tweaked the flare of his head with the other. The bull groaned, chest rising and arms shifting sluggishly with the first sign of rousing.

I licked the head again, and this time could not help myself but to wrap my lips around the head and suck him into my mouth. He made a noise, incoherent, but was fully awake in seconds as I bobbed my head in slow, shallow motions, stroking his cock in both my hands

He grunted in mixed shock and delight, letting out a deep sound that almost sounded like "fuck." His hips shuddered as he fought not to thrust into my mouth.

What a good boy, I thought, tonguing his cock and slurping up the wide head greedily.

He didn't last long. Perhaps it was the fact of how early it was, how unprepared he was for sloppy morning head, but either way my bull arched his head back, horns snagging and ripping in the tangle of sheets, and arched his hips into my hands. His balls visibly clenched, and my mouth flooded with thick, musky cum. I had to break off so as not to drown in it, and watched almost mesmerized as it gushed like a fountain onto my hands and across his lower belly and the bed. I stroked his cock to keep it going as best I could, reveling in the warm, sticky heat of it pouring over my skin, landing in my hair and across my face. I lapped it from his shaft when he finally finished, licking his meaty cock like it was made of candy.

He grabbed me before I could take any more and tossed me giggling onto my back, my former place still warm at the head of the bed, and mounted me before I even finished bouncing. My stud took both of my legs and pressed my thighs together, rendering my pussy as tight as a vice. He pushed in like a battering ram, heedless of the tight fit he made for himself, and seemed to revel in my fruitless squirming and whines.

He fucked me like a beast, fast and deep. With a cock so big, he had surely wrecked my pussy for any other cock. He humped me like it was his last duty on Earth, and when he came his cock throbbed magnificently and sprayed a thick torrent, like a firehose turned on inside me. He pumped all his cum into me and watched with blazing, steamy eyes as it all poured back out and pooled beneath me, my pregnant belly unable to take it in.

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That was nearly the exact position I found myself in a week later. The final day of my pregnancy found us both bedridden, myself from the strain and him from a total unwillingness to leave my side.

My belly positively writhed with life. It was not an unfamiliar feeling—how many larvae had I birthed up to that point after all?—but this was different. This was *strong*.

I gasped with each kick from within. My baby was strong and lively.

I palmed the globe of my belly in slow circles, a touch that seemed to calm my little one, and laid my head back as its sire rubbed my belly, too. I smiled up at him, and he dipped down to nuzzle my cheek and lavished me in sloppy kisses. I giggled.

He touched me all day, only ever leaving my side when I needed something I could not get on my own. And when he was at my side, he would pet my tummy and palm my thighs and breasts as I rested, kissing on my breasts at his leisure. I sighed contently all the while, combing my fingers through his mane as he lay latched onto one of my nipples, drinking slowly, licking and caressing before switching to the other. My breasts had swollen considerably, but he fit his large bovine muzzle against their supple flesh to suckle like they were made just for him.

He lifted one of my thighs and fit his cock between the lips of my sex, pushing inside me. We fucked deep and slow all that day and night. He made love to my over gravid body. Laid me on my side so the weight of my enormous belly would not encumber my breathing, and fucked me steady all night long, moaning and sighing along with me. He never got rough. Never went for the home run. Just kept the steady rock and roll of his hips, kissing and palming my breasts, rubbing circles around my clit until I was a thoroughly orgasmed mess. I lost count of how many times he made me cum, but no matter how many times he spent his load inside me he never let up. What breaks he did take were full of amorous touches and lusty kisses; he drank hungrily from my breasts and circled my clit until I quivered, then he would mount me again and fuck me slow and deep, tracing the seat of his cock where it stretched my pussy to gaping.

The first pains hit early that morning. He unseated himself as soon as I began to push against him, immediately helping me into a different position. His clear knowledge of what to do was reassuring, almost endearing; this was not his first rodeo. He was no first-time dad.

The contractions were not easy. Not the wriggly pop-and-glide of my many larval clutches. This was not some cluster of fleshy grubs. I pushed and pushed until I sobbed with tears streaming down my face. All the while he pet and kissed me, nuzzling into the side of my head, holding my hand as I squeezed almost brutally.

It took hours. He brought me water whenever I had a moment of reprieve, but as soon as the contractions began again he went immediately back into the saddle.

It was midday before I felt it crowning. My bed was soaked in sweat. Every atom of my being trembled and ached. I cried. I sobbed. I wailed. I dug at the sheets until the fabric ripped in my hands.

I screamed, pushing with all I had, and over the red throbbing between my ears a softer, shriller cry pulled me out of my haze. I looked, and in his arms a tiny, glistening red bundle. My heart stammered with a pang of longing; I reached for them, but only for an instant when the contractions speared through me again and I cried out.

Twins! My god, it was twins!

I sobbed and ached, but the second one came easier than the first, and when my mate rose next from the foot of my bed both his arms were burdened with two small red bundles, tiny arms reaching out for anything and everything. They wailed inconsolably in his arms, his bovine face utterly enraptured, and when he came to my side I did not hesitate despite my shaking arms.

I took one, then the second, and my heart soared at how beautiful they were. Two perfect newborn baby minotaurs, two boys each the spitting image of their father. He cleaned us all with some warm, wet towels already prepared for that purpose. Tiny human hands scrabbled at my bare breasts until they each found their purchase and began to nurse, making soft, wet snorts from round, bovine noses and tiny shocks of course black hair. Their ears were still folded down and soft, their tails taking their first couple flicks as they drank their first meals.

I smiled as I cried.

I looked up at their sire, and if a gigantic, handsome beast could glow, he was shining as radiantly as a morning sun.

He crouched down when I beckoned and nuzzled my face, lavishing me with tender, loving kisses. I kissed him back, and his dark eyes shone full of happiness and pride.

“I want more someday,” I murmured.

His chest positively swelled, and he bent down and kissed me deeply on the mouth. What a fine stud—he already couldn’t wait to oblige.

## Chapter End Notes

Here by popular demand! I didn't expect so many people to want another birthing

chapter but ask and ye shall receive! Had lots of fun with this one, and I can't wait to get cracking on all those creative suggestions you all submitted for future chapters <3

# Vine Sublime

## Chapter Summary

Merry Christmas, ya filthy animals!

This chapter goes to Cear\_IK who suggested “plant” in an earlier comment and I went absolutely *wild*

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, tentacles/vines, ovi/seedposition, sex-pollen, cum inflation, anal sex, double/multiple penetration, bondage & suspension, breeding fetish, and birthing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Pan wasn't kidding when he referred to the other realms as “hidden.” Things didn't get more hidden than a previously unknown grove of strange trees tucked away behind a false wall of brush in the far corner of an already secret grove in a forbidden forest.

Yet here I was, striding curiously along symmetrical rows of brightly colored trees the likes of which I had never before seen. By their placement, they looked to have been planted intentionally—cultivated, maybe. In two long rows, they formed a corridor of brightly colored pink, yellow, orange, and emerald green despite the season; the shadows formed by the sun made a pathway leading me forward, deeper into the unknown. At the end of the natural corridor was a lush specimen of a different species than the rest. Still brightly colored, instead of a thick canopy of leaves this tree had a multicolored assortment of vines dangling to the ground. I almost thought the vines were of a parasitic variety, but on closer inspection I saw they were actually growing from the tree itself: modified branches which hung to the forest floor from ten feet up all the way to the high canopy.

How unique. I'd never seen a tree like this before. Could it be rare? A new species? It was the only one like itself here, so where had it come from? Surely not the valley, or else I would have seen something like it before. I thought perhaps I should take a sample; Demetrius would have fits if it turned out this really was a new species.

Touching the nearest vine, its substance wasn't rigid like normal plant material; it was pliable, almost rubbery. I squeezed it curiously; a sweet smell hung in the air, but I didn't see any sign of flowers. The bulk of the hanging vines shuddered and swayed with a gentle breeze; odd that I felt no wind, though.

I stepped beyond the vine curtain into the shade the tree provided and immediately felt at peace. Hidden as this place was from the world, it felt universes away from all the turmoil of the outside. I wondered if that could have been the purpose of this grove: to escape the troubles of the world. It seemed fitting.

I laid my hand on the smooth, solid bulk of the tree's trunk. It was smooth all the way around, no cracked or crumbling bark, no sign of visible imperfection, and no fruits or flowers of any kind despite the sweet smell in the air. I wondered how I could take a sample back. A vine cutting, maybe? There mere thought of injuring this lovely specimen just to take a piece back seemed like a crime in itself.

The vines swayed with the hypnotic lilt of a dancing cobra, and I turned and leaned back on the trunk, closing my eyes to take in the peace of it all. Vines rustled in the soft breeze, brushing against my arms and sides. I felt a few brush my knees, my . . . ankles?

I opened my eyes, midway into the first syllables of "What the—?" before I was abruptly seized from all sides. I squeaked and kicked in shock of it all, but upon seeing just how far down the ground abruptly was I grabbed hold of the nearest cluster of vines and gaped when they, too, grabbed onto me.

Vines of a hundred different colors were wrapping me up, winding around me until I was a veritable mummy in their confines. I didn't bother to shout; I was so deep in the unexplored wilderness there was no conceivable chance anyone would hear me.

Fear of my situation rapt me. I was being trapped. Squeezed. Entombed by hundreds of rubbery, mobile vines, and no one would come to my aid. I feared the nebulous possibilities until an insistent rubbing stole my attention. One of the vines—a sunny yellow one—was rubbing itself on a patch of exposed skin on my left underarm. The same spot I had sprayed the lure before leaving home this morning.

Fear was replaced with a giddy kind of anticipation as I realized another vine—minty green in color—was massaging a spot on my leg that also had the lure scent.

"Now you're speaking more my language," I hummed, wiggling just enough to attract more vines into wrapping me up or changing their hold.

I was endlessly curious. The vines—and by extension the tree itself—were mobile. Did that mean it was an animal or still a plant? Did it have muscles? Did it have a mind? Could it hear me? See me? It evidently had some kind of pheromone receptors given its response to the lure, but did it know, for instance, how a human reproductive track worked? And if it did, what was in store for me?

I wondered until I had my answer. A hundred tentacle-like vines slithered along my body, snaking their way beneath the layers of my clothes, pulling and arching and manipulating my limbs until one after the other my clothes were being shed. My shirt fell first, braless, then came my skirt. Unable to slip my panties past my heavy boots, a dark green vine yanked until the fabric tore, and I couldn't even bring myself to be annoyed by the destruction of one of my favorite pairs.

A pair of deep green vines changed their hold to wrap fully around my knees and halfway up my thighs, and no sooner were my legs spread apart did a honey yellow vine slither down from above, arching its sinewy length like a rearing snake. I expected to be violently speared with it, but instead the vines continued to manipulate my limbs until I was beneath it, and from a small slit at the end of the vine a sticky substance dripped directly onto my pussy lips. It was cooler than the air but not cold; I shivered, feeling it leak into my folds, and in seconds I was wet as a dream and my cunt throbbed with a delicious ache. I bit my lower lip as the flush traveled up the rest of me, and all I could think about was getting something inside me and having that "sap" bottled to take home.

A sky blue vine slithered down from alongside the yellow one, curling in a long arch until it was poised between my legs, and speared its blunt head into me without warning or ceremony. I

squawked irreverently. The squelch of the sudden penetration was loud in the quiet grove, and in seconds the peace was driven off by my enthusiastic moans.

Every inch of my body was being rubbed, squeezed, and manipulated. From my wrists to my ankles and everything in-between. I writhed, suspended in the canopy as vines made love to my skin and fucked my pussy like a ravening animal. My eyes rolled back when I came in seconds—an effect of the sap?—walls clenching as I wailed in orgasm, skin flushed from head to toe.

The blue vine twisted and rocked, butting its head at every conceivable angle within me. As suddenly as it entered it went still, and I gaped when its girth thickened abruptly and sprayed a thick, sticky gush inside me, some of it washing up into my uterus.

My limbs shook as it withdrew, and I saw the head was covered in a coating of golden sap. It felt dense inside me, heavy and cool. Like honey. Part of me dreaded the eventual cleanup I would need, but in that moment all I could think of was the slight tingle along my walls as the sap dribbled out of me. I wriggled; the sensation left me ravenous for more. I wanted my cunt spread wide around every vine, desperate to have something—anything—moving inside me.

Another amber colored vine moved into position. I licked my lips and shuddered as it slipped inside, its entry made easy by the slick fluids of the one before, and I closed my eyes and let my body go limp, fully submitting to the intentions of my captor.

It lasted about as long as the first. Pumping its length furiously inside me, driving me to a wailing orgasm, but this time the vines gripping my thighs pulled my hips up and tugged my thighs wide apart, and when the vine “came” it virtually exploded with the same gooey sap. If the last one was just a splash, this time it poured into me like a torrent. Its length bulged as gallons poured into my pussy, flooding my womb as my mouth fell open and rivulets of the same golden slick poured out of me, down my ass and thighs, streaming across my abdomen and all the vines cradling me.

Sap pumped inside me like a hose on full volume. I could do nothing but lie in my confines, mouth agape as my womb was inundated with the flood. It poured into me, filled every inch until my uterus was bloated and overflowing with an amber river. The golden vines hanging around me reared up abruptly and spasmed, and all at once spewed a cloud of yellow powder into the air. It clung to my skin; and I sneezed when I breathe it in, gasping and coughing as it tickled my throat.

Heat bloomed in my chest, travelling down my belly to between my legs. A bleary smile spread across my face, needs spiking to a point of drugged desperation.

My inner walls convulsed as the vine withdrew without stopping and sprayed copious amounts of syrupy goo across my thighs, belly, and chest. No sooner had it pulled out another vine took its place. The orange interloper curled towards my pussy—still dripping obscene amounts of honey—and thrust effortlessly inside. I lay amid a veritable sea of tentacle-like vines, worshipping and being worshipped alike.

My mind fell into a sex-crazed fog that only deepened with each breath I took. My entire being centered between my legs. On the slick stretch of the vines using me, plundering me, owning me. I whimpered, mute in my desperation to be filled. A soul-warming satisfaction came each time a new gush of sap was pumped into my womb, and the brief panic of being vacated was quashed, joyously, once another vine delved inside.

More vines slithered around my body, coating themselves in golden sap and inching their way around and down, shocking me momentarily with the confusion that *that is not my pussy*. But one pushed in regardless, its path made easy by the copious amounts of sap covering its length, and I groaned while the two vines fill me out from the front and from behind. The new invader

plundered deep, questing almost maddeningly deep until orgasm rocked through my limbs. The vine in my pussy spasmed, shooting a geyser into my womb, and my mouth fell open when the vine in my ass did the same. It gushed a river of syrupy fluid deep into my intestines, but its thick girth prevented anything from escaping.

It filled me out. I felt bloated, heavy. I tasted nectar on the back of my tongue, but it could have just been from the airborne pollen. The vine stopped just short of uncomfortable, and while the vine in my cunt withdrew the other did not; instead it began to stroke back and forth inside me in long, tortuously sweet thrusts.

Two vines this time dove into my pussy, and I cried out as I arched my hips eagerly up towards them.

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I lost all knowledge of time. I wouldn't say I ever fully lost consciousness, but at some point it became dark and I couldn't remember how long it'd been so. The head of a magenta vine was between my lips, and I sucked on it with an insatiable hunger. Dazed, I could not recall exactly when I started fellating it. I tongued its thickness, lapping up the mix of spittle and sap leaking from its head until, when I sucked it in deep, the vine spasmed, swelled, and I happily swallowed its delicious nectar.

I broke off with a gasp for sap to spray onto my lips and face, hanging my tongue out as an offering. It dribbled down my neck and off my nose. My hair stuck to my face and neck, skin covered in pollen and various indescribable bits of plant matter and sticky fluid.

My ass and pussy gaped from the endless pounding they received. My arms and legs were limp, no longer with strength enough to even tremble. I should have been in pain, should be aching from the sheer marathon of it all, but I felt incredible. The best I had in weeks. I felt good. I felt whole.

The spiral of vines in my sex spasmed and bulged, cascading a thick rush of fluids into my overstuffed womb as the vine in my ass twisted, rubbing into its counterparts through the meager barrier that separated them inside me. I gasped weakly, having long since lost the strength to moan.

A trio of orange vines curled towards me from different areas of the canopy, and I licked my lips as one, then the other, then the third slithered inside me, spreading me open and driving into my pussy. I was destroyed. Utterly spoiled. I was drunk, drugged, and in a state of absolute sexual devastation, and I never wanted it to stop. A pink vine rose up before my face, and I happily opened my mouth for it to slip inside; I sucked on it like candy, bobbing my head however I could to take it, taste it, fellate it like my favorite cock, and eagerly swallowed its nectar when it came.

I tasted honey and hibiscus. I smelled star fruit and orange blossoms. Everything felt good. My pussy was full, my womb heavy. Using and being used alike. It was bliss.

The orgy never ceased. One orange vine stalled its movements as the other two vigorously thrust around it, lurched forward and buried its blunt head into the gap of my cervix, and like the hundreds of vines before it jetted a thick gush of its jizzm directly into my womb. It gushed and gushed and gushed, and the pink vine dripped gold sap onto my lips and tongue as I whimpered, my womb accepting the new flood without relief.

The vines withdrew, and with them golden sap poured down my thighs until, through hazy eyes, I saw the outline of a far larger shape curling toward me. Fighting past my pollen-induced delirium, I watched a bright, jubilant red vine sway through the air and toward the junction of my legs. Its color was striking, the brightest I'd ever seen: a deeper red than the ripest cherry, richer than any rose. Its tip terminated at a round, bud-like shape; it was big. Amazingly wide around, it was far



larger than any of the other vines, and it moved with an obvious intent.

I knew its purpose even without ever having seen it before; I fought to spread my legs wider and canted my hips up toward it like a depraved dancer. A pair of lime green vines caught my hips and wound tight around my upper thighs, holding me steady at the same time ensuring my pussy was wide open for its new recipient. I may as well have had a target painted between my legs.

It found its mark and bulled inside me, forcing my cunt to stretch around its uncompromising width. I wailed, limp and trembling as it spread me open, penetrating me to the very top of my pussy, and without a second wasted reared back and speared into me again. The world went white. I heard rushing in my ears—the sound of my own heartbeat, and the noisy squelch of the vine having its utter way with me. The universe quaked inside my skin.

I came undone. My womb bounced, heavy with potent, druggy nectar. Another vine slid into my open mouth, and the vine in my ass continued its ceaseless pounding. I swallowed greedily, lapped nectar off the vine's head, and sobbed in wordless bliss as more sap rushed to fill my stomach and intestines. The world spun and turned. The vines manipulated me, flipped me until I was completely vertical—dangling upside-down. Blood rushed into my head. Sounds of the world were dulled, yet the sensations from the behemoth abusing my pussy became all the more heightened. My mouth hung open; I could no longer moan, only grunt and mentally sob pleas for moremoremoreyesmore—

The vine's bulbous head thrust into my pussy like a battering ram. Over and over it kissed my cervix, jostling my burdened womb. I moaned silently. Without warning, the vine thrust deeply, and when it kissed my cervix this time it pushed, and my eyes rolled back as my body gave willingly, and the head of the vine penetrated my womb. I lifted my head in slow, jerky movements and looked at my belly hanging above me, paunched and gilded with pollen, and felt every obscene detail of the bud-shaped head "blooming" just on the other side of my cervix, spreading open like tulip petals that anchored it just inside my womb.

The pink vine popped out of my mouth with an audible wet suction, and all I could manage was a soft whimper at its loss.

With hungry eyes, I watched shapes travel its ruby length. Dense, rounded shapes distorted the thick red trunk as they descended. The first shape reached my sex and pushed immediately through and in, momentarily stunning me from the shock of the stretch. But it didn't slow or stop. It pushed deeper, and when it reached my cervix the vine spasmed, undulated, and with a spray of fluid deposited the shape inside. Not an egg, but a seed. Small, round, and solid, it sank to the floor of my womb where it sat potently in my fertile cradle.

More swiftly followed. One after another after another. The vine rolled within me as it deposited seed clusters into me, filling me out, each seed coated in a thin, slimy film that eased its passing. My arms hung below me, legs spread out at either side. I could do nothing but breathe shakily and whimper my gratitude. My abdomen grew and grew as its burden swelled; I sobbed in ecstasy. More and more seeds were pushed into me until my belly was gravid, skin stretched tight over its cargo like a purse overburdened with treasure.

When the final clusters were given over, the vine clenched visibly and I felt the wet, slimy squelch stuffing my womb to its furthest capacity; I keened softly, one leg twitching at the effort. The vine slowly withdrew, twisting its length as it went sending skittering pleasure down my overwrought nerves, and the moment it was free of my gaping pussy I grunted meekly, because another two vines slithered inside and the one in my ass pulsed with another slippery gush of nectar.

I tasted honey and ecstasy. In this grove, all I knew was heaven.

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I awoke at the base of the tree sticky and covered in flower petals. Like a ludicrous amount of flower petals piled like snow on top of and around me. I giggled at the sweet offering, taking a moment to stroke my gravid belly, and noticed a lone, minty green vine still lodged in my pussy like an umbilical, not moving but not pulling out. I stroked it and it quivered, feasting my eyes on the smooth, rubbery length when it bulged outward, jettisoned one final rope of sweet plant cum into my happy womb, popped out of its own accord, and retracted up into the canopy, its retreat marked by a slow dripping of gold sap.

I put my clothes on over the mess, marked the location of the grove on my mental map of the region, and shuffled my way to my horse and back home.

I didn't waste any time. As exhausted as I was, instead of going right to a shower and bed I went into my greenhouse, found as comfortable a spot as I could manage, and laid back on my elbows with my legs braced up and apart. I pushed, and almost immediately a stream of shiny gold nectar poured out of me. Amid the rush, the first few seed clusters came free, and my head fell back with a breathy moan as they popped out of my womb and slid down and out of my stretched pussy in a shimmering gold pile.

I kept on pushing, shifting when one position became too uncomfortable, and before long I was on my knees bent half over a trough of water to splash cool water over my neck and brow and moaned in mixed pleasure and discomfort as the last grouping of seeds slid down and out of me.

After catching my breath, I inspected my treasures. They were smaller than I thought, each maybe the size of a golf ball, near perfectly round, and every one was a different and strikingly bright color. All were clustered in a neat, shiny pile between my legs, and at the very top sat a vibrant, ruby red seed, glossy and polished looking. I took it from the pile, got up on shaky legs, and planted it a few inches deep in the clean soil of a planter in the corner of my greenhouse.

## Chapter End Notes

Hands up for the *real* Giving Tree

# Thoroughlybred

## Chapter Summary

A short but sweet one. There were lots of requests for the MC fucking/getting fucked by her horse and I couldn't resist a little co-op. Who doesn't love a good cucking? ;)

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, impregnation, oral sex, and consensual breeding slave.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re sure you don’t mind helping me?” I asked.

The minotaur shook his head that he did not. I took my horse’s reins from his hand as he pulled the barn door closed behind him, neither of us doing well to conceal our collective glee.

I had to admit, when I asked for help on this escapade I did not expect him to agree so readily. I figured he would be huffy and reluctant—the prospect of not only having to share the mother of his children but having to sit by and watch as an animal took its turn on her was not likely to be a welcome one. Imagine my surprise when he not only agreed without issue but seemed eager to get the matter underway.

Soaking up the view, my stud watched me undress while brushing my horse’s side. The stallion was restless, nickering as he scented the air. The lure did not have the same effect on common animals as it did on monsters, but I took note of what effects it did have once or twice on my horse when returning from romps in the deep woods or mine. Like now, his cock hung between his back legs, heavy with arousal and thick around as a strong man’s arm.

I could not resist inspecting it, and the stallion did not seem to mind at all. Petting his cock, I found it impossible to grasp fully around its girth with a single hand. My thighs ached at the mere prospect of what I was about to try.

I was horny, but I was not an idiot. I wasn’t about to try getting fucked by my own horse without a little backup. A horse does not know to stop when you say uncle.

“Ready?” I asked.

The minotaur nodded. When he took the reins back, the stallion offered some stubborn resistance but ultimately gave in to being led around and into position. As my stud(s) jockeyed about, I climbed into position on my prototype: a glorified cushion slung over a ramp of haybales, and above me a large padded platform for the stallion to safely mount.

I settled in, lying on my back and craning my head around the bulky platform to see behind it.

More brute strength than finesse was needed to maneuver the stallion into place, but once he caught wind of the pheromone and bumped the suspiciously mare-shaped platform, his instincts did the rest.

He mounted the platform with his upper body, and for a second I was more concerned by where his hooves were than his cock, but with some careful adjustments and more spotting from the minotaur I slid down another few inches, lifted and spread my legs up high on either side of me, and took the stallion's burgeoning rod in my hands. The muscles on it were more than I anticipated, and at his first buck he knocked himself clean out of my grasp. The minotaur steadied his haunch and provided a hand of his own to help me steady the enormous cock, and my heart was racing with anticipation the instant hot, solid flesh was butting up against my cunt.

The stallion's cock was enormous. Up against my pussy, the thought came in a stark white moment of clarity that maybe this wasn't the best idea—I could be injured—but then I remembered my blessing. Pan's Blessing. The blessing of a god to be the perfect breeder, and goddammit I was going to be fucked by this stallion and I was going to *love it*.

I pressed the head of the stallion's cock down, slipping the blunt flesh between my slick lips, and with a blinding pink snap the horse bucked his back legs forward, and half the cock was immediately buried in my pussy without pause—or remorse. I didn't know if I cried out or not. I imagine I did given the irreverent sting and concerned look my minotaur lover was giving me when I realized I must have blacked out for a couple seconds, and I groaned in disappointment that he'd backed the stallion up so his cock was no longer inside me.

I whined, "Put it back. It was *so good*."

The devilish bull smirked, sufficiently reassured, and this time took the horse's cock in his own hand, maneuvered him back into place, and watched with dark, hungry eyes as the stallion thrust sharply forward, impaling me on his arm-sized dick. I did cry out that time, head and eyes thrown back as much from the incredible *stretch* as from the complete lack of mercy in the stallion's hips. He was an animal, a beast, and as such had no concept of restraint; he knew only that the mare was in heat, primed for breeding, and cock was inside her. He was to breed her, and I was all too happy to receive him.

His cock was more than an organ—it was a limb all its own. Muscle and sinewy, all of it pulsating, bulging, thrusting, pounding, maneuvering inside me. I went limp beneath the merciless pounding, legs splayed apart and arms trembling at either side of me. With each strong thrust of his hips, his member hilted within me, pushing me several inches up my cushion only for me to slide down when he withdrew and be pushed up again on the very next plunge. Over and over. Again and again.

My ears rang. My vision blurred. My breasts bounced. My tummy bulged with the sheer amount of cock meat filling it out.

I could not stop smiling.

The stallion's boisterous cry was my only inkling of what was coming when it happened. My stud lurched forward, burying his cock in his tight, ready mare, and came heavily for her. I clenched my jaw and grabbed my stomach, crying out in shock at the gushing sensation pouring into me. Nothing had cum this powerfully before. Like gallons being dumped inside me all at once. The stallion's cock throbbed hard, sending gush after gush of thick, hot cum pouring into my womb.

My belly was bloated in seconds. Three enormous bursts of spunk was all it took to push my belly out, making me look pregnant. The stallion started to withdraw, and I whimpered at the resistance

he met. The blunt head of his cock had flared out to near monstrous proportions, and the giant bulge of flesh all but ruined me on its way out. I dreaded the thought of his cum spilling out, but my minotaur was ready.

The instant the stallion's cock flopped free of my abused sex, my stud pushed a plug swiftly into place. It entered with ease, and I nearly sobbed with relief—from the incredible fucking and from getting to keep all that perfect cum inside.

The stallion backed off his makeshift mare and bent his head down to inspect his handiwork. Satisfied, he wandered off to nibble on some hay, and I laid there slumped in a limp, sweaty heap. The minotaur remained at my side, mixed content and arousal on his bovine features as he stroked one of my thighs and petted my poor abused pussy with the other, idly circling the base of the plug with one of his fingers.

I could not help grinning up at him.

“Something on your mind?” I asked despite how winded I was.

He looked at me, and I saw in his dark eyes a sparkle of lust. I noticed then the erection he was nursing while petting my well-fucked body, circling and rubbing it with his palms; he gave my belly a mischievous pat just to emphasize the sound. I giggled even as I licked my lips at the sight of his cock, wishing I could have him filling me with his seed, too, but my hunger would have to be sated another way.

I beckoned him with the crook of my finger, and he approached swiftly.

“Let me see that beautiful cock, my love,” I told him.

He stood at a near perfect waist-height to me, only having to angle his hips down a little and brace his hands on the haybales around my head. I took his member like a gift, licked and mouthed at the head, and could not resist sucking him deeply into my lips.

My studs were so good to me. The father of my two beautiful calves, and soon I would have a foal to add to our ever-growing and wonderful family. As I sucked him to the very back of my throat, his thick fingers pawing at my aching clit and tasting the musky dribbles of his precum on my tongue, I could not help but wonder what other creatures, monsters, or entities were out there in the world. What other beasts that would lie with me, claim my body as I claimed their seed, and make me a mother to their legacies.

## Chapter End Notes

Sadly no centaur baby, just a regular but very confused foal. Centaurs are a whole other beastly who deserve a slot all their own ;)

# The Call of The Deep

## Chapter Summary

Your requests have been heard, and rest assured you sweet lot can look forward to having your deepest desires *filled* in due time. Still taking requests/ideas. Will always be taking requests/ideas. I love your guys' minds. Keep the suggestions coming, I'm all too happy to please

## Chapter Notes

### **Content Warning:**

This chapter contains: tentacles, Lovecraftian-style Old God fuck-trains, magical deal-making, breeder fetish, cum-inflation, a ridiculous amount of oviposition, birthing, lactation kink, and monstrous-monster-weird Lovecraft beastly babies.

I slumped to the cave floor with a breathy huff, prepared to do nothing more than lie there nursing my berry snacks and a bottle of water. Explorations deeper into the mine's many caves were becoming longer and more taxing; hence, once I was confident nothing would attack me, I began forgoing clothing as a means of keeping my carrying weight down. Plus, clothes tended to get in the way of what I was really after.

Today's trek started in the early morning. According to my watch, it was nearing late evening. I stopped counting the number of levels I'd descended after twenty, and once I found this hole in the wall, all I wanted was a dim, cool, quiet place to rest and catch my breath.

The cave had started as a hole maybe three feet in diameter in a non-descript corner of the mine, and past the entrance a tunnel of maybe fifteen feet terminated in the moderately sized open space that was now my little haven. I placed my things on the floor, mindful not to let anything spill out and into one of the many small holes in the floor, and lied back to relax and catch my breath.

The room was cool compared to the unbearable heat of the level outside. I wasn't far from the lava lakes, so I was happy to take any environment even remotely below boiling.

As I rested, I occupied myself with counting the holes in the walls, mindlessly assigning patterns to their placements. They wound their way up from the floor in a chaotic dispersment of circular darkness and continued across the ceiling; there was one whole in the very center of the ceiling, too. There did not seem to be any wear marks around the edges of these holes, though, and that reassured me they were not being used by anything of the crawling variety.

Closing my eyes, I folded both arms beneath my head and was fully content to enjoy a nap before making my way home.

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I stirred awake at the sensation of some unknown structure encircling my lower leg. I blinked blearily awake, looking by the light of my ring to see a great, black tentacle coiling around me,

another enveloping my other ankle. Both originated from separate holes on either side of me.

I gasped, instinctually lurching and attempting to scramble away; both tentacles reacted quickly and seized hold of my legs. In seconds I was being dragged down to the very bottom of the cave's slope.

More tentacles shot out of the holes, taking hold of my wrists next, then both ankles, arms, my waist, and up around my neck. I was lifted entirely off the floor, suspended midair to face the far back of the cave. Cracks split across the wall, cracking open fissures that connected the holes like the branching paths of spider webs, and within ten seconds from being grabbed the stone was crumbling away, revealing concentrated blackness beyond.

I watched, eyes and mouth agape, unsure of what I was even witnessing.

A tentacle curled around my hand, covering the glow of my ring and removing it. Without the connection to my hand, the glow flickered and winked out, but when I expected total darkness to follow an eerie green glow began to shine all around me. The tentacles were splitting open in small areas, opening like squinted eyes to show pulsating orbs of soft green light.

The walls continued to crumble, and more spots of bright green continued to light up the entity belonging to them, rising higher and higher until the stone had all fallen away revealing the façade of an entity that took up the entire space where the wall had just been. A seam in the center of the blackness split open, and a deep, violet hue spilled out, shining down upon me. A glistening black disc rolled forward from the back and constricted to a vertical sliver. It was an eye. A gigantic eye more than a dozen feet across, and it was staring right back at me.

I could only gape, heart pounding.

What . . . what on Earth was I looking at?

**. . . You . . . Are . . . Pan's . . .**

It was a voice that was not a voice. I heard it in my head yet it resonated with the deep, bellowing tone of a gigantic bell struck by a rubber mallet. It vibrated in my ears yet I heard no sound. My skin prickled from a vibration that did not exist. It was unfathomable. There was no noise, yet I felt it permeating me and every molecule of stone around me like the rumble of thunder. Like a volcano.

"I—I'm not anyone's. He just . . . we made a deal," I quivered. My voice shook. I was afraid, but I wanted desperately not to show it.

The eye scrunched just slightly at the bottom, like a face does when the wearer smiles.

**. . . He . . . Does . . . Not . . . Deal . . . With just . . . Anyone. . .**

"What . . . what are you?" I could barely think of anything at all. I was so in awe. What the heck was I even looking at? An eye? A face?

A creature?

**. . . I . . . Have . . . No . . . Name. . .**

**. . . I . . . Am . . . The . . . Deep One. . .**

Maybe a god?

“And what do you want with me?”

It seemed like the smartest thing to ask. It (he?) wasn't hurting me, after all. But he definitely wasn't letting me go. As soon as I asked it, I wasn't sure I wanted the answer. Maybe Pan's blessing didn't extend to other *gods*. And this definitely did not feel like some ordinary earthly creature.

**... You ... Are ... The One ... That ... Is ... Rebuilding ... This ... World. ...**

**... I ... Want ... You ... To ... Help Me ... Rebuild ... Mine. ...**

“You . . . want me to have your babies,” I clarified. Most monsters seemed to want that from me. It made sense. More often than not, I wanted that too, and I seemed to be the only human with that ability.

**... Yes. ...**

“I already made that deal with Pan; I'm rebuilding *his* world. What will you give me for rebuilding yours?”

The eye shuttered slowly; the lid was so big and the eye so broad it took several seconds just to complete a single blink. He seemed to take a moment to consider.

**... Pan ... Gave ... You ... Fertility ... Safety. ...**

**... I ... Will Give ... You ... Subservience. ...**

That sounded like an odd deal. But I wasn't ready to buy it.

“Subservience from who? You?” I asked.

**... From ... All. ...**

“I don't want that.”

That seemed to confuse him. He blinked again. It took a moment before he formulated a reply.

**... You ... Do ... Not. ...**

“No. I don't want anyone to be subservient to me, and you didn't specify who the subservient one would be. I certainly don't want to be subservient to anyone else,” I stated firmly, gathering up some steam to fuel the tiniest bit of gall. “I do what I do because I enjoy it, not because I feel obligated. I refuse to put any being in a position where they will feel forced to please me, and frankly I'm a little offended that you would suggest that's something I should want.”

Now he seemed utterly confounded. The eye blinked and fluttered, its pupil twisting in what seemed like every direction at once. Clearly he did not expect to be refused, much less so completely. The pupil stopped abruptly and zeroed in on me again, its slit dilating when it came into sharp focus.

**... Then ... What ... Would ... You ... Want ... ?**

Luckily, I did have something in mind.

“You said it yourself. Pan gave me fertility, and safe passage through the hidden world; I can mate



with any being I choose, but I'm still restricted by the limits of my own body," I explained. "Is it . . . possible that I can expand those limits? To have a way I can carry more?"

**... You ... Wish ... To ... Make More. ...**

"Yes. Safely, of course. In a way that would not compromise the health or safety of me or my babies'."

The eye puckered from beneath, smiling again.

**... I ... Can ... Give ... You ... That. ...**

I smiled. Leaning back in his hold, I shifted and wiggled until my legs were spread apart before him, baring my naked body.

"Then give it to me, Deep One. My womb is ready for your addition," I said.

He did not waste a second. With my body still thoroughly entrenched in his many tentacles, he altered his grip to raise me higher, like lifting an offering before an altar. He pulled my thighs apart, and I watched an independent tentacle coil its way down from the ceiling, swaying like a cobra as it lowered down towards the junction of my thighs, and opened wide like a mouth, covering my lower body from my ass to my pelvis. A dozen more tentacles spewed forth from his inner darkness and wrapped around my thighs, ass, and waist, and the instant I was enveloped something long and slimy slithered out from the mouth, curled between my pussy lips, and swiftly penetrated me.

My head rocked back with a cry of startled pleasure. I hadn't quite been prepared, but the slickness of this tentacle guided its own way painlessly, and in an instant it had slithered up inside my womb. I trembled as it lapped within me like a tongue. Cool and wet, it delved along every inch within me, slathering my slick walls with its own secretions until I felt my insides tingle. Above me, I watched as an eerie purple glow swelled within the tentacle's length, and the next instant the tongue bulged inside me and a flood of thick, gooey heat jetted out from its tip and into my womb. I cried out, sobbing with the unexpected pleasure of it.

I never quite came, but the delight of being filled so thoroughly was undeniable. His hold on my arms loosened, and I slipped my hands free to caress circles around my taut belly. I now sported a modest paunch, just admiring the sensation and how it looked. I loved the way I looked—full and freshly pregnant.

"God, yes, just like that," I panted. "Fill me. I want *more*."

**... So ... You ... Shall ... Have ... More. ...**

**... Much ... More. ...**

The tentacle swelled again, and another gush of slick pumped into me. My belly lurched with the sudden addition, drawing a strangled gasp out of me. My womb blossomed outward, growing with the new weight of all the fluids pouring inside, yet despite the growing weight and pressure I never felt the strain of it. My belly grew and grew, yet I never stopped receiving, and none leaked out. Soon my stomach was so engorged, I looked in the stages of an advanced pregnancy, skin stretched thin enough I saw a faint purple glow emanating from within me.

My gravid belly glowed.

I gazed needily up at my provider. My limbs trembled. My cunt throbbed with a potent need.

**... Will ... You ... Bear ... My Offspring ... Mother of Monsters. ...**

“Yes. Yes, please, Deep One. I want to have your babies. . . . Please, please show me how many I can have. I want to have them all,” I pleaded. “All of them. All that you can give me.”

**... So ... You ... Shall. ...**

The tentacles binding my legs tugged gently, raising my lower body as more tentacles coiled beneath me, supporting me at a raised angle and allowing me to watch as the tentacle anchored in my womb pulsed and undulated. Its movements jostled the length inside me, and I moaned. The pulsations grew stronger and more frequent, and I felt a hunger as if from within my very core. I wanted. I needed.

The tentacle undulated, stirring the contents of my womb until I saw the series of orbs descending its length, gliding their way down within the tentacle towards me. My body lurched with anticipation.

I begged incoherently. My body was already so heavy, but I wanted what he had to give me.

The first orb met the tight ring of my entrance, already stretched around the girth speared all the way to my womb, and with the barest of pushes it popped inside. My eyes rolled back, mouth hanging open as the bulge slid smoothly into me and squeezed past the taut gate of my cervix. The tongue of the tentacle curled, pressing its nose to the front wall of my womb, and pushed its passenger out and inside. It curled downward and pushed the egg into place against the soft floor of my womb. I squeaked, startled by a sensation like being pinched the instant the orb made contact with my flesh.

“Wh-what was that? Why did it—?” I began to ask.

The Deep One replied before I could even finish asking.

**... My ... Offspring ... Require ... Nourishment. ...**

**... They ... Are ... Implanting. ...**

I groaned. This was new, but that was okay; I liked new.

The next orb squeezed its way up into my cunt, and I whimpered as it popped through into my belly and pinched when it, too, rooted itself to the inner wall of my womb right alongside the first. The green glow of the Deep One’s enormous eye shined down on me as it went on. Green and purple lights flashed behind my eyes as I laid limp within his grasp, twitching occasionally each time a new egg pressed into my womb, found purchase along my inner walls, and attached itself with a tiny pinch. One after the other after the other, I watched with dim, greedy eyes as his tentacle fed orb after orb inside me.

My belly swelled. I was heavy. So heavy. So full. I did my best to keep count.

Ten. . . . Eleven. . . .

He showed no sign of stopping. My body twitched sporadically with each new implantation. My hips would stutter. My thighs twitch wider apart. I held my gravid belly, petting in slow circles as I could the dimly glowing orbs each time it squeezed through and up the length of my pussy, stretching oh so sweetly as it went.

Fifteen. . . . Sixteen. . . .

I panted, tongue lolling and brow wet with sweat. The eggs were not small, yet no matter how many The Deep One pressed into me he never stopped giving, and I seemed to never run out of space for them.

“So—so many,” I whispered breathlessly.

**. . . Do . . . You . . . Wish . . . Me . . . to . . . Stop . . . ?**

I tipped my head back, groaning as my thoughts went blurry on the number twenty-two. “No, don’t stop. . . . I want them all. All of your babies. . . .”

**. . . I . . . Have . . . Many . . . To . . . Give. . . .**

“Keep giving. . . . Oh, please, don’t stop. . . .”

My mind blanked. Numbers squeezed past twenty-two, and I felt a shudder go through the tentacles supporting me. The tongue lapped rhythmically within my pussy, coiling as it pushed more treasures into the warm, fertile safety of my cradle. Streeetch, slide, push, pinch. More eggs. More babies. My body felt incredible.

Thirty-one. . . . Thirty-two. . . .

A stretching glide inward. A tight squeeze inside. Pinch. Heavy. Full. But never *too* full. My legs trembled. I rubbed my belly unconsciously as my every wish was granted with each new addition. I never orgasmed, but I never felt the need to. This was exactly what I wanted, what I needed. My womb was taut and swollen, as pregnant as it had ever been, yet I knew there was more inside me than my body was showing. He kept giving, pushing and implanting his eggs, yet now my body reached a point where the change was no longer visible.

My belly had grown, yet even as he continued sliding egg after egg into my body I didn’t grow any further. I wondered how it could be possible. I thought of Pan’s blessing and his magic. Was this the same magic? Magic that gave me unnatural fertility, the ability to conceive from any creature now gave my womb the ability to carry any sized brood without too immense of a burden?

Forty-four. . . . Forty-five. . . .

It didn’t seem possible, yet I was beyond ecstatic that it was.

“H-how . . . ?” I asked dazedly. My ears rang. My arms hung down at my sides now, too weak to hold themselves up.

**. . . You . . . Could . . . Have . . . Many. . . .**

**. . . Now . . . You . . . Will . . . Have . . . All. . . .**

All. All that could be given to me. No matter how much my mates had to give me, no matter how ludicrous the amount, and I would be able to take it all. Their cum. Their eggs. Their babies. I could take it all. God, I thought about breeding literal armies. Swarms breeding with me. Endless. Cock after cock. A hundred ovipositors. A thousand eggs. No matter how big. No matter how many.

“Yes . . . please. . . .”

I could manage no other sounds. No more coherent word or thought.

The tentacle bulged with a limitless row of eggs emerging from The Deep One's body, gliding steadily down the length, squeezing into me. Disappearing into my womb, taking root, beginning to grow. To be nourished. Exactly where they belonged.

Fifty-seven. . . . Fifty-eight. . . .

I never stopped smiling.

---

I don't recall how I got back to the farm. Whether I walked under my own volition, crawled on hands and knees with my belly dragging, or if I was spirited back to my own bed with the same magic that made carrying a veritable army of Old God embryos possible, I may never know. But I was okay with that. I had what I wanted, and I had *a lot*.

My minotaur stud cared for me loyally. I could tell by his demeanor that he was curious, petting my wondrously pregnant belly with strong but careful hands when he helped me bathe. I didn't know how to explain what The Deep One was, but the mystery over who (or what) impregnated me would be answered when the young were ready to be born.

It took longer than I expected, but then Old Godlings will do as Old Godlings do. It took weeks. It was taxing. I did not know exactly how many The Deep One had to give me, but he gave me all there was to give. Truly, I lost count after the sixty-four mark, and I knew things carried on far past that before I was returned home. I looked pregnant, heavily and obviously so, but the exact extent of which went far beyond what my body showed. How the magic worked I may never know; I looked like I could be pregnant with little more than a dozen eggs, yet I was positive the number went beyond eighty. Maybe even one-hundred.

During the day, there was no difference between this and any other pregnancy. My stud fawned over my belly as if the lives within were his own children; even Chitterbug and the other flies sniffed with their antennae and crawled curiously over my enormous belly. Maybe they detected the change; maybe they knew I was carrying a number beyond comprehension, and they wanted a chance to do the same. By night—it was impossible not to notice—the tight skin of my belly radiated a faint but unmistakable purple glow. Not evenly across but in small spots. Like small glowing orbs, hundreds of them all radiating at once.

It was late night when the time came. The glow had grown so bright I didn't need a light to navigate my farmhouse in the dark. In the wee hours of morning when the darkness was thickest, a stirring in my womb drew me from sleep. I knew instinctively even if this feeling was not entirely like all the times I'd given birth before. The shuddering from inside my body was impossible to ignore, and I pulled my pillows in around myself and spread my legs as I began to push.

A feeling I could only describe as a disconnection occurred. Like a cascade. My gravid belly stirred with visible movement within, and I grunted and groaned and cried as the contractions began. I pushed. Things within me moved. The first organism shifted into the right position, and as I pushed it out of my womb it seemed to move with a volition of its own. It was big. Bigger than the eggs, than the tentacle-tongue that implanted them. I tipped my head back as my toes curled and every muscle in my body clenched.

What I birthed was egg-shaped, but it was no egg. The exterior was leathery with a seam that coiled around it in the same shape as stitches on a baseball, a green so dark it appeared black, and spaced evenly over all its surface were many rounded orbs emanating a deep purple glow. Seconds after birth, it stirred with a motion of its own; the glowing orbs spun around until a black circle emerged

from beneath (eyes!), and the seam uncoiled into a pair of small, leathery bat wings. Four mouth-like structures opened along its sides, letting out a chattering hiss, and the newborn took flight.

My attention was swiftly torn away when a new contraction rocked through my body; I cried out as another Godling descended, ready to be born. The same thing happened. The object emerged, glowing with a pulsating, eerie purple light. Eyes focused, wings unfurled, mouths hissed, and it fluttered into the air with its sibling, shiny and wet with birthing fluids. Another was born, then another, and by the time the first eight were born my body went on autopilot. I continued to give birth to these bizarre creatures, and as more took to the air they flew in clumsy circles about the room, filling the air with the flapping wings and chattering hisses.

It took hours. My bedroom was lit by the violet glow of their thousands of eyes and hissing sharp-toothed mouths. Some were still wet as they fluttered about, and when my pussy stretched around the bulky body of my thirty-ninth baby, two fluttering shapes lighted on the pillows beside me, took hold of one breast each with a tiny claw on either wing, and began to suckle. More surrounded my bed to follow suit, hissing and squabbling at each other until they had their turn, nursing hungrily from my breasts as I groaned incoherently, my body arching as contraction after contraction pushed more Godlings out into the world.

Hours were spent in their violet glow. My strength was spent, yet my body continued doing what it needed, never stopping or slowing its pace. More and more were born. My mind blanked, yet I clung desperately to each new number.

Fifty-seven. . . .

I gingerly stroked the top of one creature lapping hungrily at my perked, wet nipple. It latched on, suckling ravenously for its first meal. Tiny teeth razed my tender flesh, and no matter how many drank their fill there always was more to satisfy the next hungry maw. Had The Deep One's magic done this, as well? I could carry and birth endlessly; it only made sense I would also need the ability to feed them all. I smiled, proud and delighted beyond words as these two Godlings fed until they were sated, fluttered off, and the next pair latched on to suckle.

My mouth hung agape, panting and spent with exhaustion. It hurt. It hurt so badly, yet my belly had not shrunk an inch. Still full. Still heavy and immensely pregnant. More continued to be born. More fed and squabbled over who would feed next. My breasts were never unoccupied, my pussy never without a new Godling descending to be born into the world.

Seventy-three. . . .

Those that had their fill took to the air again, their wet, newborn bodies dry by that time, and flew noiselessly out my open bedroom window. As swiftly as they were born, they uncoiled their wings, drank their fill, and flew out into the pitch-black night.

It continued on. More births. More babies. I was delirious. I was in ecstasy. My arms and knees were splayed out at either side of me, too exhausted to do anything more than what my body needed to do.

Ninety-five. . . . Ninety-six. . .

Everything ached. I was so tired. Dozens of mouths nibbled on my tender skin, suckling mercilessly on my tender breasts. They drank and drank and drank. I birthed and birthed and birthed. They chattered and hissed and fluttered.

Ninety-nine. . . . One hundred. . . .

Another Godling slipped out of me while the next was poised at the very top of my womb, already beginning to descend.

My belly was still enormous.

It was incredible.

# Ra-Ra, Ra the King, Lover of the Monster Queen

## Chapter Notes

### **Content Warning:**

Brief violence, wholesome scaly lovemaking, and hints of future polyamory

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

One thing was absolutely certain: I needed to see Ra again. Luckily, I knew exactly where to start.

Without wearing the lure (I did not want a repeat of my last encounter with the mutant flies, at least not this time), I made my way to the subterranean bog, meeting the occasional obstacle in the form of small swarms of aggressive grubs and dive-bombing scout flies. All were easily taken care of, and in just a short while I found myself at the section for shoreline where Ra and I had parted ways when I was strong enough to leave his den.

After undressing, I tested the water cautiously. It didn't feel like water. It felt thicker. Slippery somehow. Like every drop of water came with a half portion of slime or algae. But Ra had promised me before that the water was safe, so after taking a deep breath to settle my nerves, I raised my arms above my head and dove in.

The search was not easy. The water was equal parts murky as it was wet. I had maybe a foot or two of visibility at the surface, so after sucking down another cavernous breath of air I dove even deeper; perhaps the water would be clearer deeper down. Miraculously, I was correct, but the longer I went without finding the entrance to his lair the more futile the search felt. Where had it even been? I wasn't exactly paying attention to that detail when we said our goodbyes.

Movement down below caught my attention. A long, undulating shadow. Could it be Ra? It had to be—what else could make a shape like that?

I swam down closer towards it, but as the shape came into focus, I noticed the form was far too thin and long to be him. I waved my hands to stop, but the thrashing motion drew its attention, and with a shock of unadulterated panic I realized I had been swimming towards a gargantuan snake. A snake which was now swimming right for me—fast.

FUCK

THIS

I bolted for the surface, breaching the water with a sharp gasp and swam for shore with everything I had. My feet just made contact in the shallows when I made the mistake of looking back. A wake of churning water was barreling toward me, the snake's enormous coiling body splashing up murky froth behind it.

It was too fast. I wasn't going to get away from it; all my weapons were on the shore!

A column of white water erupted from the surface, and the snake came flailing through the haze locked in the jaws of an even larger, more ferocious creature. I took my chance and hurled myself to the bank and out of reach just in time to watch the chaos unfold.

The fight was as savage as it was brief, and when it was done the head and two feet of the gigantic serpent's neck hung from the maw of its killer, the murky waters stained red with carnage.

The eyes of the hulk turned on me, and the nictitating membrane slid back revealing a pair of rich, chocolate colored eyes. The croconoid blinked and took the neck down from between his jaws.

"*Cama-nii?*" He was in disbelief.

The fear vanished in a cloud of mist as a smile split across my lips.

"Ra!" I exclaimed.

Scrambling to my feet, I shut the space between us with a quick dash and leapt the last of the way. He didn't miss a beat. Dropping the carcass, Ra caught me in both strong arms and we fell laughing with a cacophonous splash into the water.

---

"Pan *and* The Deep One?" Ra asked, sounding astounded.

"Yes. They each gave me a gift to help me—to make it easier."

Ra nodded. I told him everything while he cooked the snake over his small fire pit. It cast a soft, warm glow across the walls and mossy floor around us, making the shadows of the vines dance in every corner.

"I have never known such entities to work cooperatively. They must all believe what you are doing is for the betterment of our world," he said. "I agree with them."

"I almost feel guilty for how gratifying it is. My partners can be so—enthusiastic."

"Never. Never feel guilty for what you do," Ra insisted, suddenly quite serious. "You are rebuilding my world, *cama-nii*. Even my gods are indebted to you."

I blushed and nodded, unsure what I could even say to that.

The meat was soon finished cooking. He took a knife and removed a swath of pinkish flesh and gave it to me on a broad flatleaf. I'd never eaten snake before; it tasted good. There was some taste of the water it came from, but not in a bad way. Ra added some sort of spices early on, but I couldn't tell what they added and what was already from the meat itself.

As wonderful as it was to be with Ra again—his den was so easy to feel at-home in, warm and safe and lived-in—I had something important I wanted to discuss. Just . . . how to word it?

I lowered my meal onto my lap and began tentatively, "But, I must confess, Ra, it wasn't a coincidence you found me today. I came looking for you. I have . . . something very important to ask."

With meat still in his maw, Ra paused and gave me his undivided attention.

"I—what I'm doing—I have a way of going about it, but . . ." Oh god, my heart was pounding. Why was this so hard to ask? Just ask it before you lose your nerve, girl! "Some of the partners I've made have opted to join me. At my home. We live together, and it's working out really well. They live with me—my farm is protected—and we sate each other's wants and needs. I would—I would like it if—I would greatly *appreciate* it if—if maybe you might consider—"

The thunder in my chest was so powerful I felt like I could faint, yet with each word that left my



lips Ra's smile seemed to broaden.

Until he outright asked, "Do you wish that I would come join you, too, *cama-nii*?"

I smiled shyly, anxiety falling off my chest like a lead brick. "Yes. I do wish that. I wish that very much, Ra. But—I know this place is your home, and the last thing I want is to make you feel like you have to choose between me and your home, so it's not a huge deal if you don't want to. It's just an idea. Just a thought and you can—"

Ra lifted one hand to stop me. He gestured at the walls around us. "My life is a simple one. That is by design. I live quietly. I take only what I need and live wherever is safe. I can do that anywhere: here in the bog or on the surface with you. 'Where' my life occurs matters far less than 'how.' If going with you means I can protect and aid you in your duties, then it would make me happy to do so."

He was—Ra really did want to come with me? I could hardly believe how easy that was.

"You—you will? You'll come with me?" I asked, starstruck.

He nodded.

My smile widened into the brightest gleam, and I threw myself into his arms spilling our food all over the floor. He laughed. I laughed. He held me and I clutched onto him like it was the only thing I wanted in the world. Because in that moment it was.

"I want to be with you, Ra," I whispered into his neck. "I want you to be with me, and I want us both to be happy. I want to have your babies, and I want you to help me rebuild your world."

He cupped my cheek in his large, scaly claw, and despite our incredible differences, I saw a look of such peace and adoration in his warm brown eyes.

"I would like that very much," he said.

I placed my hand over his and leaned in. His eyes closed, and we kissed. It was strange—he had no lips, only tough scales over gums and enormous, sharp teeth—but it was perfect. My arms wound further around his strong neck, and his hands glided up and down my back, tracing the curvature of my spine like the moon follows the curve of the Earth.

He leaned backward while drawing me along. I clambered into his lap, straddled his hips, and kissed him absolutely everywhere. His delightful hum tickled my lips. God, he was beautiful. All strong, gleaming scales. He leaned his head back in response to my touch, exposing the soft, lighter colored scales beneath his chin, and I kissed him there, too. My hands roved freely across his body. Fingertips following the curves and crests of his muscles, the minute creases between each scale.

Ra was hard in moments. His long, slender pink-red cock rose from between a symmetrical grouping of scales below his pelvis, and I was delighted to hold him in my hands. Ra's body was cool, but here he was warm. I stroked him, thumbed the narrow head with the pad of my finger and delighted in the inhuman sounds he made. I descended, trailing kisses over his underbelly, and took his beautiful member under my tongue and between my lips.

*"Sei taahm, cama-nii," he hissed, his tone gruff and labored. Eyes shining in the glow of the fire light, he watched me with reverence.*

Ra's muscles were tense beneath my fingers. He rolled his hips under me, and I bobbed my head

slowly, sucking him deep into my mouth. His claws glided over my shoulders, tangling in fistfuls of my hair. He moaned deliciously. His thighs tensed. Ra gripped the back of my head and pulled my lips flush with the base of his cock, forcing me to swallow around the tip at the very back of my throat. He hissed, but he didn't cum.

He released me, and I came off of him coughing.

"Forgive me," he panted, looking flustered, "I did not mean to—"

I panted, "Don't be sorry. That was—amazing, Ra."

He smiled shyly.

"I thought you were going to cum," I admitted.

"I nearly did, but I did not want to spend myself yet. You said you wanted to have my children."

I grinned. "I did." Clambering back up into his lap, I took his slender cock against my sex and rolled my hips forward and back, dragging his length between the slick lips of my mons. "I want everything, Ra."

He reached up, wove his strong hands into my hair, and nuzzled me sweetly. "I can give you that," he whispered.

I slid back, cradled his member in my hand, and eased myself down on him. I took him easily; we fit like pieces of the same puzzle. It was perfect. I sat pristinely atop him; my sex stretched around the root of his cock while the tip nestled like a kiss up against the gate of my womb. I rolled my hips in a slow circle, feeling him there, filling me out. He sighed blissfully and took my waist in his hands. God, he was so beautiful.

It—he—was everything I wanted.

Ra held me as I rode him. Cradling my side, supporting my hips, holding my hands. He never took his hands off me. He panted; he moaned. Never took his eyes off me, either. He watched me like a sunrise, eyes shining and mouth apart. His muscles clenched; Ra bent his knees up, and I leaned back and gripped onto them for support, grinding my hips down on top of him. Making love with him was more like a dance. It was intimate, but also elegant; I felt sexy and beautiful and wanted; I felt cared for.

He looked at me like a blind man seeing stars for the very first time.

The air grew hot around us. Sweat beaded on my brow and tickled in a thin trail down my back. His strong tail swished and coiled behind us, giving him the leverage he needed to thrust his hips up into me, stealing the very breath from my lungs in a series of heady groans. Musk of sex was thick in the air. The tight, wet sounds of powerful hips striking soft flesh. I threw my head back, raised and curled my arms behind my neck, mouth agape as I rode him—faster, harder.

"Ra—yes, oh yes—just like that," I panted.

The world spun. He stole my breath and every ounce of sense in my brain. He came up and held me tight, crushing me to his chest. It was so much, being surrounded by him. He rolled his hips with mine, filling my ears with the heat of his breath. He nuzzled me, kissed me, murmured words into my ear that I didn't understand, but I knew their meaning like I knew the changing of seasons.

Ra held me close, and when he flipped me onto my side I gazed up at him, brimming with want

and adulation. He took one of my knees over the crook of his arm and thrust into me. I panted heatedly, clutching his arm, and lay prone as he took me. His touch felt cool and electric all at once. My world centered everywhere our bodies connected: the touch of his hands, the rutting of his cock, the unconscious swish of his tail against my ankle.

Everything was good in those moments. Everything was right. Ra had me, held me, and by all intentions showed no desire to ever let me go. I wished he never would. I felt safe with him. Wanted. Protected. He held me, and I clutched the back of his neck, bringing his face flush with my own.

“Ra,” I whispered between heaving breaths.

*“Cama-nii~”*

He nuzzled me, gripping my hips in his strong, sure hands. I took my legs and crossed them behind his back, pulling him down atop me. He covered me completely with his incredible bulk. His scales scraped my breasts and belly, and my mind flooded with the thought of carrying his children so suddenly it astounded me. I wanted to be a mother to his children, and I wanted him to be the father of mine. I wanted so keenly, and I cried out his name like an oath to that very thing.

I arched my back, crying out as I came in a burst of pink static. He covered me, arms looped around me, supporting my back, while his body was framed on either side by the vice-leg grip of my legs. Ra groaned spectacularly, thrusting a few more times. He buried himself deep and came with a low, throaty groan that I felt vibrate deep in my breast. He stilled. The heat of him washed up inside me, cascading into my womb. My body took him readily, every drop, until my womb was full and warm and quivering with ecstasy.

Ra sagged panting into my arms. He was heavy, but I wanted nothing more than to hold him in that moment. My arms looped around his shoulders, and I kissed his face and neck until he came back to me.

I held his face in my hands as he gazed down at me. He smiled, and I kissed the end of his snout.

*“Taa tai-ta moa’h, cama-nii.”*

“I love you, too, Ra.”

---

The minotaur was there to greet us when we arrived back at the farm. It was late at night—Ra couldn’t exactly move above ground in the light of day, not when we would have to pass so close to Marnie’s ranch—but the moon gave plenty of light for us all the see by.

I did not anticipate a confrontation—the minotaur was well aware of my intentions long before leaving, and I made him promise to be fair to Ra since he knew the story of how Ra saved me—but I was anxious nonetheless. I prayed that, even if they could not be friends, they would at least tolerate each other for my sake.

Ra stood his ground as the bull approached, towering a full two heads higher than the croconoid. The two eyed one another intensely; Ra emitted a low tone between a hiss and thunder, and the minotaur in turn offered a balmy snort. Then, to my incredible relief, the minotaur smiled and extended his hand. They shook, and I knew everything was going to be okay.

I beamed up at them both.

“Thank you,” I said.

They nodded. My minotaur came to me and leaned down to nuzzle me, earning himself a delighted giggle and kiss on the cheek. He reached down and placed a giant hand over my belly, a suspicion which I confirmed by rubbing my tummy slowly up and down. Yes, I was pregnant. Yes, Ra was the father.

Ra watched this exchange, and I realized he was acquainting himself with our familiarity. He was learning the dynamic we shared, and in turn learning how he would come to be a part of it, too.

Then Ra asked a question I never expected. “Can you understand him, *cama-nii*?”

I blinked, surprised by the question and more so by the realization that, truthfully, no, I did not. The bull and I had an understanding of sorts, but as far as in-depth communication went, no; if he even had a language, I did not know how to comprehend it.

I admitted as such, and Ra seemed intrigued. He looked at the minotaur and asked, “May I?”

The minotaur nodded.

“His name is Vallar,” Ra told me, “and he believes it is an honor to be here with you.”

I gaped at Ra for a moment, then up at the minotaur—Vallar—who was positively beaming in the bright white moonlight. He nodded and gave a snort to confirm. My mind raced. I took Vallar’s face in my hands and stared into his big dark eyes. I looked from him to Ra and back, and I smiled.

“What else can the two of you teach me?” I asked.

Ra wrapped his arms around me from behind, cradled my belly in both hands, and whispered in my ear, “Much. So very much, *cama-nii*.”

## Chapter End Notes

Why yes, that title is absolutely meant to be read to the tune of *Rasputin* by Boney M.  
And no, I have no shame and absolutely will not apologize

# Hole Lot of Something

## Chapter Summary

Long time no post! I still live, and so does this fic. Purely indulgently, of course. And that's entirely what this chapter is about. Gross (and hot af) self-indulgence.

## Chapter Notes

### **Content Warning:**

This chapter contains: feral-on-human, opportunism, rough sex, breeder fetish, knotting, impregnation, and one ugly freakin beasty.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a hole. It wasn't a big hole, but pointing a light inside I could see it went pretty far back and even seemed to open out into a wider area at one point. I poked my head in the initial opening, then inched and shuffled around, pulled back, and made it in with my head and one arm and shoulder, but the rest of me did not follow so easily. Dammit, this was new territory, and I wasn't about to be thwarted by a tiny hole in the wall!

After backing out again, I considered my options and decided to ditch my jacket. Maybe with one less layer I could make it through. It worked, and I could squeeze to halfway down my second arm, but I could not get both arms through fully. This was a problem, so I shed my entire shirt and, triumphantly, inched my upper body all the way in.

The sweet smell of fresh air was palpable on the other side. The tunnel the hole opened out into curved off at a distance, but surely it had to open out into something. Something never before discovered. I was determined that I would find just what that something was.

Ultimately, I decided, screw it, and shed every last layer of clothing I had on if it meant bettering my chances of getting inside—the ambient temperature of the deep mine was not unpleasant anyway, albeit chilly enough that my nipples went hard and my skin tightened into gooseflesh. Plus, I had very clear intentions behind my reason for exploring so deeply, and having so many layers on might hinder my chances at leaving with the treasure I was in search for: a full womb.

I shuffled around the narrow opening, slipping both arms in ahead of myself and wiggling until my head then my shoulders made it past. Blessed be whatever power made me unafraid of tight spaces, I thought while pushing back on the rim of stones behind me attempting to force the rest of myself through the hole. Alas, having childbearing hips was, for once, not in my favor. I could get my torso and belly through, so my breathing was mercifully not hindered, but I could not for the life of me get the rest of me in there.

Dammit!

I sighed, exasperated to have been thwarted when I was this close to success, and was midway through wiggling back out when I felt something brush against the back of one knee.

A breeze, I told myself, but then considered the deep mine rarely had enough airflow to confuse the sensation with touch. Much less a constant, warm puffing against my upper thighs.

Wait, could that be?

It was—

Breathing!

Something was right behind me on the other side!

My heartbeat picked up to a panic and I started to shove at the rocks trapping me, a jolt of alarm at my unseen visitor leaving me in terror at the thought of an attack; I could not defend myself like this. But I had little more than a couple seconds to struggle before strong, boney, claw-tipped hands (or maybe they were paws?) gripped the backs of my knees, and a hot, rough, wet object was dragged languidly across the folds of my exposed pussy.

I squeaked, and almost without warning my arms went limp and my struggling ceased. My heart still raced, but this was something *a lot* more my speed. Unexpected, certainly, but far from unappreciated.

I guess my treasure found me this time, I thought with no small degree of excitement.

“Opportunistic bugger. Saw a chance to fill an empty pussy and took it, huh?” I said aloud. My words echoed back to me in the small space. My upper half was completely closed off; I couldn’t turn back, could make out nothing of my visitor beyond what I could feel. I moaned at a particularly good lick, that tongue probing into the entrance of my rapidly-moistening sex. “Mmph, god, I think I love your dedication. Do whatever you want back there, just be sure to send me home with a baby or two, okay?”

I shivered, chewing my bottom lip, and shifted until my ankles were far apart and slipped as far back as I comfortably could without obstructing my own breath. My new companion moved in tandem, and once I was in place those boney hands clapped onto either side of my ass and proceeded to eagerly devour my pussy. I whimpered, jelly-armed in my prison, and tried to imagine the creature/entity eating me out. Its hands were strong but thin, maybe a leanly built body, the pads of his palms and fingers were course and callous; maybe it was a quadruped? One thing was certain, it had a blunt, wide muzzle with teeth, and it was trying its best to lap me up all the way to my cervix.

I came with a long, whimpering cry. My legs shook as the thing’s tongue drug through me, petting and stroking my ass to the tune of a light scratching with its claws. God, that felt so nice. A sweet, thrilling sting. My sex fluttered as the tongue and hands withdrew, and I lifted my hips up higher and shook my ass hoping to entice the creature back.

“C’mon, sweet thing, don’t leave a girl hanging. If you’ve got a cock, I want to feel it in my—”

The words died in my throat with a gasp as I felt the fullness of a body mount me swiftly from behind. Strong, lean forelegs looped around my middle as a pair of hind legs jockeyed about, dancing around my ankles occasionally brushing me with the snag of a sharp dewclaw. I bucked and felt the determined probing of a hot, wet cock bumping against my inner thighs. Thank god.

I didn’t know how intelligent this thing was, but it was smart enough to give me some foreplay and—now, clearly—instinctual enough to give no heed to my wants and, instead, it drove foreword determinately toward its own end. But that was fine. This was precisely what I wanted, too: to be

used as this thing's own personal cum receptacle. I was a determined breeder, ready and willing to fulfill my life's duty to this creature: to be fucked senseless and impregnated by it.

Its forelegs gripped tight, jostling around a few more seconds before its cock found the mark and lunged gracelessly forward, spearing into me. I squealed like I'd been struck, the powerful thrust of the thing's hips all but slamming its cock into me knocking the wind from my lungs. Its cock rooted inside me, spreading my pussy open fast and hard; the creature hesitated for only an instant as if to revel in the tight heat as my cunt clenched down around it. But then it went on without pause or remorse, and I dazedly—and gleefully—sagged in response to the hard, fast fucking the creature immediately dove into.

The cock wasn't enormous as far as my experiences went, but its vivacity was nothing to balk at. The creature hugged my middle like a vice, rutting and ramming its hips into my ass, cock being driven over and over deep into my pussy. It struck deep, hard, and I devolved to a whimpering, howling mess. I felt needed. I felt *claimed*.

It was a beast. Had to be. An animal with a drive to eat, sleep, and fuck—and all it lacked for was the latter.

It gripped me, held me down, refusing to give my body even an inch. It had me and wasn't letting go. Its hips pounded against my body with such rapidity and strength I heard the rhythmic slapping of flesh even through the stone wall. Its cock went deep. Bottoming out to the root, spreading me open, claiming me like the flagstaff of a conqueror.

My mind blanked as I struggled to hold up against it. My knees trembled and my hands scrabbled awkwardly for purchase on anything I could grab onto. From my toes to my ears, my whole body shook back and forth with each rigorous pound. Friction from the rough stones chafed at my sides, but I ignored it; this was too incredible to let such a small detail stain the experience.

Getting absolutely railed by a bestial creature I could not even see—maybe would never see, would never even know what it looked like until I birthed its cubs—did something wonderful for me, and I came with an echoing cry. My sex trembled and clenched around the dick inside me, and I thought I heard the beast hiss or growl. It lurched smartly forward, rutting its cock in deep, burrowing the head against my cervix, then it pulled back swiftly and repeated the motion. Again and again. Just singular, powerful thrusts. Each time its cock probed the gate of my womb with a clear desire, and I shoved my hips back further in an attempt to take it deeper still.

*Hard.* Thrust—Thrust—Thrust! *Deep.* Thrust—Thrust—Thrust!

It went back to humping my brains out, and I dropped to my knees, boneless in my stoney, well-fucked prison. The creature was far from deterred and instead crouched higher over me, the heat of its lean, sinewy body covering my back. My legs were pushed farther apart by its movements, and the hard fucking went on without the creature so much as pausing or breaking stride.

The base of the creature's cock began to pulsate and swell, thickening gradually until it could no longer fit easily, and soon its thrusts were blocked altogether. I whimpered; its body vibrated with a low, bestial growl. It continued pounding me, its knot hitting against the lips of my sex without mercy, stretching and abusing it. It stung, it ached, but my heart raced with anticipation for it. It seemed to keep swelling, its cock throbbing with hot blood.

Finally, the creature's rhythm changed. It drew back, the head of its cock nearly spilling out of me, and for the briefest of instances I felt its body tense, and it plowed its hips forward, all but impaling its cock within me, knot bulling mercilessly against my pussy lips. Attempting to force its knot inside me. I cried. I winced at the pain of it, yet I pushed back against it, walls fluttering, hungry,

aching to have its knot in me. My body began to give against the pressure, sex stretched to gaping as its knot slid forward; the creature gave a swift kick with its hips, and white flashed behind my eyes as the knot snapped fully inside, and the monster's cock erupted.

It came as powerfully as it had fucked me. Warm, thick cum jetted into my womb where the head of its cock fit snugly against the gate of my cervix. Its flesh spasmed like a heartbeat, pumping dense ropes of potent cum directly inside. My womb tingled as a sense of bone-deep satisfaction washed over me from head to toe. The cum was good; I knew it somehow. Something in my brain—trained or perhaps re-wired by so many experiences being bred—knew this creature's spunk was virile, high-quality even. I felt euphoric with this knowing, fuzzy-headed and totally content as it pumped away. The heavy sack of its scrotum rested against the tender flesh at the backs of my thighs, and I felt each time it spasmed, sending near constant jets of cum into my womb.

God, it felt so good. I was drunk with it. The warmth filling me out. My body being taken to task, and I couldn't wait to be pregnant with its cubs.

The creature shifted above me, and I grunted as it dismounted and turned without managing to pull out. It laid down on the ground behind me, leaving us still thoroughly tied together. Its knot was so hard and packed so tightly inside me, I doubted I could get free of it anytime soon.

Still, I wanted to see what would be the father of my next litter.

Moving carefully, I pushed backward through the hole, wiggling my shoulders until I was steadily inching myself back through. This meant my companion had to move accordingly, and it scooted itself over just as I drooped backward out of the hole with a gasp.

What I turned and saw could best be described as unexpected. That, and borderline nightmarish. It did indeed have a short muzzle, and it was lined with teeth. Sharp teeth, lots of them. Bared in what I soon realized was a perpetual snarl. Its hide was a dark, ashy gray like elephant hide, darker along the back and sides and lighter on the belly and inner legs, but around the face it was a ghastly white; the red of its gums stood out to a ridiculously haunting degree. Down its back starting at the base of its skull was a kind of gray-black mane of porcupine-like quills or barbs, and terminating at its haunches was a small stump tail.

Long, pointed ears twitched and pivoted as it stared at me, and I didn't realize I was gaping at it until it was standing up on all fours—pulling me along with it. I squeaked as I was pulled back to my knees, and all I could think to do as it moved to crouch over me was to hold perfectly still. It covered my back, taking hold of my waist in either of its boney hand-like paws, each tipped with a sharp, black talon. I was certain it was going to pull out of me and be on its way, but I was shocked when, instead, it wrapped its hideous maw around my neck from behind.

I could have screamed, but I was so completely frozen. Rather than biting down, it held my neck with care, all but draping its lanky body over me, and proceeded to start humping again.

Without the stone wall to muffle the sound, its grunts and groans were gruff and entirely animalistic. Hot breath poured down my neck and back where it fixed me in place, already driving relentlessly with its hips. Cock striking my cervix, balls slapping my thighs. The pool of cum in my womb was still so warm, so heavy and sweet. It sloshed with every jostling strike of cock inside me. I smiled broadly before I even knew it.

The beast was completely feral, driven by an inexorable need to *fuck*. To mate. To *breed*.

Thank *god*.



I whined low in my throat, eyes rolled to the back of my head. My knees slid apart, already weak from the first incredible fucking, and this time without the rocks to hold me up my upper body fell in a boneless heap on the cave floor. Only my hips and ass were kept aloft by the creature's unrelenting grip. It pounded into me, thrusts sharp and shallow thanks to its knot still thoroughly rooted in place.

God, if this beast wasn't sated after a fucking like that, what did I have to look forward to until it finally was?

One thing was for sure, I was eager to find out.

## Chapter End Notes

It's a chupacabra. Its absolutely a fucking chupacabra. Who knew that was hot? - shrug-

# Falling For It

## Chapter Notes

So I read every comment I get ever (trust me, and I wanna desperately make out with everyone who comments on anything I write ever), and I have heard and made notes on every one of your requests. That being said, I want to do something special for them, but those chapters require more care and thought than the general smut I'm so fond of churning out. Nagas, werewolves, dragons, Krobus--I've thought about and desperately desire to write about it all, but I want to give them the detail they deserve, so keep a patient and open mind when I say I want to do them well <3

Bless you all, and stay safe in these crazy times, okay? And maybe check out my new fic [Thaw](#)? It's nowhere near as XXX-rated as this, and even if you're not into the TMNT fandom I'm hella proud of it and would super-mega appreciate some feedback. Thank you a thousand times! I love you all!!

### **Content Warning:**

This chapter contains: tentacles, oviposition, impregnation, breeding fetish, feral-on-human, monster bugs, overly large insertions, and implied consensual breeding slave.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A lot of time spent in the mine was just in wandering around aimlessly. Even with a set of rusty, rickety old minecart tracks as my guide, it was tough to feel like I was accomplishing much when so much of the hidden world was, well, hidden!

But tracks were as good a guide as any, and my feet kept a mindless count of the slats as I walked over them, far more engrossed in the process of picking out abnormalities in the walls than manmade remnants on the ground. Much of the openings I'd found into the hidden sections of the world were the walls, so it made sense for the trend to contin—

One of the wooden slats crumbled under foot. For the briefest of instances, I expected my foot would hit the ground beneath it, but a startling shock of vertigo flipped my stomach into my throat when it instead fell whole through into a vast, empty nothingness.

A hole crumbled open beneath me faster than I could jump away. Gravity drug me down, and I threw my arms out in a panic, snagging hold of the metal rail. Thank god—it held.

Adrenaline surged in my chest, and stars twinkled in disorienting circles around my head. When it finally clicked I was not going to continue falling, I caught my breath and tried pulling myself up using the steel rail. I kicked my feet, scrabbling for something to leverage or grab onto, and had my upper body through the opening when something grabbed me from below.

A hard yank nearly dragged me down, but I held on with everything I had, adrenaline pounding in my veins as I scrabbled to keep myself up. But the force gripping my ankles was insistent and powerful. That same grip took hold of my knees then wrapped tightly around my thighs and waist, and only then did I recognize the strong, sinewy grip of maybe a dozen tentacles. One of which went straight up, found a fabric barrier, and proceeded to yank the crotch right out of my panties.

I grinned despite the situation, well-versed in what was about to happen.

“Well, never pass up an opportunity, huh? There has to have been a better way for you to—” I started to say, but words cut short when that same tentacle quested up between my pussy lips and bulldozed its way up inside me without pause or foreplay.

I squeaked, thighs twitching as I fought to spread them wider, heat blossoming across my face as I was so unceremoniously fucked from below. This tentacle didn’t mess around; it didn’t waiste. No hesitation, no preamble. Right into a deep, hard pace. Its head was bottoming out in me in the first few strokes, knocking the wind out of me in high pitch, gasping whimpers.

“Fuck—fuck—shit—jeez, gimme a—ngh!—break! Ah! I can’t—keep up! Ahhh!” I cried out, lurching up and down as I struggled to keep hold of the rail.

*The tentacles holding my legs surged then, shifting their grip to spread my thighs further open, and with a shocked keen I felt the tentacle lurch forward and strike its head against my cervix. What could only be an opening at the tentacle’s tip spread wide then, and a dozen or more tiny, ‘feeler’ tentacles unraveled from inside and probed their thin, slimy ends into my womb.*

*I could have screamed, it felt so good. My body clenched, spasmed. The feelers slithered up deeper, and before I could react they pulled the narrow gate open, and the head of the tentacle shoved inside. My jaw fell open, left completely mute by the penetration. All those feelers writhed about inside me, feeling out every inch of my womb until I was left sobbing from barely contained ecstasy. They slithered positively everywhere, familiarizing themselves with my core like they would a new home.*

*My mind was blank. The tentacle arched and undulated within me, swirling its long length around inside, and a particularly rugged push snapped me back to myself. The tentacle swelled thickly, and a dense, hard bulge pushed firmly against my pussy lips before slipping inside. A dopey grin spread across my face.*

*It didn’t take but a second or two, but the tentacle pushed and clenched and I tried uselessly to rock my hips into it, to push it deeper. The shape reached my cervix, and with a hard shove it went through. I groaned heavily; the feelers dragged all down my walls as the head of the tentacle curled inside me and deposited its egg dutifully on the floor of my womb. A warm, protected vessel. Primed, fertile, and eager to incubate.*

*I licked my lips and gasped at the next bulge that lined up with my pussy lips. The path of the first eased the way for the next, and within seconds the next egg was being laid right atop the first. Gravity and thick, viscous slime brought the second down to rest alongside its sibling, and my thoughts went hazy again when a third lined up for the pass.*

*I tried to keep count. Really, I did. I loved it. Loved knowing exactly how many times my studs came in me or how many eggs filled out my womb. This whole thing was so unexpected and sweet, it could have been my birthday—surprise gifts delivered right into my womb were my favorite. Moisture welled in the corners of my eyes as I groaned, biting my lip as I rolled my hips into the eleventh egg to glide inside me. The tentacle had nearly retracted completely by then, only its feelers continuing to wriggle within my body, moving and adjusting the eggs as it saw fit. A new clench rolled up through the length, and I nearly swooned as the twelfth egg glided up inside, squeezed past my cervix, and crammed in alongside all the others.*

*The feels slithered about, spreading a dense coat of slime across all surfaces of every egg. Satisfied, the feelers retracted back into the head of the tentacle.*

*As quickly as they had come, the tentacles released their grips on my legs, but rather than leave me to dangle on jelly arms I was relieved when the tentacle within me gave me a push, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the mine floor on the opposite side of the rails, tentacle slowly withdrawing from my body. I never even got to see what it looked like, but it left my body with a slick noise and a thick, viscous trail of green slime leading from the hole to between my pussy lips.*

---

*I should probably get better about not passing out after getting bred like that, but who could blame me? Getting pounded so thoroughly out of nowhere was a draining experience. But, then again, one of the advantages to passing out in unexpected environments meant occasionally waking up to unexpected company.*

*It . . . was an insect of some kind. At least, it looked like it could be. A jagged, chitin-like exoskeleton adorned its body and limbs, and large set of four wings were folded back atop its thorax; on its head were six many-lensed eyes, and its mouth had something like a proboscis between two sets of large mandibles. But that was where the similarities ended. Because it was huge. As big as a cow. It towered over me on eight enormous, segmented legs, two of which at the front more closely resembled the pincers of a gigantic mantis.*

*Aside from that, its body looked to be divided into three sections: head, thorax, and a long, segmented tail similarly armored as the rest of its body.*

*“Well. . . . You’re . . . not what I thought I’d wake up to,” I stammered, now thoroughly awake.*

*The creature chittered, a set of mandibles on its lower jaw rubbing together to make the noise. It came forward, and while I reflexively scooted back from its approach it was directly above me before I could do much of anything to get away. It crouched down low, boxing me in with its many legs, and I’d be lying if I said I didn’t know where this was probably leading. Because my panties were completely gone, cunt still slick with slimy green ooze, and I’d absolutely drenched myself in lure scent before leaving for the mines this morning. Perhaps not the smartest thing I could have done today.*

*I leaned back on my elbows and spread my legs to watch as its tail angled down towards me. The space between each armored segment expanded, revealing pink flesh so thin between segments it looked translucent. Enough so that I could see a shape distort the layers of armor, and from an orifice at the tip emerged a long, fleshy, cylindrical pink structure already dripping with clear fluids.*

*I hummed appreciatively at the sight and kept my legs as far open as my body allowed.*

*“Two in one day. My, my, you’re all going to spoil me at this rate,” I grinned. “I don’t even know if the first bunch have had time to settle yet, and you already want to add yours to the mix? Mmmm, baby, yes, don’t let me slow you down.”*

*I reached down and slid two fingers between the folds of my sex, spreading myself open for it. My womb felt heavy with the eggs already within it, a wonderful, modest paunch to my belly signifying the precious cargo there, but I knew so well that I could take a thousand times more than that.*

*The creature jockeyed around a little above me, lowering itself steadily. Its tail angled forward and down until it bumped my raised knee. I caught it with my hand—god, it was so warm. And thick. And dense. I gave the length a curious squeeze behind the head, and it barely had any kind of give to it at all. But, the instant I squeezed, a small, thin tendril of some kind emerged from just above the tip of the organ, and it squirted a tiny amount of fluid onto my hand.*

*It was so unexpected I giggled. Taking the little tendril between my thumb and forefinger, I gave it a gentle squeeze, and the whole creature rocked on top of me and gave a loud trill.*

*“Oooh, it feels that good, huh?” I licked my lips, saving that knowledge for future use. “I think I know something you’ll like even better.”*

*Still with the thick member in my hand, I guided it down to where its proper place was. Pushing my hips up a bit and letting my thighs fall separated, I nudged the head of the creature’s huge cock between the lips of my pussy, still slick and loose from first usage. The insectoid chittered, flexing its tail, and all around me its legs shifted, digging in to the ground to anchor itself, and I had just enough time to brace my hand on the steel rail before that tail lurched forward, and its enormous cock sunk all the way to the root of my body.*

*Bright, blinding colors flashed behind my eyes, and my ears rang as repeated, deep lunges with the thing’s huge tail pounded inside me. Oh, fuck—and I thought that tentacle was forceful! God, this thing fucked me like it wanted to make a statement. I felt my back slide on the ground more than once as the blunt head of the monster’s cock slammed over and over deep into me.*

*Ah, god, it was incredible! My body shook. I pulled my legs up to allow it room, and with each thrust my entire body swayed. It trilled musically above me as if singing a sweet, jolly little tune while railing me into the ground with its cock. The eggs already within me slipped and slid around each other, their hard shells making a muffled clatter as every hard thrust moved them around. My head fell back as I cursed dazedly. Somehow, if the father of those eggs knew how they were being treated right then, it would have been greatly displeased. Oooh, but those eggs were surely about to get an inundation from a prized stud. Definitely. Absolutely.*

*My mouth hung agape, tongue lolling from my lips as I panted, groping my own breasts and belly as the insectoid’s cock ravished me. Over and over. Endlessly. Pounding thick and heavy inside me. More than once it had to step forward just to keep up with how far it was pushing me across the ground.*

*I laid prone and dazed as it fucked me. Not particularly fast, but steady. Deep and hard.*

*I couldn’t wait for it to cum. To fill me with its eggs, its cum, whatever it had to give. I wanted all of it. Every drop. Then I wanted more.*

*The monster’s cock lurched forward suddenly, rooting itself deep into my cunt, and I squeaked when the little tendril at its tip poked right into my womb through my cervix and wiggled around, spraying a thin layer of that same fluid into me as before. It took maybe a second, but a foggy feeling settled over my mind, and suddenly my limbs were heavy. Like gravity went from a two to a nine, and every fiber of my body went limp. A pink mist layered over all my senses, but I was still very much aware of the change.*

*Oh—oh, this was good. The tiny filament gave a couple more spirts for good measure, and I sighed in near bliss of it. My legs splayed out on either side of me, thighs as far open as they could go, and I moaned in sweet, sweet ecstasy when its cock reared back and rocked forward faster, deeper. Not an ounce of sensation had been dulled by it.*

*The chattering of its mandibles grew louder, and the segments between its armor plates began to undulate and flex. From somewhere in its thorax, something dislodged, and I watched in a pink haze as the shape descended the length of its tail, distorting the organ as its unyielding shape passed along through the narrower and narrowed passage.*

*My fingertips twitched, the only movement I could manage at that moment, and I moaned as I*

*tracked its progress with my eyes. Cock still thrusting, still rocking my body up and down in its place. The dark shape bulged its way past sections of pink, translucent flesh, and when it finally reached the base of the cylindrical cock its quick descent slowed almost to a stop. From there, it inched slowly down the length causing the firm flesh to swell around it, but the creature never stopped or slowed. If anything, its thrusts grew faster, more desperate. Chasing its relief for what was to come.*

*I couldn't speak, so I pleaded in my mind, begged it not to stop. To keep going. Keep fucking me until all of that was inside me. I wanted it. Needed it. My womb craved the sheer size of it. The thought of the egg—eggs, whatever it was. I wanted it in me. To be growing and nourished.*

*The mass was halfway down the length of the organ when the monster's thrusts grew frantic, pounding zealously into my body like the momentum of its thrusts would force it out faster. It probably would. The first time its huge shape butted against my pussy lips, I thought I could cry. It was so big. Big enough I could sit on it with all my weight and probably not be able to get it inside. But it was mine. I wanted it. It was made for my womb and I knew it was meant for my body to grow.*

*"Don't . . . st'p. . . ." I blearily whimpered.*

*The creature braced its legs more firmly on the ground, rocking its upper body forward, and plunging down deeper, harder with its gigantic tail. The orb thudded against my sex, striking over and over on my abused pussy lips; the girth of its phallus was swollen and distorted around the size of the orb, and I prayed it would be enough to push my body open.*

*It hurt; I wasn't going to lie about that. It felt as though a boulder was trying to be pushed inside me. But I needed this. I wanted this. It was mine.*

*The cock thrust forward, pushing hard, but this time it did not let up. It kept pushing, and I groaned as tears stung in the corners of my eyes, breasts heaving as I panted for breath. Then, the tapered girth of its cock gained traction again, and at the steady, unrelenting pushing, the shape slowly bulldozed its way inside.*

*I sobbed as it went. It moved so slow. The pain was terrible and sweet all at once as my cunt spread open with no choice but to accept the gift. Stretched to absolute gaping, and once it was past the entrance my pussy slowly inched down around the firm dick flesh still firmly anchored within.*

*With all my strength, I lifted my head to look. My body bulged obscenely with the shape pushing into it. I felt my insides shift and move to make way, and when the gigantic orb reached the end of its path, blocked by the tight ring of my cervix I sobbed once in defeat. There was no way it could make it into my womb. It was just too much, too unyielding. Too big. I felt like I was robbed. I wanted this perfect gift inside me, deep in my core where it could be nurtured until I birthed it. Warm, safe, and incubated to term. I wanted the egg. I wanted my baby.*

*"Please . . . please. . . ." I begged, bleary eyed.*

*The creature chittered. Its mandibles shivered, and from the tiny filament another few small squirts of fluid jetted into my womb. Then, it retracted backward and sprayed itself all over my cervix, spreading its fluid absolutely everywhere as it writhed in a thousand directions.*

*The haze deepened as I felt more, deeper parts of my body grow heavy and lax. My stomach gurgled as the muscles in my core loosened, and my eyes positively sparkled with renewed hope.*

*Two segmented legs took me by my thighs and lifted my hips from the ground, suspending them vertically. The creature pushed its body down. If its thorax were a hammer, its cock was the nail, and it thrust. My mind blanked as blood rushed into my ears. It thrust again. Then again. Each time, muscles inside its cock fluttered and clenched, pushing down on the giant shape it was determined to fit into me. If I could have moved, it would have been to compliment those thrusts.*

*None of the sensations were dulled. It thrust. It pounded. It knocked its body as deep into me as I could take, and the instant I felt my gate begin to slip I could have screamed in triumph. The insectoid must have felt it, too, because its efforts redoubled. Lifting and pounding with earnest, fervently striking into me with the enormous, knotted orb trapped at the head of its cock.*

*Slow, achingly slow was its progress. It thrust and pushed with what had to be all of its strength—then all at once the shape pushed through.*

*My mind whited out, and when it came back next it was to dense gushes of cum pouring into my womb. The creature's thorax spasmed, sending wave after wave of fluid down the arc of its tail and into me. It was heavy. So heavy. So thick. A shaky glance up saw my belly was obscenely gravid. The biggest I'd been in a while, and it was mostly from that one egg.*

*I smiled weakly, endlessly grateful for my many blessings that made it possible for me to take it—and the veritable sea of cum being dumped into me as if from a firehose. The eggs from earlier had all moved to accommodate, floating all in a ring around their newest addition.*

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*The creature lay next to me as it recovered, apparently too exhausted even to pull out. I regained movement in my limbs first and pulling myself off of that huge cock was not only a feat but a travesty. Keeping all that cum inside me was a battle, so I crawled up to the insectoid's head on my hands and knees, my heavy belly pendulous beneath me, and touched one of its mandibles with a delicate hand.*

*It stirred. Focus came back to its many eyes, and it chittered questioningly.*

*"I don't know if you have a hive you need to get back to, because if you do you're going to have to take me there someday. But if not, you're more than welcome to join me and my lovers at my farm." I pet its head gently, and its mandibles fluttered with a gentle trill. "You'd be safe there, and well cared for. That's where our baby is going to grow up. And, you know, coming with me means you get to fuck me whenever you want, and I'll have as many of your babies as you have to give me. That's a promise."*

*I wasn't positive it could understand me at all, but after a few seconds of apparent consideration it picked its head up and nuzzled into my hair, trilling musically beside my ear. I giggled, nuzzling back and stroking the top of its head.*

*"I guess that's a yes, then," I giggled. "Now, whenever you're ready, you might have to put those wings to use. No way in hell I'm going to be able to walk like this."*

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for being such incredible and supportive lovelies! I can't express how thankful I am for your kindness and continued support! Keep things kinky and awesome, my beautiful people!





# Put a Hemi In It

## Chapter Notes

As requested by many! A naga fic! A million years of love and thanks to everyone who requested a naga, and I hope it lives up to your expectations <3

### **Content Warning:**

This chapter contains: brief violence, oral sex, hemipenes, double penetration, impregnation kink, breeding fetish, and consensual breeding slave.

The bog was a treasure trove despite the smell. Not only was it full of resources, the fishing was phenomenal. A good stockpile of slimejacks and carp was in order today; slimejacks weren't a pretty fish by any means, but with the proper ingredients they made for an impressive fertilizer. Plus, I could tell Ra was feeling homesick; he wouldn't admit it, but I wanted to bring back something for him nonetheless.

A strong hit snagged my bobber off the surface of the water, and the next thing I knew I was fighting a stubborn bottom dweller for the hook. By the way it fought, I could tell it was a large carp; it was no match for me. Reeling the fish in, I marveled at the size of the wake it made while coming in. At least until the fish's fin broke the surface with a slap, and I realized the dome of water I was seeing was coming up from *behind* the fish. From something chasing it.

My mind raced as I yanked my catch from the water and tossed my pole down while scrambling to get my feet out of the water and the hammer out of my belt at the same time.

A column of blue-green water erupted from the shallows right near where I'd been sitting, showering me in slick droplets. I squinted through the chaos. A towering column of green arose pillar-like before me, and I craned my head back, and back, and back to see. . . .

My eyes widened. It was . . . a snake?

A *big* snake.

With—*arms*?

Not a snake. A naga, I realized in a stunned flash. With a towering, leanly muscled physique, broad chest and shoulders, each hand tipped with obsidian black claws, and shimmering scales as lush as fresh leaves. It was beautiful.

The thought vaporized as soon as it came, however; the creature flared its hood to reveal a fearsome spectacle-like pattern framing its head; it hissed viciously, jutting fangs dripping clear saliva. It lunged. I backpedaled, squared up on one heel, and swung my hammer around. In the two seconds it took for the naga to lunge and me to swing, its eyes shot wide—apparently only then realizing I was armed—and ducked out of the way. It dodged the blow with such reckless speed it body-slammed the soft ground and left a clear imprint of itself in the sand; it scrabbled back from me and crossed its arms over its head for a shield.

“Holy gods—wait-wait-*wait*! Please, don't hit me with that!” It—*he*—winced out in a rush.

I gawped but kept my hammer raised, ready for another swing.

All I could get out was a dumbfounded, “What the—?” before reality kicked in and suddenly I was fuming. “What the hell! What is *wrong with you*? Why would you attack someone thinking they wouldn’t defend themselves?!”

“It was a bluff charge—I was just trying to scare you off,” he defended through a peek hole in his arms.

I dropped the hammer at my feet and squared up in sheer outrage.

“A *bluff*? You scared the hell out of me! What’s wrong with you!”

Apparently having gained back some of his gall, the naga pushed up on his hands and brought us nearly to eye level. His eyes were a striking purple; the contrast against his bright green scales momentarily caught me off guard.

“I was defending my territory! What’s wrong with *you*? Humans never come down here for any good reason,” he countered furiously. “As far as I know, you’re here to poach me!”

“*Poach you!*” I exclaimed, utterly furious. “Oh, I’ll poach you alright—do that bluff charge at me again and see where it lands you! Better yet, lay a hand on me; I don’t need Pan’s protection to kick the scales off you! The only poaching you’ll have to worry about are the eggs I serve as the side dish to your scaly hide.”

His hood flared once again as we squared off, staring each other down, but something in what I said must have caught his attention. His attitude wavered, and now he looked less sure of himself.

“Pan’s protection?” He murmured in question, and I could practically see the gears turning in his head. His brow furrowed and his hood softened as a myriad of expressions ran across his features. “Why on earth would Pan . . . ?”

I saw when realization must have struck and crossed my arms. He drew back to his regular height (some six or seven feet), eyes bugged, and flicked his tongue like a nervous sliver; his jaw fell open.

“You’re—you can’t be—I never—you—it can’t—you’re the—” He tripped on every other word like he was trying to speak a thousand words at once. To communicate every thought that went screaming through his head. “You—you *are*—aren’t you—?”

He slapped his mouth shut and threw himself to the ground at my feet so fast I staggered back in shock.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m so so sosososo sorry! I’m so sorry! Mother of Monsters, I didn’t know it was you! Forgive me, I had no idea! I’m not worthy to be in your presence,” he babbled in a rush, never once raising his head to meet my eye.

I blinked, and the tension deflated from the air around me.

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It took a good bit longer than I might have liked, but soon I was able to coax him up off the ground and to take a seat with me. My annoyance at the attack was long gone, and once his confidence had returned (and he was sufficiently apologetic) we were able to sit and speak like civil adults.

I sat on a low boulder; he “sat” amid the coils of his own serpentine body. He hung his head like a

child just after a stern talking to. Utterly rueful. At least he felt bad for attacking me, even if his apology had more to do with who I was than the act of attacking someone in the first place.

“I’m sorry,” he mumbled dejectedly for perhaps the 8,000th time.

I was past any kind of upset and now just felt bad for seeing someone so completely crushed by their own actions.

“You don’t have to keep apologizing. You were just defending your home,” I said softly.

He nodded meekly, but I could see another apology curling on the tip of his tongue.

“Do you have a name?” I asked, hoping a change of topic would help matters.

“It’s Silais.”

“Silais. It’s nice to meet you.” I told him my name and giggled at the starry look in his eyes. “Tell me, Silais, what is it that you do down here?”

“Well, I help guard this place from trespassers.”

“Trespassers like me?”

He fidgeted with his hands, thumb claws overlapping.

“Uhm, more like—like *other* humans. Shadow Beings and dwarves—anything that might seek to damage this place. You—you’re rebuilding it. You’d be perfectly welcome. At any time. For any reason.”

“You protect this place. That’s very noble of you.” He brightened considerably, posture subtly shifting to sit taller, prouder. “Have you been living in the bog for very long? I’ve been down here a few times, but I’ve never seen you before. Or anything like you, really.”

“No, not long, maybe a few weeks. The croc let me stay, but now that he’s gone I defend this place.”

“The croc?” I asked, curious. Did he mean Ra?

“Yes.”

I described Ra to him.

Silais cocked his head.

“You know the croc?” He sounded befuddled.

I couldn’t resist a sly little grin. Guess I’ve been getting around better than I thought.

“I do. I call him Ra. He is the father of some of my children, and he lives with me on the surface, now.”

Silais’s jaw fell against his chest.

“You can—I didn’t know you could—from a scaled. Well, I-I mean—I knew you—or—I heard you *could*—get pregnant—from anything. I didn’t think it was *true*. Just rumors. Or wishful thinking. . . .” Silais rambled, soon stopping himself looking so positively flustered.

I smiled at him and laid a hand on my tummy, fingers splayed apart. He looked at the hand like it might tell him a secret.

“A blessing from a god like Pan can do just about anything,” I told him. “I’ve given birth to many kinds of creatures, Silais. A few of which might surprise you.”

“I never imagined a human was capable of befriending any of the hidden races, much less be amiable enough to willingly bare our children.”

“It’s about more than being amiable, Silais. It’s about love.”

Silais went still at the word, eyes bright with awe. I looked at my belly, currently flat without anything growing within it, and thought about not being able to see my toes past a pregnant belly. Of knowing of the life growing within me and all I could do to help that life flourish. Of how that life would go on and help others of its own kind flourish, and the cycle continuing on through generations. Finding a mate, getting pregnant, having a baby, and that baby becoming an adult and helping rebuild and repopulate the world of its ancestors. Like symbiosis.

“Everything I do, I do because I love it. I think there’s few things in this world more gratifying than being absolutely railed by a creature that’s desperate to save its species—” Silais turned an absolutely brutal shade of red at the bluntness of the description, but I went on. “—but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t also fall in love with so many creatures along the way. Some of them live with me now, and I’m grateful every day for the care and support they offer me and our children, but I think some part of me falls in love with every creature I’ve ever been with. Each of them has given me an incredible gift, and I’m grateful to each and every one of them.”

Silais’s stunning purple eyes peered at me in awe, speechless.

“I have many offspring still growing on my farm. They get stronger every day,” I continued, warm pride permeating my chest. He listened intently. “My swarms of cave flies work hard to pollinate my plants; it’s important to me that I keep their numbers high so my farm can flourish and provide for us all. Vallar, my minotaur mate, and our sons help me till the fields whenever the seasons change; once my boys are old enough he says he will take them back to introduce them into their society. Vallar says they’ll be the first of their generation in years, and I’m so proud of them. I can’t wait to have more.

“My hellhound puppies—bless their adorable heads—their father gave me such a wonderful litter. They grew up so fast; it feels like just yesterday they were romping around the farm chasing after the crows. They’ve all gone back to the caves, now, but I hope I’ll meet another hound that can live with me and give me more litters. And Ra, my wonderful Ra, our clutch hatched just last week. There are more than a dozen tiny little crocs calling the ponds on our farm home right now. Ra says almost all of them are girls, and he’s so excited to have daughters. I love them each so much, Silais—the fathers and all my sweet little babies.”

I felt myself getting emotional just thinking about all my sweet little ones. God, I had so many at home, yet I wanted so much more. I’d never wanted human children, but when I thought of all the babies I had right now, all I could think of was having more.

“You truly are a Brood Mother,” Silais murmured, so quiet and enthralled it was obvious he did not mean for it to come out aloud. He clamped his mouth shut the instant he realized it did.

“I am,” I giggled proudly. I looked up at him, eyes sparkling. “But do you know what brood I have not had, yet? What I would love so dearly to make a part of my home?”

His eyes shined. Breathless, Silais whispered, “What . . . ?”

“A naga.”

He sucked in a wallop of air.

“Tell me, Silais. Would you do me the honor of being a father to my children?”

“My babies?” he asked. Like it was nearly impossible to comprehend what he was being offered.

“Am I worthy, Mother of Monsters?”

“You tell me. Do you think you are?”

Silais uncoiled his long body and rose at a more confident, towering height. I craned my neck back to see him fully and my heart beat a little faster.

“I want to be,” he said.

I smiled beckoningly. “Then show me I’m not wrong for choosing you.”

By the way he moved, if he’d had knees he would have dropped to them. Silais lowered his body to the ground, prostrating himself before me. He looked up, eyes bright and hopeful, and I nodded. His hands were cool but not cold, scales smooth to the touch as they slid beneath the hem of my long skirt and pushed it up, fabric pooling in the crooks of his arms. My heartbeat quickened as his hands—growing ever more confident by the second—found the meager fabric of my panties and slid them down my legs. I had to stop him long enough to toe out of my boots, but there was magic in the way he watched my tiny panties slide off either ankle.

My belt hit the ground with a noisy jangle, and I shuffled my shirt off and dropped it and my bra into a pile on the ground. His eyes darted all across my body, drinking me in like his last meal.

His hands curled around my ankles and glided slowly up to wrap around the backs of my thighs.

“How do I please you?” he asked.

“By giving me as many of your children as my womb can hold.”

“Of course, my Queen,” Silais smiled, scales glowing red with the intensity of his blush.

He guided me to lie back, and I did. He took my legs, raised them over his shoulders, and dragged his long tongue through my sex. I dropped my head back with a soft gasp, teething at my lower lip, and sagged into the sand of the beach as he ate me out. Silais’s lips were cool and smooth, but the larger scales around the rim of his mouth rubbed and caressed my clit with a maddening perfection. I moaned his name and watched the way his body seemed to move of its own volition, tail curling and flicking around us, his long back undulating in languid motions. He was loving it nearly as much as I was.

I grasped a fistful of stone on one side of me and palmed eagerly at the round muscles that crowned the top of his head. Pressure swelled low in my belly like a string ready to snap, moaning sighs falling from my lips while that wonderful tongue delved in and out of me, slithering along to flutter quick circles around my clit.

“*Silais*,” I cried out as I came. My legs clamped tightly around his head, his smooth hands petting my thighs as I drifted back to myself.

Panting, I gazed at him as he lifted his head, lips lined with a subtle shine he quickly licked away. With great care, Silais lowered my legs from his shoulders and shifted his immense body to lie between my legs. The pressure was sweet, and my heart raced like a sprint.

His eyes were bright with wanting. A deep, heady arousal made the air between us swell hotter.

“I want to be a father of your children,” he confessed, framing me with his large arms.

I grinned breathily and crossed my ankles behind his back, pulling his body into mine. The shiver that laced through him was palpable—and oh so wonderful.

“Then breed me,” I murmured breathily.

Without further prompting, Silais raised his body higher forcing me to loosen my grip, and about where a pelvis would be on a human was a cluster of scales forming a vertical slit in the middle. Before my eyes—and in something of a lust-induced trance—I watched the scales smoothly part, and from it emerged a pair of bulging, veiny cocks. *Two*, I thought magically, and admired the shape of them. Narrower at the base with a pronounced bulge at the center of each, and around the head of each cock was a ridgy crown of fleshy barbs, one cock positioned above the other; god, I couldn’t wait to feel them inside me. I glided the tip of one finger up along the length of one and delighted in how they twitched and bobbed and the sweet hiss that came from his mouth.

I laid back and pulled my legs up and apart for him.

Silais all but fell into place with his eagerness, nearly crashing our bodies together. I might have laughed had he not nearly took the wind out of me, but after an apology and some more careful adjustments, his lower most member nudged eagerly at my sex. I wrapped my fingers around his girth, ensuring he did not slip, and sighed in bliss as he glided smoothly inside me.

“God, Silais, you’re perfect,” I murmured. Head tipped back, I gazed up at him and grinned at the look of deep effort and concentration he had. He was trying so hard, bless him.

He slid in to the hilt, his second cock pulsing madly where it rested against my clit. I ran my palms over his chest and shoulder, and he cracked his eyes open to see me. His eyes were shiny and a bit hazy, unfocussed while trying desperately to keep in the moment.

“Talk to me, Silais,” I said, “tell me what you feel.”

“I-I feel—f-feel good. It’s hot—in you. Tight,” he stammered. His hands fumbled for different holds on my body, like they couldn’t decide where they wanted to touch most.

I took one and guided it to my breast.

“Touch me here. Gently, now.”

He stared at his hand and, working with some pointers, caressed my body gingerly. Running his hands up my torso, toying his thumbs in circles around my nipples.

“Just like that. Yes. Mmm,” I hummed in delight. “Move inside me, okay? Please. I want to feel you breed me.”

His focus came back and with it his determination. God, if he weren’t already hilt deep in me and with a second cock to spare, I might have found it adorable. Silais tipped his body back, and experimentally moved and arched his back slow. I moaned, hoping to encourage him on.

“That’s it. Perfect, Silais. You don’t need to be gentle with me, I can handle you,” I said.

His tongue flickered, a pink phantom, and the fleshy membrane of his hood seemed to ripple as he found a rhythm. He changed his hold, taking my waist in both hands, and hiked my lower body up. I gasped at the new depth it gave him, and praised every power that be when he coiled his long tail beneath my back for extra support, keeping my hips angled high.

“But I want to spoil you, my Queen,” he hummed.

I smiled. “So fuck me crazy, then.”

He did. Without missing a beat, he snapped his hips forward, rooting his cock deep into my pussy at the same time the other butted up against my clit. I tipped my head back with a long, wanton keen, and Silais went to town on me. He was young, clearly, because his rhythm was far from steady. He fucked me like it was the last thing he’d ever do alive, and it was his life’s mission to get me to cum. It may very well have been in his eyes; it was certainly my mission to get him to cum in me.

My mouth fell open, breaths punctuated with hard, loud moans each time he thrust into me. Again and again, his cock struck deep as the other rubbed mercilessly on my clit. Fuck, this was new. And wonderful. He claimed my body with abandon, thrusting, delving, rutting me deep. I cried out, words falling to incoherent babble as I pleaded with him to take me. To have me. Make me his.

The scales on his face blushed a lovely shade of red at my words, tongue flicking restlessly through the air. His second cock leaked dribbles of precum from the tip, bubbling up to slide down his shaft and smear across my pussy lips. I could only imagine the cock inside me was doing the same, pulsing in preparation to flood me with cum. I couldn’t wait. I wanted it. My body tensed in waves, locking my ankles tight behind the long column of his back. His scales were smooth and cool where my skin was blazing hot with blood pounding in my veins.

“That’s it, Silais. Just a . . . little more—!” I keened tensely, back arching.

My body throbbed. His cock pounded inside me, pulsating as if with a rhythm of its own.

“My Queen,” he moaned desperately.

“Your cocks, Silais. . . . I want them both. . . . Please~!”

“But—it would be so much,” he struggled, unable to so much as slow his pace. “I don’t want to—h-hurt you—”

“You won’t.”

He groaned heavily. Lifting my hips farther into his hold, his great bulk shifting beneath me and the next thing I knew his coils were surrounding us, supporting me in his enormous mass. He pulled out of me, leaving me empty and wanting, a thin cord of slick and precum connecting us for an instant. He took both cocks in one hand, sure to slicken both, and lined the twin heads up with my entrance.

I practically sobbed, I wanted them so badly.

“Yes—oh, yes, Silais, *please*,” I begged.

He eased forward without a word, hood flaring with a hiss as his cocks pushed into me. It was tight. One was wonderful on its own, but two together stretched me out almost painfully. The sting

was sharp and sweet. He spread me open like the centerfold of a book, and my head fell back amidst his coils as stars danced around my head.

“How do you feel, my Queen?” Silais asked, looming his great body over me.

My legs hung spread eagle between us, framing his gorgeous green bulk like an emerald tapestry.

“Perfect,” I murmured, eyes shining with starlight and bliss. “Please, Silais, have me. . . .”

He obeyed eagerly. Where I thought he would start out slow, he took me by surprise by drawing back and snapping his hips forward, hilding both his cocks to the root within me. He spread me open mercilessly and lightning flashed behind my eyes as I let out a long, wanton howl. Orgasm skittered electrically across my skin, legs trembling on either side of him as I struggled to hold onto him.

“Beautiful,” I heard him whisper.

His pace was not slow. Silais thrust inside me like it was his duty. Pounding his cocks into me with all he had to give. God, it was excellent. Completely amazing. The wet symphony of his body striking into mine, hips rutting into the backs of my thighs, and his cocks diving into my slick pussy was an incredible kind of music. It was everything I wanted. It only needed one thing.

And that, too, I had in moments. His thrusts grew faster. He aimed deeper, rutting into me like a needy bull. He sucked air through his nostrils in deep pulls, his hood flared wide as his upper body curled over me and his coils rolled beneath us. My legs fell apart at either side, limp as jelly, and with a flash of misty, sweet colors, Silais hilted his cocks deep within me and threw his head back with a bellowing, devastated moan.

His cocks pulsed as they jetted thick ropes of cum deep into me. Dense and cool as water, pouring up into the heated chamber of my womb. I sobbed in breathless happiness, my body trembling as he filled me. There was so much. Two cocks, apparently, meant twice the cum, and my body took it all as if hoarding it away. My womb stole every drop, and whatever didn’t make it that deep inside dribbled out the spaces between his cocks in dense clumps of sticky, virile slick.

Silais sagged alongside me the instant he was finished. His arms looped around my middle, pulling me into a close embrace, and I found my way to holding his head against my shoulder.

“You did so good, Silais,” I praised him. “You’ve given me something wonderful, and I can’t wait to be the mother of your babies.”

“My babies,” he repeated, breathless with awe.

“Yes, my sweet.”

“I’m gonna be a dad. . . .”

I ran my hand delicately along the side of his head, petting the smooth, round scales over the crest of his skull. They were so soft. Every inch of him shone like gems.

“You are. Come home with me, Silais. Stay with me. Be mine, and you can father as many babies with me as you want,” I said. “Be mine, and I’ll be yours.”

He looked at me, the fog of post-coital bliss momentarily sobering as he considered. His tongue flicked from his mouth like a pink specter, and in a flash he descended to nuzzle me amorously. I giggled and kissed absolutely anywhere I could reach.



“Yes. Yes, please, my Queen,” he said eagerly. “I want to come with you. I will do anything for you. It would be an honor to help you rebuild our world.”

I cradled his chin in my hands and leaned up, pressing a kiss to the end of his blunt snout. He kissed me back with a playful flicker of his tongue.

“Oh, my sweet, wonderful Silais. Thank you. You’re going to be so happy with me,” I beamed.

# Camping Wild

## Chapter Notes

### Content Warning:

This chapter contains: sexy camping, masturbation, blindfolds, consensual somnophilia, gangbang, mystery studs, feral-on-female, tentacles, oviposition, breeder fetish, impregnation, marathon sex, pregnancy, copious amounts of cum and other bodily fluids, and birthing.

Special blessings to *majinotaku83* for suggesting both an orgy and multiple pregnancies at once and *excellence* who suggested more mating by unknown sires only revealed by the offspring they birth~ And thanks to everyone who suggested another birthing scene, I didn't know that would be so popular!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Call me absurd, but crazy desires called for crazy solutions. And crazy was what I felt like while Vallar helped me put down the final touches on my campsite. I hammered in the last stakes for the tent as he finished tying down the rainfly; tonight did not call for inclement weather, but he was not about to leave me out here unprepared, even if I wasn't more than a mile from the farm.

I walked up to him once we were done and placed my hands on his hips, thumbs tracing through the soft brown fur on his sides. He responded by taking my waist in his hands and brought my hips flush with his.

"Thank you for your help, my love. Feels like a shame to make you go all the way home without a reward for your hard work," I said.

"Your safety and comfort are reward enough," he hummed. Vallar's voice was baritone and as smooth as his velvet. Thanks to Ra's diligence and a bit of magic, his language was another one I was finally able to comprehend. "Besides, I would not want to put a wrench in your plans by seeding you too early."

I giggled at his phrasing.

"Many seeds to sow tonight," I gleefully admitted.

Vallar smiled and cupped my chin with his thumb and forefinger. "Indeed."

I leaned up on my toes and kissed him. It was late in the evening, and the sun was already beginning to get low. I had to make sure everything was fully set up in time for it to be completely down. That would be when the revelry began.

"I'll see you in the morning, stud," I said once we separated.

"Enjoy yourself tonight. You deserve it," he smiled and pet my belly gingerly.

I hummed in pleasure, and Vallar departed the clearing; he had insisted I needed to wait until he was gone before finishing up, lest he be tempted to come back and join me.

I started maybe fifty yards from the campsite, spraying the trunks of trees with a spritz of the lure scent and working my way back toward the camp, leaving a carefully constructed trail along where I wanted curious investigators to go. Finally, once at the perimeter, I sprayed the trunk of every tree at the rim of the clearing with it, stripped off my clothes, sprayed myself, and inundated the inside of my tent with the heady aroma of apricots and cinnamon.

By the time I was finished, the sun was behind the trees and a calm, cool wind was blowing. With it, I smelled lure as a subtle undertone on the wind and knew that, if it was strong enough for me to smell with my normal nose, it was as good as a flashing neon light to anything susceptible to it. I constructed a small fire to keep my bare skin warm while the lighting continued to dim, and as the colors of the sky changed from blue to yellow then to orange and deep, luscious hues of red and purple, I heard a faint call in the distance. Just what animal or creature it may have come from I did not know, but barely a minute later another call came, different from the first, then others sounded as if in answer.

Anticipation swelled in my chest. I laid one of my blankets out near to the glow of the fire but far enough not to be singed by a stray ember. I lowered myself down and onto my back, hiking my legs up and beginning to leisurely touch myself. Thoughts of the night ahead filled my mind and set my heart racing. I circled my clit eagerly, allowing my moans to permeate the air around the camp as my body rapidly responded.

The sun was fully down when I detected I was no longer alone. The fire had somewhat waned, but its glare obscured some of the figure. I couldn't make out much. It was bipedal, and it skirted around the edge of the clearing with a clopping noise not unlike hooves, emitting low grunts and sniffs as more than once it paused at the trees sprayed with the lure, taking deep whiffs of the scent. The best look I got came when it turned its head to look at me from just around the edge of the fire: its eyes reflected white from either side of a long dark snout, and adorning either side of its head were four curved horns like that of a Jacobs ram.

Whatever this creature was, it was not Pan. The outlines were similar, but this was something else. Something bestial.

I turned over and raised onto my knees. Emboldened by how I presented myself, the creature came over, and I heard the rustle of its hooves as it stepped onto the blanket and crouched behind me. Hands, calloused and rough, took hold of me as I widened my stance. My heart raced. I picked my head up, seeing the silhouette of our shadows dancing on the side of the tent. Its form was distorted by the fire, but I could clearly see it loomed over me, its crown of horns broad and wild.

The nudge of warm cock against my pussy lips was his only communication to me. He squeezed my hips and lurched forward, penetrating me in a single, swift thrust. The air rushed out of me in a whimpered moan as he started up a vigorous pace, humping me with abandon. My jaw fell slack, and my arms sagged limply onto the blanket, hips held in place by the creature's firm grip. My insides fluttered. My body shook. The warmth of the fire and a cool breeze danced simultaneously across my skin while inside me, my cunt spasmed around the cock filling me out.

"So good. . . ." I moaned thickly.

I arched my back out, pushing into him, and the creature bucked sharply and rooted his cock deep in me. It was not slow. It was not leisurely. It fucked me like an animal. Like a beast determined to satisfy its own drive to mate. It had me, and it would use me to its full advantage. Fuck me hard. Knock me up. Empty its cum in my belly until there was no doubt I'd be pregnant with its offspring.

My walls clenched around him, and my new stud let out a startled grunt. He freed one hand to push

down on my upper back, raising on his cloven hooves to crouch over me. His animal noises grew deeper, more guttural as he fucked me harder. The strike of his hips came faster, stronger, ramming his cock in deep. Over and over the swollen head struck the gate of my womb causing stars to flutter behind my eyes.

“Yes—yes, oh god—! More, please. . . .” I panted.

Whether he could understand me wasn’t clear, but the harsh noises of his hips slamming into my thighs redoubled as my toes curled. Grunting roughly, he changed his grip to grab my hips in both hands and drove his cock into me with all his strength. I cried out, limbs shaking as I struggled to keep from collapsing.

Ecstasy crashed over me in a blinding rush, my insides synching down tightly on his cock, and seconds later the creature’s thrusts came to a stuttering halt, halting himself deep inside me, and his dick swelled out and spasmed, sending waves of cum gushing into me. My body drank it all in as if starved for it. It pumped into my womb, and a deeply satisfied heat swelled outward from my belly into the rest of me as the warmth of its cum settled deep in my core.

I fell forward, limp and panting, and my mate came with me. Still crouched over me, slowly rolling his hips, milking himself of every drop. I felt euphoric. Drunk almost. Each shallow thrust jetted a bit more cum into my wet pussy; I hoped he’d keep doing it forever. When he was finally finished, he pulled out of me with a breathy snort, wiped the head of his cock on my sex, and his footsteps faded as he walked away.

I stayed there for a minute or two, just catching my breath. Once I had control of my limbs again, I rose up onto my hands and knees and groaned as a string of cum leaked out of me. I shivered, sad for the loss but reassured in the knowledge it would be replenished before long. I tossed another log on the fire to keep it going and retrieved my blindfold from the tent. Putting it on, I laid back, legs apart, and settled in to relax and wait.

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I’d begun to doze when a disturbance between my legs brought me back to myself. I nearly jumped in surprise, momentarily forgetting where I was, but at the brush of a furry snout nudging between my thighs I was reminded to keep still. Rather than peek and ruin the surprise, I tipped my head aside to keep from glancing under my blindfold and opened my legs further in invitation.

It stepped forward. A thick foreleg braced on either side of me, a deep whuffling of hot breath looming overtop, and the slick, fleshy warmth of a cock dancing between my thighs. It jockeyed about for a moment seemingly unable to find its mark, so I reached down, gave the long, smooth member a gentle squeeze, and guided the head between the lips of my sex. The beast grunted and wasted no time seating itself within me, beginning to rock its hips.

“You’re gonna be good to me, too, right? You’re gonna fuck me good?” I asked, not even knowing if the thing fucking me was sentient enough to know speech. It, apparently, was not. It merely grunted in time with its thrusts, driving its cock steadily in and out of me. Not much flare, but cock was cock and it felt good. I sighed in pleasure, “That’s it. . . . I want the whole forest to take turns knocking me up, so make—*mng!*—sure you cum in me, too.”

It did not know words, but it understood the situation well enough. The lure scent was the invitation, my sex was the party, and my womb the prize.

The beast braced its forelegs on either side of me and drove its hips powerfully between my legs, knocking the wind out of me. I wailed in surprise, hitching my thighs as far apart as I could manage as its dense, furry body rutted against me. Its cock struck deep, kissing the gate of my

womb repeatedly. Its grunts grew deeper, louder until it was all but bellowing the sounds of its rutting out into the forest. Like announcing its triumph. I hoped every creature that fucked me would announce it; I wanted it known far and wide where I was and why I was here.

Its body arched over me, and with a resounding roar it seated its hips between my thighs and came in a thick, potent rush. Cum blasted into my core, spraying my insides like a hot geyser, and I sobbed in bliss as the beast's spunk surged into my womb to slosh and mix with the cum from before.

I sagged, limp as anything, and whined as the beast's cock slid out of me. Its lumbering footsteps retreated into the night as I laid back to catch my breath, savoring the pleasant haze and the feel of hot cum cooling slightly as it stuck to my inner thighs.

I rose onto my knees once I knew my stud had gone and peeked through my blindfold. Nothing was nearby that I could see. The fire was low but still pleasantly warm, and I knew as its glow faded more creatures would arrive. Replacing my blindfold, I turned over, stretching out on my blanket with my head pillowed on my arms, hiked my knees apart, and waited.

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A dull, resonant hum in the air drew me from sleep, and a pinch on either of my thighs jolted me unceremoniously awake. I yelped, startled and thinking I'd been singed by an ember, but the instant before I could jerk up I realized there was a weight on top of me. The sting was not from an ember but from sharp claspers grabbing hold, and the hum was from the intermittent flutter of buzzing wings.

I let my breath out to settle my startled nerves and spread my knees apart, arching my back to raise by hips off the blanket. The wings rattled as the giant insect buzzed, but I did not recognize the tone it made. Whatever this was, it did not have the same feel as a common (or mutant) cave fly. It was heavier, and its carapace was interspersed with the sharper points of long, narrow chitinous plates.

Its body arched downward, and its thorax curved around the swell of my ass so that the very end rubbed along the slick, swollen lips of my pussy. Still loose from previous use. The bug hummed as it situated, getting a good hold on my thighs as its thorax flexed, settling in, figuring me out. I could have begged, my body wanted so badly to be penetrated. I rocked up on my knees and tried to buck back into it, hoping to incite the bug into getting on with it or maybe to use its dick as an anchor, to hold itself in place by hilding itself in me. Either way, no matter what I did, the thing took its time.

It probed my cunt as its antennae tickled my upper back and shoulders. Wavering, sensing. The thick scent of the lure still permeated the clearing, all but pouring out the open door of my tent.

If it could take pity, it must have in that second. Because no sooner was I ready to take my blindfold off and pin the monster to ride it, it lifted its thorax and arched it back down, penetrating me suddenly with the long, narrow shape of its cock. I gasped in shock at the sudden intrusion and melted to the ground as it began a steady, leisurely thrusting. Pumping its thorax back and forth, delving in and out of me. Slow. Unhurried.

Nearly every bug I'd fucked up to that point had done so with zealous abandon. Like it was its last moments alive. Penetrated me and mated with me with such carnal revelry I'd be left dazed and/or limping for a good while afterward. But this one was the furthest thing from desperate. It plunged deep and slow, like it knew it had all night to do as it pleased. I was here for it and it was here for me. With those two facts evident, it had no need to hurry.

Its cock slid deep, nudged the narrow opening of my cervix and rooted there, slowly rocking against and inside it, probing it as if curious. I trembled while biting my lower lip, savoring the sensation. I could have called it a stinger; it wielded its own cock with precision and intent. It fucked the gate of my womb with the same slow determination, plunging its thorax deep enough the entrance of my pussy stretched open around it.

It was amazing. I wanted to know what this was. What type of monstrous insect so I could seek it out, take a whole clutch just for itself, maybe be knocked up by a swarm if it lived in groups. But I had this one, and I wanted so dearly to preserve the surprise. Whatever offspring it gave me, I would surely be adding them to my hive.

I raised my ass higher, trembling as it pushed deeper, harder. The angle of its thrusts grew as did its speed. Faster, harder, itching that desire deep within me until finally—finally!—it was fucking me with all it had. Its body roared with the cacophonous buzz of its wings, blasting air down on my back as I struggled to hold on to the blanket.

It dove deep with its cock and penetrated my cervix again. This time, its member anchor itself, and its whole form tensed over my back. Thorax spasming, I let out a shrill groan as its cock unleashed multiple gigantic pulses, each one sending spurts of dense, gooey fluid pouring into my chamber. Within the slimy mess, I felt denser clusters floating to the bottom. Dozens of long, thin shapes jetted into me with each spasm, each no more than half a centimeter wide, but the bug inundated my womb with numerous streaks again and again. Each time its thorax flexed, it forced a new dense, ropey strand of eggs into me, and each time they would fall and settle in tangled clusters onto the floor of my cum-drenched womb.

I could only whimper as I lay there, still and whimpering as its wings fluttered and its body continued to send clusters of eggs shooting into me. Dense, slippery cum dripped down my thighs as I shook, savoring the sweet feeling of all the gifts it had to give.

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I crawled on hands and knees into the relative security of the tent. The fire had all but smoldered out and offered little more than a faint orange glow to the woods around the campsite; it no longer shielded me from the cool air, but as I had no want to cover up I knew I could have to go into the tent.

The scent of the lure was strong in here. It permeated my bedding, and I breathed it in, rubbing myself onto the places it was strongest. I was tired, sore, but the furthest thing from finished. I pet my belly, proud of the modest paunch it sported and savoring the slick mess of cum and the firmer shapes of the eggs harbored within me.

I laid down on my front and propped my hips over a cylindrical pillow brought specifically for that purpose. I was so tired but was determined to keep with my task. The loss of one night's sleep would be well worth the bounty, after all.

It wasn't long before I was found again. This time, I had no time to settle even into a doze before a loud sniffing was circling my campsite. It came closer, and a deep, rumble growl announced when it found what it was looking for. The way I was positioned, my lower half was raised, knees comfortably apart, fully presented to the tent opening.

"Surprise, surprise," a low, throaty voice rumbled, the sound of its voice as much growl as word.

I shivered in shock, not recognizing the voice.

"What—who—?" I started to ask but stopped with a gasp when large hands took either of my

thighs. The palms and fingers were rough with callouses and tipped with sharp, sturdy claws.

“Who am I? About to be a daddy by the look of things,” it answered. A deep chuckle sent shivers down my spine.

I jumped a little as a wet nose nudged my pussy.

“So wet. Just look at this nice cream pie. On a breeding binge, are we?” the creature teased and rubbed his cock up and down my gaping sex. “How many cocks have you had tonight, Mother of Monsters?”

It knew me? What even was this thing? So intelligent—and confident enough to tease. To come right up and take me. It sniffed loudly as if drinking in the smells in the air. Soft, furry legs braced on either side of my thighs.

“Three,” I answered, somewhat breathless as the head of his cock rubbed on my clit.

“Only three?” He sounded surprised then chuckled. “Lucky me to have found you so early, then. Do you have any idea how many beasts are out there sniffing around your little lures right now?” He shivered. “You’re in for a long night.”

I whimpered. “God, I hope. I want them all. Want them all to breed me, too.”

The beast shuddered. He leaned over me, covering my back with his dense, furry chest.

“Let me put a few puppies in you first, then,” he growled beside my head and laved his wide, flat tongue on my shoulder.

“Yes,” I gasped, “yes, please do.”

His cock head aligned with the entrance of my sex, and he slid inside without any further ado. My jaw fell open as a thick groan sounded from right over my head. Those same hands/paws went from my thighs to my hips and held on tight as he immediately began bouncing me on his cock. His hind legs were spread just a little further than my own to get the best angle, and with each thrust forward he would tug my hips back to meet him, ensuring his cock went as deep as it could with every shot.

My breath left me in whimpers and gasps each time. My mouth hung open; I was tired and everything was sore yet determined to keep on. His cock was good. Warm and slick, the tight flesh throbbing with hot blood. He grunted and growled, snapping his hips forward to bounce them off my ass, the tip of his cock kissing my cervix like a promise.

“What a lovely breeder,” he praised. “So wet. So eager. Gods, the rumors about you are true, aren’t they?”

My body clenched, and he groaned thickly. I gasped.

“What do they . . . say about me?” I panted.

“That you can birth anything. That you—*ngh!*—crave us. That you do not fear us.”

“I do . . . I want it. I need—*ah!* Yes! Right there . . . ! I’m not afraid of you. . . .”

The beast groaned. Shifting his hips, he tugged me higher and rutted his cock in deep, striking my cervix over and over as if trying to fuck that, too.

“How can a human want monsters like us?” he asked, sounding dazed.

I whined, thoughts leaving me for a moment before a smile spread across my lips. I reached up, and with one shaking hand caressed the side of his head. His snout was long, the fur soft, and he leaned into my touch with a sound not unlike a needy whimper.

“Because I love it,” I whispered.

He whined.

“Give me your babies, stud. Make me a mother to your young,” I all but commanded.

His cock gave a hard throb, and he bucked his hips sharply, hilding himself in me. The root of his dick pulsed, and I moaned as I thought I felt it thicken.

“Anything. Anything for you, Mother of Monsters,” he panted.

His thrusts grew to a fervent humping, working hard to drive his hips against me. His breathing came fast and hot, panting like a marathon as he slammed his cock in and out. Deep and hard. Rutting into me like his cock were the plough to my pussy’s garden. I whimpered, he panted. My hands scrabbled for purchase on my bedding as he held on tight to my hips and snapped his hips in a quick, rugged pace.

A mantra of ‘yes!’ and ‘oh god!’ fell from my lips in a noisy uproar. His grunts grew to growls then to moans and bellows and finally loud, echoing howls. He all but sang for me as the base of his cock swelled out, ballooning on either side until it no longer fit. But he was determined. He rutted and thrust, grinding his knot into my pussy until, with a particularly sweet plunge, snapped his knot inside me.

I wailed as he howled and came spectacularly, cock pulsating as his knot locked us together, thick jets of cum spurting into my womb. I could have swam in it, there was so much. It all mixed together in a potent brew, and each sharp, shallow smack of his hips against me made it slosh about. The egg strands shuddered as his cum poured into me. With his knot blocking the way, all that cum had nowhere else to go, and all I could do was lie there and tremble as he gripped my hips tight and emptied every last drop.

My belly had swollen. It was heavy. My thighs were sticky and my sex was slick with so much fluids.

I panted as he finally finished and sagged on top of me, barely able to brace himself on his elbows to keep from crushing me.

“You’re perfect,” he murmured, breath warm where he nuzzled my ear.

I smiled breathlessly.

“Puppies?” I asked.

“Hopefully a litter.”

I shivered, hoping for exactly that.

He raised himself up once he had command of his arms again. The sound of sniffing resumed, and a deep, rumble growl me biting my bottom lip; I felt it through his cock. The growl ended shortly, and he chuckled.

“My time is up. There are more here for you, now,” he said.



Before I could protest, he grabbed me tight and pulled back. His knot did not come free easily, and I could only offer a meek protest as his knot tugged free with a noise of suction. Fresh cum dribble down my thighs, and I tried to raise my hips to prevent more of it spilling out. He pet my thigh.

“Don’t fret. Next time, I’ll make sure you keep the knot.”

I smiled. “Promise.”

It wasn’t a question. I wanted his word on it.

“I promise, Mother of Monsters,” he said.

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The next few hours were not so easy to keep track of. No sooner had my stud left the tent did a new rustling announce an entry. I was approached instantly and another cock swiftly penetrated me. I sagged into the bedding, exhausted and eager. My knees slid further apart, but the pillow beneath my hips kept my lower body elevated. The cock plunged swiftly within me as the forepaws(?) of its owner gripped my thighs with an earnest strength. It rutted me mightily, and when it came it did so with a boisterous cry and a sticky rush of warm, virile spunk.

The process repeated. The stud fled, another rustle followed, then another cock. My daze deepened. My thighs trembled as I struggled to keep any manner of strength. My pussy gaped, slick and dripping copious amounts of cum until the very next cock served to push the dribbles back inside and add its mix to what was already inside.

Another orgasmic howl.

Another rush of cum.

Another departure, arrival, and swift, guttural penetration.

Hips struck my rear, wet slaps marking each strike of cock inside my fertile pussy. It was loud. It was vulgar. It was wonderful.

Another stud bellowed as it came, rooting its cock as deep as it dared and thrusting in languid strokes, milking itself off into my womb. My body shook, heavy with ecstasy. The beast slid free of me and I gasped as long, sinewy tentacles encircled my thighs next. A dopey smile curved my lips, and before my hazy brain could keep up a girthy tentacle was slithering inside me.

It was perfect. Every second of it. How had I not thought to do this sooner? Bless Ra for the idea. To lure half the forest to come to me instead of me seeking them out one at a time. Bless adorable Silais for helping me gather everything I needed for the night, and bless Vallar for coming out with me to help prepare.

The tentacle curled deep, plunging the head into the mouth of my cervix, and all I could manage was a bleary whimper as a long series of clustered shapes were pumped into me. Cum splashed alongside what had to be almost a dozen oblong little orbs, squishy yet firm, which floated at the tippy top of the ocean of sperm already within me.

There was so much cum. So many eggs. I felt so good. Like my fertility was being used to the cusp of its ability. God, I hoped so. I wanted a baby—or a dozen!—from every beast that fucked me. Every beast in these woods. That was possible, wasn’t it?

The final egg was followed by a scalding gush of virile cum before the tentacle withdrew, wiping its fluids off on the back of my thighs as if to mark that it had been there, and maybe nine seconds

after it departed a new set of hands/claws/forepaws grabbed onto my hips, and the next cock plunged right inside as delirium and sleep overcame me.

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I awoke to a disturbance. The sensation of rising. I opened my eyes blearily and came nose to snout with the gentle visage of my sweet Vallar lifting me into his arms. The soft blue hues of early dawn were coming in over the trees.

I smiled, exhausted and sore. “Good morning,” I whispered.

“A good morning indeed. Did you enjoy your night?” he asked.

“I did.”

He chuckled. Cradling me bridal style, he had enough freedom of movement to delicately pat my broad, swollen belly. It gave a hollow noise not unlike that of a ripe pumpkin. I giggled.

Silais was there, too, and the naga broke down camp as Ra buried the remains of the firepit with dirt, and Vallar carried me back in the direction of the farm. Seeing the camp in the daytime, only then did I notice how thoroughly disturbed everything was. The forest floor was trampled flat by tracks and footprints, none of which I could recognize.

“How many do you think came?” Vallar asked. Ever since I learned to understand him, he’d become quite talkative.

I smiled at the double meaning behind his words, still petting my belly in proud circles.

“At least fifteen, hopefully more. And those are just the ones I remember. I hope they kept going after I conked out.”

“You fell asleep?” He sounded amused by the idea.

“Yes. Hard not to when I was being constantly railed by half the woods.”

Vallar laughed. His hand set atop my belly and splayed out his fingers, covering nearly my entire self with the sheer size of it. He stroked gingerly, positively emanating fatherly pride. As if all that was growing in my womb were *his* babies and not the offspring of who knew how many unknown forest creatures.

“You did well last night. There will be quite a bit of preparations to do to get the farm ready for them all,” Vallar admitted.

I placed my hand over his and gave it an adoring squeeze. “Yes. Yes, there are.”

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It took longer than expected. This, I attributed to the sheer amount of embryos growing within me. It made sense that it would take time, and I wondered if I gave birth all at once if everything had sufficient time to develop and grow. I hoped so. Because once the familiar grip of labor pains took hold, I knew there would be no slowing down.

Ra took me to bed the instant they hit, and he and Vallar got to work gathering everything they had prepared. Silais hovered nearby, eyes wide with mixed concern and desperation following Ra around like a lost puppy for something to do, but there was nothing; Ra and Vallar had it under control, so Silais was assigned to my side to hold my hand. He took his place dutifully, and I held his hand as he watched in awe.

The births came gradually, not all at once like I half hoped. The first to be born were the myriad of larvae, always the quickest to develop. Mismatched plump and nimble little grubs slid out of me, wriggling and peeping as they fell from between my legs in wet clusters. Chitterbug and the hulking insectoid from the deep cave were both there to collect these ones, gathering up their noisy little selves in careful forelegs to examine and groom.

I laid my head back and winced, gripping Silais's hand as more contractions overcame me and I felt as multiple somethings popped free of my cervix as if of their own accord and seemed to pull themselves down my passage. I spread my legs, and Ra looked surprised as a series of thin, sinewy tendrils emerged from my pussy lips and slipped into the world with a wet, suction-y little smack. The first two came out as a pair, followed swiftly by more until a total of ten little octopus-like creatures writhed in the space between my thighs. I reached down and took one, examining it curiously—I'd never seen anything like it before—and smiled as it coiled its tendrils around my fingers and nuzzled its center mass into my palm.

I gave it a chaste kiss, and it wiggled happily.

"My cute little baby," I cooed.

Vallar gathered up the bunch, and I cried out as a lance of pain went through me. A much larger shape had aligned itself, and I spent the next half hour amid painful contractions. Silais dutifully held my hand through it, seeming to struggle to keep up as my grip was surely punishing despite his strength.

"Are you okay?" Silais asked, looking dazed as I struggled to push my next baby into the world.

I managed a bleary smile.

"I will be. . . . Not my—*ngh!*—first rodeo," I said and gasped, crying out as a firm contraction rocked through me.

A couple more was all it took, Vallar praising me all the while the head crowned, and in moments he was cradling the shape of an infant humanoid. He cleaned its wailing form and swaddled it in a blanket as I reached out.

"It's a girl," Vallar beamed while placing my baby in my arms.

And she was beautiful. Squirmy and seemingly very angry to have been evicted from her room. Her tiny human hands were closed tight, cloven feet kicking without any kind of control over them yet, and her goat-like features emitted a wail not unlike a tiny bleat.

I held her, shooshed her sweetly, and guided her to my breast where she quieted down and began to nurse. Silais gaped in amazement, and Ra hummed full of pride. Ra ran his claws delicately through my hair, and I could not help but lean into his touch.

But I was so, so far from finished. My belly was still broad and gravid, positively brimming with life. The contractions hit again, and I sobbed at the pain. The next baby to be born looked suspiciously similar to a bear cub, with soft brown fur, eyes and ears still closed, and its tiny muzzle crying until it, too, was placed on my breast to nurse. There was no reprieve for me. More larvae squirmed out into the world. At one point, the long, sinewy body of a large snake-or-worm-like tentacle arced its head up out of my gaping pussy before slithering away to freedom; it was independent enough to move on of its own accord, and I groaned at the sensation of the last of its body slipping out. Two more just like it followed, and I struggled to recall at what point I'd been impregnated by anything like that.

The nursery beside my bed grew steadily, and next I knew Vallar was bringing me the familiar form of a double-headed canine. I giggled as I took them in my newly freed arms, the tiny heads whimpering softly before beginning to nurse as well.

I was exhausted, but my contractions never ceased. They barely even slowed. Silais exclaimed in excitement when reptilian babies were born; Ra delicately scooped them up. They weren't crocodilian or serpentine but something different, and I could not help but wonder at what their father must have looked like. Before long, the hellhound I cradled had fallen asleep with their mouths still attached to my breasts, and Silais took them gingerly and added them to the growing menagerie in the cradles nearby.

The next to be born turned out to be a litter. A litter of three, to be precise, of what I first presumed were ordinary wolf pups, but a look at their forepaws revealed hands, and by the shapes of their bodies I saw they were bipedal. I smiled, thinking of the stud who promised me puppies, and gladly took them in a bundle to my breast and nursed them until they stopped crying. Two girls and a boy, all fingers and toebeans accounted for.

"So many," Silais marveled.

"I wish I'd thought of it sooner," I hummed, petting my thumb over the head of my black furred little boy and wondering how much he took after his sire.

"Are you going to do it again?"

I smiled because he already knew the answer to that.

Ra chuckled. He ran his claws delicately over my head, and I leaned happily into his palm as he nuzzled my hair. "If I know you, *cama-nii*, you won't be sated until you've birthed an entire generation."

I gleamed up at him, gasping as another wave of contractions ignited in my body.

"You know me so well, my love," I beamed, feeling radiant with maternal pride.

## Chapter End Notes

Accepting requests and ideas! ALWAYS accepting requests and ideas! Get kinky, get gross, get creative and please tell me all about it! ;)

# I Lava This

## Chapter Summary

### Content Warning:

*This chapter contains:* impregnation fetish, insemination, unbirthing (I guess?), creature insertion, Lovecraftian-esque monster gods, and birthing.

## Chapter Notes

Forgive me, Father, for I churned this fucker out in about three hours while drunk off my rocker (still am, thank you Absinte!). I love filler chapters. Unironically. I just wanna see my main character get cum inside until she's left dazed in a twitching, knocked-up mess. Honestly, and I'm not gonna apologize for it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The lava lake was an impressive sight to behold. An entire floor of the mine dedicated to a bubbling, roiling lake of viscous red. It burbled sporadically, sending up plumes of gas from somewhere deep below. The air around it was hot, easily pushing 100 degrees. And yet fishing would regularly yield ordinary, healthy, living ghostfish. It had me curious. Could I fair as well?

It got me thinking: was the lava lake truly boiling hot?

Ultimately, after a long trek through the mines collecting raw materials, I decided, fuck it, I wanted to know, and hovered my hand over the roiling surface to test it. The air steamed in the inches above the surface, but it didn't feel much hotter than a sink full of hot water. Taking the risk, I dripped my pinky finger in and jerked out quick, surprised to find that, actually, it wasn't boiling at all. Certainly not lukewarm, but more like a slightly too-hot bathtub.

I stripped without a second thought and lowered myself into it.

God, it was *good*.

I slid sighing in ecstasy down the stone wall at the edge of the lake, arms splayed over the wall on either side of me. It was wonderful. Absolutely my new favorite spot. I wondered vaguely of Ra or Vallar might care to join me here someday. It felt so good, I giggled at the thought of all the babies we might conceive in such a place.

My mind filled with thoughts of my mates as I lay back, parting my legs, and leisurely running my hands across my inner thigh.

The burbling and bubbling of the lake was a soft ambience to my thoughts, imagining my studs between my legs or mounting me, dutifully filling me out, pumping their seed into my womb. Impregnating me with all manner of future generations. A soft splashing noise interrupted my thoughts, and I opened my eyes to see a roiling patch of surface slowly coming towards me. A pang of anxiety that something was coming my way popped into mind, but I reminded myself that

if it were a living creature then I would be safe, and sat up further in an attempt to see it.

Its outline got clearer as it made its way closer. For a second, I thought it could be a snake—with a long body and a blunt, shovel-shaped head. But it had no mouth, nostrils, or even eyes to speak of. Its movements were not as fluid as a snake swimming; rather, it thrashed its long tail behind itself with an almost chaotic fervor. It was not a skilled swimmer, but it was definitely swimming towards me kicking up splatters of red liquid it a pitiful wake behind it.

Once it was within feet of me, I realized why it looked so familiar despite knowing I'd never seen anything like this before: it looked like a giant sperm cell. Exactly like that. Wriggling tail and heart-shaped head and all. I could only wonder: was it really that? And if it was a giant sperm, what creature had produced it?

As it got closer, within arm's reach now, it tipped down and I saw its course change heading for between my thighs.

A smile curved my face, and I spread my legs knowing that, if it was a sperm, it had a single function programmed into it: to inseminate. Forcing myself not to interfere, I sat back and spread my legs. It swam down, tail lashing chaotically as I watched through the deep red liquid that answered for water, lifting my hips in invitation. It reached the junction of my thighs, and I shivered as the head nudged frantically against my entrance. Its tail gyrated wildly, its earnest pushes insighting me into bucking my hips, trying to guide it in. In seconds, it had the traction it needed, and my head fell back on the wall of the lake as its head pushed inside and the rest of it slowly followed, slithering its long, thin body up inside me.

It slithered in, butting and nudging with its head while its tail still thrashed outside of me, pushing its way in further. I watched mesmerized as the long, white tail gradually disappeared. My jaw fell open, and I jumped when the head butted into my cervix. The gyrations redoubled, pushing in earnest now, and a low moan fell from my lips as the thing pushed its way unceremoniously up and into my womb. The tail disappeared as the rest of its body followed the head up, up and inside. Soon the tail, too, slithered past my cervix, and my chest shuddered with a sigh as the entire thing curled around itself and settled down.

I laid back, panting and dazed as one hand strayed to my belly and pet it in slow, wondering circles. A tiny, round paunch showed off where the invader laid in its resting position in my womb. Fertile and now well in use. A warm, familiar satisfaction came over me. My body knew it had an occupant, now. A very welcome one at that.

My mind filled with curious notions as I lay back petting my belly, happy enough to float there and savor the feeling of something alive inside my womb. Was this really a sperm cell? What had it come from? Would it inseminate me? *Could* it inseminate me? Surely, it would. But what would it give me? Where did it even come from? What made it? And weren't thousands of sperm produced at once, not a single one?

I opened my eyes and had my answer. Another snake-like shape was swimming towards me perhaps ten feet away. I smiled. Bracing my arms on the edge, I raised my body higher and spread my legs so it had a straight shot to its destination. All I had to do was lie back, and in less than a minute its head was nudging into my pussy lips, frantically burrowing at my entrance until it had purchase, and I watched in dopey brained delight as the tail disappeared inside my pussy. I followed its path with my fingertips over my belly. It slithered in deep, buried its head into the gate of my cervix, and slithered up into my womb. The sperm already inside bucked as if awoken, and the two spasmed and coiled around each other as if in combat. Warring over which would be dominant within the space.

Which would be the one to inseminate me? I hardly knew. Hardly even cared. Only that one would ultimately win, and I would fall pregnant with the spawn of some unknown yet truly might entity.

My eyes rolled back as I groaned, watching in awe as my belly bumped and squirmed through the surface, made into a battleground as the two sperms fought within me.

It was then I noticed more chaotic splashing not far away. Small clusters of roiling red lava grew slowly closer. I counted three, five, nine, fourteen, and behind that a veritable wake of bubbling, thrashing white tails. I sobbed, so pleased by the predicament I now found myself in. Gods, there had to be a hundred. Possibly more. I hoped—thousands more.

The third sperm to find its way to my pussy had an easy go of squirming itself up and inside of me, and once it reached my womb it joined the already war-like scuffle going on. The three long, sinewy bodies writhed in a tangle of butting heads and thrashing tails. My belly leapt and writhed as if dancing. I could only laugh and cry out in ecstasy of the feeling.

A fourth, then a fifth wriggled inside, and all I could do to keep from wailing in pleasure was to just, well, wail it out. I curled my knees up on either side of me and spread myself open with one hand, creating the easiest path possible for all the writhing invaders headed toward me. More followed. Their intentions were clear beyond doubt. They burrowed into my pussy and wriggled up and into my waiting chamber only to find the battle already going on. Every sperm joined that battle. It never stopped. Never slowed.

My body jumped with every other new addition that clambered its way into me. I fell into a daze, barely aware of the continuous invasion while my insides were a battlefield of chaotic twisting, bucking, and thrashing. Could I really call them cells? They were enormous, maybe two feet long each with a head a couple inches across. Surely not the biggest insertions I'd ever taken, but to call them sperm cells was a stretch.

I hoped they were. Truly. If they were, surely they could impregnate me. But with what? Perhaps an Old One, a Deep One, or some manner of ancient, unknown deity from deep within the bowels of the earth. My mind really did go wild at the thought. Surely whatever was born from me would grow into something enormous. Something that could shake mountains and turn plains to canyons with a sigh. An earthshaker. A planet maker.

I withdrew from my haze as yet more wriggling sperms crawled up into me. My belly was by then swollen and broad, made enormous with dozens upon dozens of snake-like bodies all battling for dominance inside me. There would only be as many winners as there were eggs to fertilize, and even I didn't know how many of those there could be. At least one, and they all fought as if one alone would be the successor to the throne of its sire.

I sobbed in ecstasy as more slithering, thrashing bodies wriggled their way up into my pussy, filling me out, joining the battle. There were no sides, only winners. The lava lake teemed with them. A thousand sinewy shapes thrashed the water into foam as they barreled towards my open legs, swimming with all their strength before reaching my pussy and slithering up into me waiting womb. The swarm never seemed to dwindle. There was never a shortage. Only more and more churning the water as they dashed as swiftly as their little tails could carry them.

I couldn't wait. I wanted them all. Them and whatever baby(s) they had to give me.

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A pink haze filled my brain as my pregnancy progressed. Vallar and Ra tended to me dutifully whenever my own strength was not enough to carry me through the day. It took time, more than I was used to by that point. Mu pregnancies were usually fast, but this one was not. A whole season

went by as my gravid belly waited for the spawn within me to grow. All my nights were full of restless dreams, and more than once I pleaded to my mates for a cock to satiate my growing baby.

I hardly knew what to do with myself. Restlessness filled my every waking moment. I threw myself into my farm in an attempt to keep busy. Keeping busy meant the days went by faster, and the nights were full of my lovers' company. In the first weeks, my belly grew and grew, but upon reaching a point the growing stopped, yet I knew implicitly that the embryo within me was still developing. Evidently, a single sperm had won out. I was fertile beyond measure, after all. My womb was fit for a god, and now I would bear whatever cosmic entity has spread its seed into the lava pool that fateful night.

I couldn't wait to see. To know just what had inseminated me with its beastly little cum monsters.

By the time I was ready to give birth, I'd been all but bedridden. Ra, Vallar, Silais, Chitterbug, and Huron, my giant insectoid mate from the deep mine, were all there to take turns ensuring I was kept sated well into the nights. Their cocks were always inside me, cumming buckets into my womb in an attempt to sate me, yet they hardly could. I needed something, and whatever that was could not be met by mortal flesh.

I knew I was ready to give birth before my body even caught on, and I knew, too, that the farmhouse was no place for it to happen. Once I knew the time had come, I took my horse to the deep woods while the contractions were still manageable. I rode deep into the secret woods until I found the ruins, and once there I was sure that the immortal eyes of that statue were there to witness the birth to come.

Rain began to fall as my contractions grew too great to bare, and I fell to my back and elbows as I cried out, soft, cool droplets falling upon my body as I cried and pushed. Wails filled the forest, echoing back to me as thunder provided the chorus for the life to come.

I pushed.

I cried. Screamed. Wailed. Pushed and dug my nails into the cool, worn white stones of the ruins of what had once been a temple to gods older than the trees. Older than the wind, with names more ancient than the rocks of the ground below me.

It was all I could do to keep sane, to think about the rain. The pain was incredible. More so than any birth before it. It was merciless. Amazing. My body contracted as my womb pressed and pushed. Determined to push this life into the world regardless of what it was.

I was its Mother. And it would Be.

I don't know how long it took. It could have been minutes or hours. Possibly even days or weeks, months, whole seasons as I lay there pushing my baby into the world. I screamed up into the pouring rain. Finally, with time, the first of its tentacles coiled out into the world. A violet-black column curled up out of me towards the cosmos, as big around as the trunk of a sycamore. A cacophonous flash of lightning illuminated its form, yet my brain could scarcely comprehend whatever shape it took. Was it concave? Convex? Living or ethereal? I didn't recognize its angles, only that it was living form beyond anything I'd seen before it. A cosmic being beyond mortal comprehension.

It was born from my womb, yet it was a being even I could hardly understand as Living or Real.

Finally, its shape slid out of me, connected by an umbilical of glittering, inky blackness. It caressed my face with a single tentacle.



*Sweet Mother*

*Thank You*

*Be Free*

*The World is Yours*

*I Give You Thanks*

*I Give You Myself*

*My Gift*

*That All You may Birth can Sire Healthily from Your Womb*

A dense, sinewy tendril rose up from its mass and delved into me, returning deep, deep into my core. Once inside my womb, it jetted a dense, tarry blackness into me. I never saw it. Yet I knew it. It glistened black as the void of space and glimmered with freckled stars more brilliant than the clearest of nights. It shone with colors I'd never seen. Like a galaxy. Like a supernova.

It was everything.

It was me. I was it.

My baby. My sire. My gift-giver.

My everything.

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I awoke dazed in the center of the ruins that the old man's statue staring between my legs. No hangover could ever top the pounding throb at the base of my skull. I thought I could die.

Luckily, my horse was already there sniffing and nuzzling me awake. I pet his snout to reassure him I was still alive.

"Thanks for sticking around," I murmured.

He whuffled a snort of response, and I used his reins to pull myself upright.

I looked around, but we were alone. The only evidence that I'd given birth was a faint smear of pinkish red smear between my legs. Anything that may have been there was washed away by the rain, leaving me only with a residual soreness and the knowledge beyond any doubt that, whatever I'd given birth to, it was now free to roam amidst the cosmos. Wherever it was, it was powerful. Incomprehensible. I'd birthed something, and it was Powerful.

It had given me a gift—my baby. I knew it. Even without having anyone around to ask or explain. I could give birth from anything, even my own children, and the offspring would be robust and healthy, free of malformations and degeneration.

I knew this, and I couldn't wait to test it.

Now, I know ghostfish can't be caught in the lava lake, but dammit I'm making my own rules on this one

I love all your guys' suggestions and I can't wait to write them out. It's gonna be so kink-tastic. No shame, never any shame <3

## Tri-Hard

Harvesting ore was not a task I considered exciting. Even with an iridium pickaxe to speed the process along, combing through the mines in search of copper and iron ore was the last thing I wanted to do with my day, but it needed to be done.

I swatted away bats, cracked open an iron boulder, and pocketed what I found. On my way to the exit, I caught sight of a strange looking rock. I would have passed it were it not for the black-purple ridges and pink veins that lined its surface. It may have been mistaken for an iridium deposit, but there wasn't supposed to be iridium this high up in the mine.

Curious and wondering if I'd discovered a new mineral (Gunther wasn't going to get a sample of this for no novelty scarecrow!), I swung my pickaxe and was astounded when the mineral didn't so much as chip. It was remarkably resilient, almost as much as a meteorite. Again and again I swung, and it seemed to take ages before the first cracks appeared. My arms ached but after eleven solid hits the rock—at last!—burst open with a resounding crack.

No shiny gems or rare metals popped out to greet me. Disappointing, but I was instead astounded by the form of some kind of fossilized creature! Its body was flat and broad with more than a dozen long, segmented legs spaced out at its sides, and curled around one side of it was what looked to be a long tail with an oblong shape at the end. Like a trilobite had a lovechild with a scorpion, only instead of the size of my palm it was as big as a small dog.

Fascinated, I decided that this find had turned my day into something more than a tedious stroll through the mines. I hefted the big rock into my arms and carted it to the elevator. It was surprisingly light for its size, but my horse was still less than pleased by the added bulk in the saddlebags.

Vallar greeted me when I got home, and he was equally perplexed by the fossil. Silais and even Ra had no clues as to what it could have been; they were no scientists, sure, but they'd never seen anything like it in all their lives. Clearly, whatever it was it was not only ancient but rare. I placed it in the bedroom for safekeeping, determined to get answers from Gunther in the morning.

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I awoke sometime in the middle of the night. Restless, I couldn't get comfortable again no matter how much tossing and turning I tried. Eventually I gave up and I rose from the bed, stretching out my arms and heading to the kitchen for a glass of water.

The windows leading out onto the porch were kept open as much for the breeze as to give the cave flies free reign to come visit me as they pleased, but with the cooler temperatures their need to mate had diminished. So, with bare skin and an empty womb, I leaned through the open window to rest and take in the night. The air was cool with a light breeze, as sweet as a kiss on my naked body. This also meant the nocturnal inhabitants were running about. My three chupacabra cubs were roving in and out of the corn stalks pretending to hunt one another; in the pond near the center of the field, a dozen eyes shined where Ra and our clutch of growing babies floated leisurely. Soft, melodious howls sang a sweet tune while my werewolf and hellhound pups were all nestled in the new barn.

It was peaceful. This was home.

I listened to the sounds and breathed in the sweet air. A hand strayed to pat my belly. I'd gained some weight thanks to a bout of recent breeding; my hips had widened and my breasts had swelled,

now perpetually full of nourishing milk. I'd caught both Vallar and Ra eyeing me when they thought I wouldn't notice. Silais was more up-front about how sexy I was. How fertile I looked. Like a seasoned breeder. I believed them; they made me feel sexy and wanted.

But I'd feel even more fertile if I had a baby in me right now, I thought.

I considered the swarm; it had been a while since my last visit there. The flies were such dutiful pollinators; I should probably breed them more if I wanted to prepare for next spring's harvest.

I leaned off the windowsill after deciding I may as well make the most of my insomnia, but no sooner was I abruptly slammed from behind, pushing me unceremoniously back against the frame. A strong, vice like force gripped my middle in a powerful hug, and I was alarmed to feel a shape wedging itself onto my lower back. I tried to turn. To see what on earth it was and push it the hell off of me, half expecting a surprise visit from a wayward cave fly, but what I found latched onto my back was unfamiliar.

Its carapace was made of segmented blue-black shells, almost like armor plating, and between those segments pink-purple flesh pulsated. On either side of its broad, ridged body a dozen legs gripped tightly onto my lower back.

I had enough wherewithal to recognize this invader as the creature encased in that fossil I brought home. I shoved its head—like a trilobite, it had very little head to speak of and bulbous shapes I could barely discern as eyes—only to notice a very poignant probing between my legs. Whatever it was probed at my pussy lips with obvious intent, and without having to even think I stopped pushing and moved my ankles apart. It didn't hesitate. Once it found the mark, its tail sank inside and all the way up to kiss the gate of my cervix.

My mouth fell open with a guttural grunt of surprise.

“Oh god, you don't—don't mess around—huh?” I panted.

Its hold on me tightened.

My knees trembled, and I leaned my weight on the windowsill for support, gripping onto it tight as the tail of this thing drew back and slid forward again, seating itself inside me. It repeated steady, angled thrusts until I no longer had the coordination to remain standing and slid to my knees. It lurched; I whined. Quicker, deeper, with an obvious intent. It never stilled or slowed down, not even to let me adjust. It was latched onto me so tightly, I felt like it would never let go. Just carried on thrusting into me with an instinctual purpose in mind.

I sat there on my knees for a good bit, just clinging to the wall and moaning as the creature had its way with me. Its legs were so strong, each limb was dug into my sides with a grasp so powerful surely nothing could pry it off. I liked that. The thought this thing—whatever it was—had me and nothing could make it let go. It was going to have its way, do whatever it needed with my body, and nothing was going to stop it. I loved being used like this. To have my fertile body claimed by a libidinous beast and absolutely ravished until I was plump with its seed.

It fucked me good, squeezed me so that I knew I'd been claimed. My body was its. I would receive it and be glad for it.

Its tail plunged deep, sinking to the very top of my sex where it kissed my cervix again and again. Made love to it. Pulsed and pounded and rubbed against it until I was crying out in wanton desire. I pushed shakily away from the wall and fell onto my elbows, ass raised high in the air with my back arched. The thing still clung to me, and the new position let the creature plunge its tail at a more

dramatic angle.

I cried as I came the first time, trembling and lightheaded. Its tail arched faster, angling deeper, pressing harder with each passionate kiss of my cervix. It curled its tail down and lurched forward, hitting my gate like a blow, nearly knocking the wind out of me. But it didn't draw back, just kept pushing until with a practiced ease my cervix relaxed open and the tail slid directly into my womb.

I lay shuddering as the creature went still for a moment, tail pulsating like a heartbeat. It remained that way long enough I caught my breath and regained control of my arms. I crawled on hands and knees back to my bedroom. The tail pulsed. I whimpered. The creature held my body tight, possessive in its unrelenting grip. With the end of its tail firmly lodged in my womb, I slowly crawled my way to the stone the thing had come from.

Sure enough, the outline of it was there, but the body I had mistaken for a fossil was completely gone. God, what had I unearthed? What ancient creature was this? Was it a dinosaur? Or something much, much older? Was it even a fossil at all, or a meteor fallen to earth in ancient times?

Whatever it was, I propped my hands on the cracked edge of split stone and gasped when the tail slid back and gave an unexpected lurch, rutting its tail deep inside again. Its body curled around me, sliding even more of its length deeper, spreading my pussy over its girthy base, and I felt the bulbous tip nudge the very top of my womb. My hand shot down, cupping my belly, and I saw a small bulge sliding back and forth in tight, shallow circles. It rubbed inside my womb as if caressing me from within.

I whined, knees sliding further apart, pleading with it to do something, *anything* to quench the fire boiling in me. It just continued to slowly rub. Back and forth, in and out. Gentle circles and figure eights. Up and down all the walls of my womb. Feeling me out. It felt magical. My mind grew hazy the longer it went on. Like it was massaging me from inside. My walls trembled around the girth of the tail. It wasn't even thrusting anymore, yet I felt so good.

The tail moved slow, swaying back and forth. Then the head of the tail curled back, nestling into a high spot, and I felt a weird little surge go through the creature's body. Its squeezing grip tightened like a mighty hug, tail coiling snugly into the cleft of my ass, and without warning it was suddenly pouring out thick bursts of fluid into my uterus. I gasped loudly and clutched my belly as the first wave of cum shot into me.

My mouth fell open with a guttural moan. My arms fell limp, and I sagged over the top of the stone. Fast, round pulses of fluid raced down the length of its tail, each one timed to burst after burst of warm, soupy cum. My thoughts fizzled out. My body shook as the weight within me grew and grew. My womb swelled with its potent burden, and I slipped into a deep, wonderful sleep.

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I awoke expecting relief. Or at the very least the deep, warm satisfaction that came with the hormones of a new pregnancy. But instead I was not only still slouched over the rock on the floor but the trilobite thing was still hugging me exactly as before, its tail buried to the hilt in my sex. Once I tried to move, it became very clear that head of its tail was also still firmly seated in my womb.

I groaned, not unpleasantly.

"Well, you're going to be a . . . challenge," I murmured.

The trilobite didn't struggle or stir as I rose shakily to my feet. Its body remained anchored to my lower back, its many legs leaving grooves in my skin where it held on firm. I would have thought it

was dead if not for the occasional slow breath visible through the pink flesh between beneath its scutes.

I pushed its head. It did nothing. I tugged at one of the legs, but whenever one was dislodged the remaining dozen gripped ever tighter. I reached between my thighs and tried to give the tail a tug only for it to curl forward and anchor itself all the firmer, reminding me of the substantial length seated deep in my belly.

“Okay, we’ll just . . . work around you then,” I panted.

This was going to be an interesting day.

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I hunched over, pulling at the yam sprig with more strength than I thought was necessary. Things might be easier were it not so tough to move with what amount to an armored monkey stuck to my back. Luckily, the size of the creature meant wearing clothes was not impossible, so I went about my daily chores in baggy attire and more than a foot worth of thick, armored tail impaled all the way up into my uterus.

I widened my stance and crouched down, tugging until the tuber finally came free, and tossed it in a pile where the junimos happily collected them. I wiped my brow, smearing it with sweat and dirt, and yelped when the trilobite’s tail bucked without warning, nearly knocking me to my knees. I staggered to the nearest junimo hut and leaned against it for support, instinctively spreading my legs and cupping my lower belly.

“What are . . . you up to, now?” I gasped.

I tugged at the edge of my shirt, pulling it up to see a strange sight. The head of the trilobite’s tail was swirling inside me, nudging the forward wall of my womb creating a bulge I could see pass back and forth. Slowly, it stirred the lake of fluid it had emptied into me and been allowed to sit for more than a day up to that point.

With an abrupt surge, its body clenched and a series of bulges were sent up into my gaping pussy and womb. A few fresh, soupy dollops of cum to reinvigorate the supply. God, it was pumping me with cum like it meant to store it all away for later. I stood there trembling, bleary eyed, grasping my tummy as with each new splatter of jizz my stomach bounced and swelled another quarter inch or so. Through all this, the tail never stopped stirring.

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Two more times, the trilobite nearly sent me to my knees with the suddenness of a sharp buck, a pulse from its inner body, and a forceful surge of countless shots of new, virile cum being poured into me. The last time, it lurched so hard I stumbled into Vallar, dazed as he held me through the tail’s steady pulses. Spurt after spurt of warm fluid pumped inside until by the end of the day my belly was broad and heavy. The many legs that clung to my back held fast but they gave up some of their hold to make room for my growing body.

When it kicked for the fourth time, I was in the middle of setting dinner to cook; thank goodness I had nothing on the stove. A tightening on my hips was my first and only warning, but when I braced this time I was not prepared. Its tail lurched powerfully, and I cried out and sagged to my knees. There was no shuddering this time, no methodic stirring of the pot. It curled its tail and thumped a hard, deep thrust.

I whimpered helplessly as it fucked my womb, now. Deep plunges. The head of its tail thudded against the front wall of my womb until I was sobbing and overwhelmed. All at once the tail sank

in deep and stilled; the body tensed against my back. A cluster of dense shapes rushed up the length of the trilobite's tail, and before I knew it they were being shot out into me as if fired from a canon. My arms gave out, and I slumped to the floor with legs splayed as the tail pistoned rigidly, each pump depositing groups of eggs inside. They fell into my womb several at a time, sank to the bottom, and settled in to be swiftly fertilized by a pre-prepared lake of semen.

I held my belly in one shaking hand. Slow, tense thrusts carried on as the trilobite continued to dump its eggs into me.

"Don't stop. Oh, god . . . keep going," I pleaded.

I wanted it to fill me. Felt as if I'd waited ages for this very thing and was finally being given what I'd wanted.

The full feeling in my core grew and grew as the eggs just kept coming, but my belly stopped growing upon reaching its limit. Yet still I took more, and I sobbed in bliss as the thing emptied itself inside. I praised it. Savored it. Begged it to give me more until I could think of nothing else.

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I came to on the kitchen floor, Ra and Silais crouched over me as Vallar turned off the stove where steam plumed threateningly from the pot of water left there.

"Are you alright?" Silais asked.

"Yes," I tiredly replied. God, my back hurt.

I sat up with some difficulty, a hand instinctively going to my belly for support. It was broad and heavy, and I could already feel the eggs within me. That and their sire was no longer latched onto my back nor buried hilt deep in my pussy. It was nowhere, gone just as quickly as it had come into my life.

"It's not here anymore," Ra stated, seeing my confusion.

"Where did it go?" I asked.

Vallar shrugged. "Saw it scurry off into the woods a bit ago. Not much to stick around for once it was done, it seems."

I frowned, disappointed. I would have hoped to keep it and add it to the swarm in some way.

"But I doubt you'll have seen the last of it. Nothing keeps away from you for long," Vallar finished, ending his statement with a note of mirth that made me giggle.

Ra and Silais helped me to my feet, and Vallar came over. He laid one giant hand on my belly and stroked it in delicate circles, smiling just as pleased as if it were his own babies in there.

"It didn't hurt you, did it?" Silais asked, now fretting over the bruises on my back where the thing's legs had dug in for so long.

"No, I'll be fine. Nothing I'm not already used to," I assured him with a kiss on the head.

Silais blushed. He'd given me two clutches yet was still so shy about things. It was adorable.

"You should rest, *cama-nii*. You haven't slept well since it first stuck onto you," Ra said.

Honestly, rest sounded like a great idea, but I wasn't all that sleepy. "Sure. I'll lie down, but

someone will have to entertain me.”

Vallar and Silais both perked at the idea, and before I knew it I was in Vallar’s arms being carried to the bed.

“Allow me, my love. I’ll make minotaurs out of those little crawlers if you’d like,” he said confidently.

“Please do,” I giggled, locking eyes with a smiling Ra and Silais over his shoulder.



# Something Fishy

## Chapter Notes

### I LIVE

Jesus, it's really been six months since I updated? Fuck, I'm so sorry, guys. But I can't express how grateful I am to still receive so much positive response from this fic. Really, I can't believe how cool you guys have been, and I'm so happy that this fic is able to scratch so many sexy itches for you all. Keep the love going, and as always, thank you a million, million times!

Also WTF is this??? My self-indulgent monsterfucker fic is the #1 for kudos in the Stardew Valley tag???? AAAAHHHHHHHHH \*screams off into the sunset\* HOW?? WHY??? REALLY??? HOLY SHIT!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The water was even more beautiful below the surface. Lush swaths of wild sea grass as far as the eye could see, coral gardens rife with more shades and colors than I'd ever seen together before, and more varieties of fish than I knew existed. Ever species of fish in the ocean had to be here just basking in the gentle currents around the island.

This place, this was the poster for what people thought of when they imagined paradise.

There was so much to do here. From mining in the fossil quarry to exploring the many miles of jungle throughout the island. By far, my favorites were its many watery secrets. The shipwreck at the southwest beach offered up some hidden treasures, but by far the beach's crowning gem was the pirate cove hidden along the eastern beach.

It took me weeks of hard work befriending the local parrots before they showed me the way, and once I did I knew immediately I would have to find a way to bring some of my hive here. Though the cove smelled of fish and low tide, I knew its sheltered darkness was perfect for my hive. The larvae flourished in dark, warm, and humid places. If the salt and smell weren't too unkind to their senses, I knew they'd love it. Then my nights spent at the shack on the island wouldn't feel nearly as long anymore.

The many coves and lagoons were treats to explore. And it was there that I made my crowning discovery in the water.

While swimming over one of the reefs outside the old pirate cove, a glimpse of long shadow darted by beneath me. A shock of fright leapt into my throat at the thought of a shark (I'd only ever seen baby sharks up to that point), but the fin that slipped behind a coral encrusted stone gave a different impression.

Curious to make a new discovery, I took a breath from my snorkel and dove swiftly after it, doing my best to keep up with the power of my own lungs and plastic flippers.

I came slowly around the side, hoping not to startle the animal too badly, but found myself the startled one when first a webbed hand curled around the boulder's side and then a dark-eyed and

wide-mouthed face appeared to greet me.

I bolted for the surface in shock, stole a cavernous breath of air, and peered back down at what I'd seen. Not only was it still there, it had swum halfway up to follow me.

It wasn't a mermaid per se. I'd seen glimpses of those on far-off rocky outcrops. I wasn't sure what to call this. A fish person, maybe? Its body was humanoid, from its two webbed hands to its two webbed feet. It had a tail, long and frilled on the top and underside like a rudder. Its head, back, and shoulders sported similar frills, all in a uniform greenish tone darker than the rest of its scaly body. In the bright, filtered light of the sun, it looked to be made of emeralds.

*You're beautiful*, I willed it to hear me.

Its wide, dark eyes nictated a lid-like membrane, and the edges of its wide mouth curved up as if in smile.

Did it . . . could it really hear me? I had my answer as it swam up to meet me, hovering in the gently waving current. It reached out, and I held still as it brushed one clawed hand across my thigh. A tingling sensation like a gentle current of electricity went through me at the touch.

"I do hear you, and thank you," I heard it say in my mind.

I blushed. The voice had a sound in my head. It didn't sound precisely male, but neither was it strictly female. Androgynous maybe.

*It's the truth. I've never seen anything like you before, only the mermaids, and even then rarely. You're gorgeous*, I told it.

"Thank you. There aren't many of us left, I'm afraid. The reefs around this island are the last place for us."

A wave of sadness crept up my chest, but I wasn't sure which of us it stemmed from. It kept its hand on my leg, and the longer it held me the better of a sense I got for it. It—she? this was a female of its species, or the closest thing its species had to one—was sad, but also curious.

*You know, I am in a unique position to help you fix that*, I said, expelling water from my snorkel when a wave splashed over me.

"You are? How?" She asked, swimming closer, as if sheer proximity would tell her everything.

I smiled at her and drew her closer to me, my hands gentle on her smooth, scaly shoulders.

*I'm the Mother of Monsters*, I said.

When her next expression was one of astonishment instead of confusion, I knew my reputation must have reached the ocean.

"That is you," she said, words spoken with awe.

*It is, and nothing would please me more than to be the mother of your babies.*

Her eyes were as wide as saucers, and in a flash her arms were around me hugging me tight. I gasped, nearly swallowing saltwater, and hugged her back giggling. Waves of emotion came through her arms into me. She spun us around like a giddy dance and brought me back to the surface to breathe and laugh.

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes,” she all but sobbed in jubilation. “Please, it would mean oceans to me. The currents haven’t been kind to my spawn in ages. Please, bear them.”

*I’d be so happy to,* I smiled.

I pulled her to me, took the snorkel from my mouth, and kissed her. She knew immediately and kissed me back. Her hands, strong and smooth, held my face, and she made love to my lips with hers.

I cradled her face when we separated. Gods, she was beautiful.

But the openness of the reef was no place for this. Thinking of the pirate cove, I pulled her with me as I began swimming in that direction, taking breaths through my snorkel as we went. She swam below me, never more than a few inches away, touching and brushing me as we went. Elated, almost flirty little touches and grasps. More than once I took a breath to swim down with her, and we spun around each other in the gentle currents as if dancing. One circling around the other, myself clumsy compared to her watery grace.

When the shade of the shallow cove came over us, we both swam into the dark of the hidden lagoon. This was not a strange place to her, for she followed me around the hidden bend with confidence. Once we were inside the still, dark waters of the cave, I noticed a glow followed us.

Only it was her. She herself was glowing in the dark. Rich lines of vibrant, light green bioluminescence rippled down every line of her body like veins.

We breached the surface with our heads, and I took the snorkel out of my mouth and the mask off my face. Seeing her with my own eyes.

“You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” I said in awe.

Her eyes nictated. The pink frill of her gills fluttered and flushed red as if blushing. She came up to me, and when she kissed me this time, the intention was clear. I wasted no time. I wrapped myself around her, arms and legs. Her hips merged into the space between my thighs, webbed claws lacing through the tiny bits of string that answered for my bikini bottoms. Her lips tasted of the ocean, and though not my favorite taste she made up for it with amorousness. Her lips made love to mine as she pressed our bodies together as if to make them one.

I heaved off my dive mask and snorkel, tossing them over the nearest pier, and not far behind followed the two pieces of my bikini.

I knew how she would give me her spawn when from between her legs a cluster of scales shifted apart and a red, fleshy cock-like organ grew to full length. It was long and curved upward, smooth along its length with a bulbous tip. An ovipositor of some type, I realized. Bracing my hands on the side of the pier to keep my head above water, I hooked my legs around her hips.

“You’re certain?” she asked. In her shiny, dark eyes was the barest hint of uncertainty. Like this was a dream not meant to come true. A fantasy she would wake up from before it reached fruition.

I smiled at her again, took the nape of her neck in my hand, and pulled her into a warm kiss.

“More certain than anything,” I assured her. “I’d be honored to have your babies.”

She kissed me back, pouring me full of affection and elation, and I let my hand fall from her neck to her cock and guided it inside me. A sigh fell from my lips at the immediate rush of pleasure. Her gills fluttered beneath the water as if struck by a similar ecstasy. Perhaps the heat of a warm,

welcoming pussy. I wondered if she'd ever felt anything like me before.

I had my answer when she shivered, taking my hips in her hands, and began shallow, languid thrusts.

"Amazing," she murmured in awe. Ripples of shimmering green flickered all down her body, shining against my skin and in the dark water around us.

It was wonderful. I'd say even perfect. Her cock sliding in and out of me. With each dutiful plunge, she slid just that little bit deeper. It wasn't long before my body adjusted to her, and her hips struck between my thighs as the root of her cock bottomed out between the sweet lips of my pussy.

I clenched down tight, rolling my hips into her, and her mouth fell open.

"By the oceans," she gasped.

She bucked, tugging my hips to meet her, and I nearly lost my grip of the pier pillar. I spluttered as some water got in my mouth. She adjusted herself, allowing me higher in the water so that I practically sat on her hips, and with the new angle keeping me above the surface she dropped what inhibitions she had and began thrusting anew. Driving her cock into me. Now that I could take her in full, she held nothing back. I threw my head back, crying out into the cool, dark air of the echoey cavern. My own voice sang back to me off the walls as she fucked me from below.

Her cock struck deep. Long and smooth, its round, bulbous head hit the gate of my womb again and again. Kissing it. Promising it. Making love to me.

Strong, amorous strokes threatened to knock the wind from my lungs. My mind rapidly blanked, all thought stolen from me by the gorgeous creature pounding her beautiful cock inside me. She maneuvered us more until she was fully beneath the water, hovering beneath me as I rode her. Rocking my hips into her grasp as she pounded away, completely uninhibited, my breasts bounced above the waves, throwing water into the air as I moaned out. Singing her praise. Announcing our union for all the world to hear.

She fucked me with abandon. With ceremony. With drive. Like it was her duty, and one she would do well. Her cock plunged deep within me, stroking as deep as she could seat herself with every thrust. Like she wanted into my core. To claim my very womb.

I could nearly laugh at the thought that she'd think she needed to do that when she already had it. Me, my body, and my heart. My womb was already as good as hers. A warm, welcoming home to our babies. *Her* babies.

My body practically cried with a need for it. For her offspring inside me. Her spawn, in whatever form they took, to be seated in my womb. Healthy and growing strong. Flourishing within me. My body spasmed, racked with pleasure as her desperate pounding sent me careening into orgasm.

"Yes! Yes! Oh god, yes! Don't stop! Don't stop until you've given me your babies," I cried.

"All of them," I heard her voice promise in my mind.

"All of them! I want your babies, my love. Oh, please!"

I felt a shiver run through her. Her colors flared beneath the rippling water, and the strength of her rutting redoubled. Her cock rooted deep inside me again and again, striking my body with her hips until her entire form tensed suddenly. Her strong hands gripped me tight, ensuring a firm root for her cock.

“Take them all,” her voice echoed in my mind.

Her cock spasmed and swelled, and in a sudden rush she was pouring ova into my womb. My mouth fell open as the rest of my body clenched at the sudden, soul-deep rush of instinctual satisfaction flooded up my body and brain. At the same instant, every muscle in my core relaxed, ensuring safe and easy passage inside me.

I could have sobbed at the on-pouring of relief that came with it. The eggs were soft and small, any one no bigger than a marble, but every clench of her body sent new waves of them rushing into me. I scarcely knew where she could house them all.

My thighs trembled as I fought not to lose my grip on her. I was so dazed I nearly didn't notice she was moving until our position had changed. Still inside me, she drew herself up behind me and tugged my hips backward, anchoring her cock deep again.

My thoughts fizzled and blanked as, still riding high from the weight of all her eggs jiggling around like a giant jelly ball in my womb, she redoubled fucking me from behind. Her pace was as rough as it was fast, and not long-lived either. She seemed to have just enough breeding drive left to satisfy that the instant it was filled, her body tensed and sent another flood of eggs pouring up into my womb.

I sobbed in bliss, weak-limbed and full-bellied. Her hand slid around from its place on my hip and cupped my lower tummy, caressing the supple bulge made by her quivering brood.

“They're so soft,” I said blearily, unable to stop smiling. I stroked my belly over her hand.

She kisses my neck, gently grinding her hips on my ass.

“It's only my spawn. We'll need males to fertilize them,” she murmured.

I whimpered at the unexpected news, already eager for their arrival.

“How many males will it take?” I asked.

“As many as are close enough to hear. I'll need many fathers to ensure a diverse gene pool. Unless you would prefer only one male?”

“Send as many as will come,” I pleaded.

She giggled, smiling against my skin.

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It didn't take long for males to start arriving. They answered the call of her singing as soon as her spawn was settled. The jelly-like material of the eggs formed into some sort of adhesion, and once it was all formed together none of the eggs would be jostled loose from the eggs connected to them.

She had me lie back against her, the two of us floating gently in the dark cove with her cock still inside me as an indicator for where her eggs had been laid. She only pulled out when the first male arrived, drawn by her singing.

He looked similar to her. The same number of limbs, the same rudder tail. Only his fins were taller, showier, and whereas she was only different shades of green, he was a myriad of what had to be hundreds of colors, the brightest of which shone between pink, yellow, blue, and pastel green. He swam up to us without hesitation, following his nose until his mouth was on my sex. I yelped in

surprise only to melt at the tongue snaking inside me. The mother cradled me against her chest, holding one of my thighs spread as the other hand rubbed continuous circles around my belly.

When the male had his proof, he righted himself and the female spread my legs wide apart. His cock emerged from the cluster of shiny pink scales between his thighs, shorter but thicker than the female's, and sank readily into me. My head fell back against her shoulder, grateful now more than ever for the support of her body. Where she'd been a bit clumsy and slow to start, he had none of that. Without any hesitation, the male went about fucking his cock into me, striking his hips between my wide open thighs. The strength and veracity of his thrusts kicked water up, but I hardly cared. The weight of the eggs in my womb grounded me, and having this new cock jolting itself in and out of my open pussy filled me with that same cloud of instinctual satisfaction as before. This was what I needed. This is how it was meant to be.

He held my hips firmly, smacking his pelvis into my supple thighs like trying to hammer out a code. His and the female's tails coiled beneath us, her lips planting kisses all down my neck and shoulder as I cried out in pleasure. Babbling nonsense fell from my mouth on incoherent pleas, probably begging him to cum. To fill me. Fertilize my eggs. Impregnate my brood.

His smile was wide, almost predatory with delight, and when he gave his final thrust he anchored his cock deep, gripping my hips tight for leverage, and geysered a stream of cum right up into my core.

His cum poured into me, filling the spaces between the eggs in a way only sperm was permitted. It filled every gap, pumping his hips in slow, languid strokes until he'd milked himself of every last drop.

The tension of my orgasm seeped out of me as my body went limp in the female's hold. She stroked my belly in slow, proud circles as she disentangled her tail from his and he pulled out, a milky trail of cum connecting his cock with my pussy before he nodded to us, turned, and swam away.

No sooner had he gone than did a second male appear. This one a deep, rich shade of violet with iridescent blues and greens shining across his form. He didn't need to test my pussy to know where the eggs were, what with a thin cloud of cum hovering around me. Again, the female lifted my legs apart as the male approached. He touched my belly with both hands, webbed fingers spread apart, caressing my pregnant body. Kissing it. Worshipping it.

Then his cock was hard and ready and sinking into me. Longer and even thicker than the last.

My head fell back on the female's shoulder as she held me. Stroking my belly, squeezing my inner thigh then up to my breasts. Her tail lashed around the male's, holding the three of us together.

"How many males should sire for you, my sweet?" she asked, her voice like honey in my mind and ears.

"As many as will come," I whimpered, clenching weakly on the beautiful, shimmering ebony cock hilted in me.

"They'll keep coming as long as I call for them."

"Don't stop. . . . Oh god, please don't stop . . . !"

My breath left me in a rush as another shuddering orgasm sent rivulets of pleasure coursing up my spine. The male gasped, gills fanning out wide as his hips stuttered but kept their stride, plunging

his cock in and out. My body trembled. Inside me, the swell of egg spawn jiggled and shook, jostled by each thrust of his magnificent cock.

“I’ll keep calling them to come then,” she promised beside my ear, palming my round belly lovingly.

“Yes . . . ! Keep cumming! Please . . . !”

I shook, wanton and needy. Craving. Desperate. For the cock within me and the eggs soon to start growing.

The male rutted powerfully, beautifully. His wide, strong hips and his magnificent, webbed hands that held on tight. He was gorgeous. The perfect sire. Big and strong and virile, with an equally beautiful member.

My body and mind cried with the rightness of it all. The dick spreading me wide. The eggs shuddering in my womb. It was wonderful. It was everything. I felt completion the next moment when the male tensed suddenly, rooting his thick cock in deep and jetting his milky white seed inside me. It flooded all over my eggs, coating them even more than the last male’s load. Warm and watery, it slipped into every space, filling me out. Between every egg, into every curve of my pussy and womb, pouring up into my fallopian tubes. I practically tasted how potent he was. As fertile as a god—if only I could bottle him up and take him home with me!

My body quaked. My paunch quivered, full and pregnant with egg and cum. My vision was hazy, ears ringing.

The male waited, hovering in the still water, connected to me by the tie of his cock alone, and gently rolled his hips, moving his body to encourage the last dregs of cum to be pumped into me. Ensuring not a drop was lost, unlike the last male who seemed fine with his mess. He rooted himself once more, ensuring one final injection of cum before disentangling his tail from the female’s, backed away, and parted from me with a gentle kiss on the globe of my belly and upon my lips.

He wasn’t even out of the cave before a third and fourth male arrived at the same time. They looked like they were about to fight over who would go first, but a hiss from the female deterred them. She beckoned the yellow male forward, shining like a daffodil with black and green speckling. His cock was in me before I knew it, and through my ecstatic haze, I thought I glimpsed another form enter the mouth of the cave, followed by another, joining our little group, eagerly awaiting their turn.

## Chapter End Notes

Mer-people was mentioned in a few comments a while back, and idk if this is what ya’ll had in mind but I hope you like it regardless! I had a lot more fun with it than I thought I ever would??? Thanks so much, guys!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!